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FOLK-SONG SOCIETY

VOLUME III

1908-1909.

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## REPORT OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

JUNE, 1909.

THE Executive Committee reports with pleasure the steady growth of the Folk-Song Society. During the year which ended May 31st, 1908, thirty-five new members have been admitted, and, although the Society has lost thirteen subscribers through resignation or death, it has at present two hundred and thirty-six members.

It is with deepest regret that the Committee has to record the death of the eminent musicians, Dr. Joseph Joachim and Dr. Edvard Grieg, who honoured the Society not only with their membership but with their sympathy and encouragement.† Three other members, Mrs. Rafe Leycester, Dr. J. Culwick and Dr. F. J. Sawyer, have also passed away, all of whom were actively interested in folk-music.

Much excellent work has been done during the past year in collecting folk-songs and dances, and in popularising them by publication and performance. The following list, which does not claim to be exhaustive, shows in what parts of England members have collected since the last Report was issued:—

BEDFORDSHIRE: Miss L. Edna Walter. DORSET: Miss L. E. Walter and Mr. H. E. D. Hammond. DERBYSHIRE: Mr. C. Sharp.\* DEVONSHIRE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Mr. Percy Grainger,\* Mr. Harry Piggott, Mr. C. Sharp. HAMPSHIRE: Dr. G. B. Gardiner. HEREFORDSHIRE: Mrs. Leather.\* LANCASHIRE: Miss Annie G. Gilchrist. LINCOLNSHIRE: Mr. P. Grainger. LONDON: Miss L. Broadwood,\* Mr. P. Grainger, and Mr. C. Sharp. MIDDLESEX: Mr. P. Grainger. NORFOLK: Dr. Ralph Vaughan-Williams. OXFORDSHIRE: Mr. C. Sharp. SHROPSHIRE: Mr. George Kaye-Butterworth. SOMERSET: Mr. C. Sharp. SUFFOLK: Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams. SUSSEX: Mr. G. Kaye-Butterworth, Mr. Walter Ford,\* Mr. C. Sharp, Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams. WORCESTERSHIRE: Mr. P. Grainger.

In SCOTLAND, Mr. Gavin Greig and the Rev. J. B. Duncan have continued their important work of collecting on behalf of the New Spalding Club of Aberdeen, chiefly, but by no means solely, from singers in the north-east of Scotland (ABERDEEN, BANFF, KINCARDINE, etc.) Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland and Mr. G. Graham-Peel\* have noted Gaelic songs from singers of SUTHERLAND. Miss Lucy Broadwood\* has collected Gaelic songs in INVERNESS-SHIRE, and from Gaelic-speaking Highlanders in London, besides noting songs in PEEBLES-SHIRE.

† See *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, No. 11, p. 142.

IN IRELAND, Mr. Walter Ford\* has collected from singers in County MAYO.

Those collectors against whose name there is an asterisk have used a phonograph, either as a substitute for, or supplementing ordinary methods.

The following members have lectured, or published papers, on folk-music : The Rev. J. B. Duncan, Mr. Walter Ford, Dr. George B. Gardiner, Mrs. G. L. Gomme, Mr. Gavin Greig, Mr. Frederick Keel, Mr. Frank Kidson, Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, Mr. Cecil Sharp, Miss L. Edna Walter, Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams. Mr. F. Kidson has adjudicated prizes for the best folk-songs at the Musical Competition Festivals of Pontefract and Retford.

During the autumn and winter the Society held three meetings in London, at which short papers were read on "Harmonic Suggestion in Folk-Song," by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland; on "Children's Singing Games," by Mrs. G. L. Gomme; and on "Folk-Song and Composition," by Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams. The reading of these papers was followed by discussion.

Two numbers of the *Journal* have been issued during the year; No. 11, consisting of a selection of Dorset songs from the very large and interesting MS. collection made by Mr. H. E. D. Hammond, of which he has generously presented duplicates to the Society; and No. 12, containing songs, most of which were transcribed from complete phonographic records by their collector, Mr. Percy Grainger, together with an essay on his experiences of the value of the phonograph in collecting.

British folk-music is daily making a wider appeal, and such important works as Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams' "Norfolk Rhapsodies," and Mr. Rutland Boughton's "Choral Variations on two Folk-Songs" (performed, amongst other occasions, at the Cardiff and Leeds Festivals respectively); Mr. F. Delius's "Brigg Fair," and Mr. Fritz Hart's Phantasy-Overture, "In the West Country," have done much to convince the musical world of the beauty and value of our traditional melodies. The movement for the teaching of folk-songs and dances in schools is being carried on with enthusiasm in many parts of England.

Owing to the rapid growth of the Folk-Song Society, and the serious increase of work in connection with it, Miss Lucy Broadwood has felt compelled to resign the office of Honorary Secretary, held by her for five years. Mrs. Walter Ford, at the invitation of the Committee, has kindly accepted the Secretaryship, while Miss Broadwood retains the position of Honorary Editor. The Incorporated Society of Musicians, having courteously offered the Folk-Song Society the use of a room at their offices for meetings and an official address, their offer was gratefully accepted, and communications should now be sent to Mrs. Walter Ford, Hon. Secretary of the Folk-Song Society, 19, Berners Street, London, W.



Many hundreds of songs already collected await publication in our Journals, and the Society would undoubtedly be able to extend its work of collecting and printing folk-music were its funds less limited. Members may materially help by interesting friends in the aims of the Society, and by introducing new subscribers. Leaflets, such as *Hints to Collectors*, *Instructions to Contributors*, *Circulars to Country Clergy*, etc., and back numbers of *The Journal*, may be had from the Hon. Secretary.

The thanks of the Committee are due to all who have generously contributed MS., words and tunes, to the Society, and especially to Dr. G. B. Gardiner and Mr. Percy Grainger, who have deposited with the Editor duplicates of their MS. collections, each consisting of several hundred songs carefully transcribed and annotated.

Sincere thanks are also offered to those who have helped in preparing the Journals, or who in other ways have furthered the work of the Society; to the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and to Messrs. Howard, Howes and Co., for again acting as honorary auditors to the Society.

Two donations are gratefully acknowledged; half a guinea from Mrs. Dobie, and half-a-guinea from Miss Frances Tolmie.

Thanks are also offered to the following donors:—THE COMMITTEE OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, U.S.A., and the BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY: Reports and Transactions. THE COMMITTEE OF THE IRISH FOLK-SONG SOCIETY, Journal, Vol. V. Mr. CECIL SHARP, "Folk-Songs from Somerset," collected by Cecil Sharp (4th series, Schott, etc.), and "English Folk-Song: some Conclusions," by Cecil Sharp (Novello, etc.) Messrs. CURWEN AND Co., "Morris Dances," collected and arranged by John Graham. HEER HJALMER THUREN: "Folkesangen paa Faerøerne" ("Faroe Island Folk-Songs"), collected by Hjalmar Thuren. Miss M. MASON: "Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs," collected by M. Mason (Reprint, Metzler and Co.)

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June 1—To Balance at Bank	...	31 11 10	May 31—By Printing Journals and Circulars	...	66 1 6
" Do. in hands of Secretary	...	1 7 3	" Purchase of Journals, Nos. 1-5, out of print	...	1 11 6
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For 1906-7	...	1 1 0	" Sundries	...	0 8 2
For current year	...	9 12 8	" Balance at Bank	...	89 2 11
1908-9	...	9 19 6	" Do. in hands of Secretary	...	1 18 7
" Donations	...	102 13 2			
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		<u>£166 1 4</u>			<u>£166 1 4</u>

### MEMORANDUM:

There are in arrears 23 subscriptions which amount to £12 1 6

### MEMORANDUM—Accounts unpaid.

Printing Journal No. 11	..	46 15 0
Other Printing charges	...	5 15 8
Mrs. Gomme, for sundry payments for stamps, etc.	...	0 5 6
		<u>52 16 2</u>

Stock of Journals in hand (July 8th, 1908), 2,335 copies.

We have examined the above Account with the Books and the Vouchers, excepting in instances in which Vouchers would not in the ordinary course be forthcoming, and we certify that it is a correct account according to the best of our information and the explanation given us.

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July 13th, 1908.



# Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 10.

Being the First Part of Vol. III.

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1907.

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## INTRODUCTION.

THE Committee of the Folk-Song Society wishes to thank all those collectors who have kindly allowed the inclusion of their songs in this Journal, and also all those who have helped to throw light upon words or tunes. Special thanks are due to Miss B. M. Cra'ster for preparing the very valuable Subject Index to Volumes I and II of the Journal.

The notes initialled L. E. B., A. G. G., F. K., J. A. F. M., C. J. S., and R. V. W., are contributed by Miss Lucy Broadwood, Miss Annie Gilchrist, Mr. Frank Kidson, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, Mr. Cecil Sharp and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams, forming the editing committee.

*May, 1907.*





# SONGS FROM COUNTY WATERFORD, IRELAND.

COLLECTED BY LUCY E. BROADWOOD.

---

## INTRODUCTION.

CAMPHIRE (literally "an elbow") consists of about 1,600 acres of hillside and marsh, lying between the rivers Blackwater and Bride which meet at this point. The property is owned by a great-grandson of the celebrated scholar, James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh. Besides Camphire House there are about twenty-five farm-houses, with as many labourers, scattered over the estate. The nearest towns (of the size of ordinary English villages,) are Lismore and Cappoquin, both about five miles off. The Blackwater, being an excellent waterway, was much used by the English from the earliest times, and the population has a great intermixture of English blood, chiefly through the followers of Sir W. Raleigh, the first Lord Cork, and other leaders, who settled in the County. The thickly-wooded banks rising above the wide tidal stream, the low heathery hills, and the distant Knockmealdown Mountains reflected in the river, make the landscape striking enough to justify Mr. Michael Geary when he repeatedly assures one that nowhere in the province of Munster is there such a magnificent view as that seen from his little cabin, which stands on the hill-side over-looking both rivers, and wide stretches of surrounding beauty. Mr. Michael Geary is a labourer, about seventy years of age. He has had a great local reputation as a singer of excellence, but his age is said to have affected his skill somewhat. Irish authorities tell me that it is characteristic of Co. Waterford singers to overlay their tunes with masses of ornamentation. Judging from the very interesting tunes in *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, (edited by John O'Daly, 1849—1884, Dublin, James Duffy), this habit is common to other parts of Munster.

Nothing but many series of phonographic-records could satisfactorily reproduce any one song as given by Michael Geary, for he varies both his intervals, graces, and rhythm endlessly. The flexibility of his voice is amazing, and is contrived by that very nasal manner of producing the voice (met with so much amongst Orientals), which makes it possible for the untaught singer to perform feats that a skilled violinist might envy. Michael Geary will often sing a rapid run of eight or more notes as a preliminary to the essential note of the tune. For similar instances see the book above mentioned. The rapidity of his arpeggios, and his power of dwelling on favourite notes, swelling them out to a *fortissimo*, and sustaining them, are extraordinary. His singing indeed sounds like a rhapsodical improvisation; in all its main characteristics it is startlingly like that of the peasants of Southern Europe, especially of South Italy and Spain, and also of many Eastern races.

Bridget Geary, his daughter, who lives with her parents, fortunately knows most of her father's songs. She has a very clear, true, expressive voice, marks the time well, and avoids excess of ornament. I therefore first carefully noted her version of the tunes, and then took down from Michael such ornaments and variants as I could fix upon paper. I had only time to note three songs in this double way. Bridget herself, however, varies intervals and ornaments much more than any English or Scottish singer whom I have heard. Neither father nor daughter have had any musical teaching; but Bridget is very musical, and has picked out a few diatonic tunes on a small "melodeon" (accordion), and explained that she could not find the right notes for certain tunes (modal ones). Michael learnt his songs from older peasants in the neighbourhood, and Bridget learnt hers from him, her mother, and one or two old men of the place, now dead. If there is a little merry-making she is often asked for a song. A characteristic in her singing (found also in two or three songs which I have not included in this Journal), is her way of approaching the dominant by an unsharpened sub-dominant.

Neither singer can write Irish. Michael Geary has much to tell, and very eloquently, of Irish legendary history, of miracles at local holy wells, of the Midsummer Eve fires and rites still kept up in the County, and of plant-magic and the like. He has certainly not wholly cast away belief in such things, though he refers to them as "pagan transactions."

I wish to thank Dr. Joyce and Mrs. Clandillon for looking through my Waterford collection, and I have quoted any information received from them, under their names, in my notes. Only after leaving Ireland did I hear that Mrs. Clandillon, a native of Dungarvan not many miles from Camphire, has a fund of Old Irish peasant songs. She is both an Irish scholar and a trained musician, her opinions are therefore especially valuable. Mr. Clandillon and she are collectors and editors of a little book of Irish songs,—*An Londubh*,—published in 1904 by the Gaelic League, Dublin.

In preparing these songs I have consulted every available Irish collection, both old and new, and I wish to especially thank Mr. F. Kidson, for his generous loan of scarce books from his library; also Miss Rose Young, Dr. Douglas Hyde and the Hon. Mary Spring-Rice for help in dealing with the Irish text of songs.

L. E. BROADWOOD.

84, CARLISLE MANSIONS,

LONDON, S.W.

May, 1907.

# SONGS FROM COUNTY WATERFORD, IRELAND.

COLLECTED BY LUCY E. BROADWOOD.

## I.—THE LOVELY SWEET BANKS OF THE BRIDE.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,  
AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906

*Moderately slow.*

Come, all who ap - prove of sport and plea - sure, Come and rove by the  
sweet Bride's side ;..... It is there you'll be a - mus'd with the youth when col -  
(a)  
- lect - ed, No... grief there to trou - ble your mind..... While the  
(a)  
*Variant.*   
trou - ble your mind.....

{ pi - pers } and fid - dlers for plea - sure dis - play, And the tune - ful  
fi - fers  
birds join on ev - 'ry spray, Join - ing in full cho - rus  
all in the praise ... Of the love - ly... sweet banks of the Bride. ....

\* Sung once only B ♯.

## SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR MICHAEL GEARY,

AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

*Moderately slow.*

Come, all who ap - prove of ..... sport and plea - sure, Come and  
rove by ... the sweet .. Bride's side. .... It is there you'll be a -  
mus'd ..... with the youth when col - lect - ed, No .. grief there..... to...  
trou - ble your mind..... Where the pi - pers and fid - dlers for

*Variant.*

plea - sure dis - play, And the tune - ful birds join - ing on  
ev - 'ry green spray, Join-ing in ..... full cho - rus All in the  
praise... Of the love - ly .. sweet banks of the Bride.....

*Variant.*

Bride.....

Where the water glides is a fine situation,  
Its equal are scarce to be found,  
It is a wholesome place, and the plains all around it  
Bespangled with sweet-scented flowers.  
Gentlemen have made it a place of abode,  
O'Brien, Bright, Thompson, and likewise Mr. Rold,  
To see the sloop pass by with her cargo to Egypt  
On the lovely sweet banks of the Bride.

Between Rathcormack and Hawking's inn  
Where this water do gently glide,  
Where gentlemen in coaches pass over the bridge  
With a sporting laugh, and a smile.  
Where the salmon and trout do jump with joy,  
And the long-snouted otter do nimbly dive,  
The flat-fish and eel no closer could lie  
On the lovely sweet banks of the Bride.

From that to Castlelyons we oftentimes heard mentioned,  
It always had carried the sway,  
Where earls and knights assemble together  
To take the evening fresh air.  
The hare in its form, the rabbit in its burrow,  
The fox well secured in its den and good covert,  
The ducks, wild and tame, from the streams they do flutter  
To the lovely sweet banks of the Bride.

Through Conna and Mogeela with speed it goes on,  
Till in Tallow Bridge embraced by the tide,  
From that to Janeville quay where the sea coals are landed,  
And where our new merchant (?) detrive.  
Through Sapperton and Fountain where crowds they do roam,  
As they take great delight in the green shady grove,  
A church they have for service, and a bridge to cross over,  
On the lovely sweet banks of the Bride.

So now to conclude as well as I began,  
Though more in its praise I could say,  
It's down to Dromore where the sportsmen cross the ferry,  
And along to sweet Ballinatray.  
It is there you'll hear the hounds, and the sounding of the horn,  
The fox close pursued on a fine dewy morning,  
It's there where the coursers are most handsome and charming,  
On the lovely sweet banks of the Bride.

Mr. Geary's cabin overlooks the junction of the Bride with the Blackwater, and he and I sat enjoying the view whilst he sang this song. The words (gravely meant,) belong to a type of ballad, in praise of some place or other, which seems peculiar to Ireland. "Castle Hyde," composed by an itinerant poet in praise of the beautiful seat of the Hyde family on the Blackwater, is nearly as absurd (according to a version reprinted by Such on a broadside). Thomas Croker, in his *Popular Songs of Ireland* gives an account of the popularity of "Castle Hyde," and of how Richard Millikin (b. 1767, d. 1815, in County Cork,) undertook to parody its absurdities, and at

“a convivial meeting of gentlemen” produced his famous, and scarcely more extravagant, song “The Groves of Blarney.” This he sang to the tune used for “Castle Hyde,” one version of which Thomas Moore has made famous by associating it with his ‘Tis the last rose of Summer.’ (See Moffat’s *Minstrelsy of Ireland*). Croker, writing in 1839, says that Mathews, the Comedian, had lately introduced Millikin’s song on the London stage, with success. For similar absurd local songs see also, in *Popular Songs of Ireland*, Simon Quin’s two poems on “The town of Passage,” and Father Prout’s combination of both these in a third song in praise of Passage. This latter is in exactly the same metre as “The lovely sweet banks of the Bride.”

The Gearys’ tune here given, plain and ornamented, should be compared with the following air “The poor Irish Stranger,” and also with these tunes (all in *common time*): “To Leitrim County let us go” (Murphy’s *Collection of Irish Airs and Figs*, 1809.) “Weep on,” or “The Song of Sorrow.” (Moore’s *Melodies*) and “The Fair Hills of Holy Ireland,” (with interesting notes,) in Moffat’s *Minstrelsy of Ireland* and other collections. Dr. Joyce finds a likeness between the Gearys’ version and “a Munster tune called ‘the Green Linnet’ or ‘Curiosity led a young native of Erin.’” In *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (Duffy and Co., Dublin, 1849-1884,) is an interesting florid variant, also in common time, which should be compared with Michael Geary’s. The air is there called “Uileachan Dubh O!” meaning a black-haired head of a round shape, a favourite phrase amongst Munster peasants, especially when speaking of a woman’s head. Mrs. Clandillon of Dungarvan, Co., Waterford, who knows a large number of traditional songs learnt from her parents and others, writes that Geary’s is “decidedly a Co. Waterford tune, but is usually sung in common time.”—L. E. B.

## 2.—THE POOR IRISH STRANGER.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

MIXOLYDIAN.

*Slow.*

SUNG BY MR. JOHN SEARLE (QUARRYMAN),  
AT BURY, PULBOROUGH, SUSSEX, OCT. 3RD, 1901.



Mr. Searle sang me the words printed on broadsides by H. Such. Mr. W. P. Merrick noted a variant of this same air, also from a Sussex Singer; see "The Irish Stranger" *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, No. 3, p. 116.—L. E. B.

## 3.—COSHMORE ; OR COSH-A-MORE.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY AND MR. M. GEARY,  
AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.

(a)  
*Brisk and very marked.*



(a) *Variant.*



(b)



(b) *Variant.*







In two of the verses both Mr. Geary and his daughter consistently introduced an extra bar into the second half of the tune, to suit the words. This was done quite rhythmically, thus :



Coshmore is the name of the Barony in which Camphire lies. On the opposite side of the Blackwater is the Barony of Decies within Drum. Mr. Geary, when singing me the song in Irish, told me that it was said to have been made by a schoolmaster, who, "years and years ago," lived "beyant," (here he pointed to the Decies and Drum Country.) It relates a "love-transaction" between the schoolmaster and a farmer's daughter whose parents "looked higher for her." The girl, who lived in Coshmore, is supposed to have written every second verse of the song. Mr. Geary does not know the name of the schoolmaster. I think it possible that the author may be either the celebrated 'hedge-schoolmaster' poet Donogh Mac Con-Mara, (or Mac na Mara,) from Clare, or his friend Moran. Mac na Mara went to Co. Water-

ford about the year 1738, and made friends there with William Moran who was celebrated as a bard amongst the Waterford peasantry. Moran kept a classical 'hedge-academy' at Knockbee in the parish of Sliabh g-Cua, a large mountain district between Clonmel and Dungarvan in Co. Waterford. Donogh Mac na Mara and Moran taught together in this school. Later Mac na Mara started a 'hedge school' in the Barony of Middlethird in Co. Waterford. He died in 1814. Middlethird is actually next to the Barony of Decies to which part Michael Geary pointed. The foregoing account of Mac na Mara and Moran is taken from *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (see Introduction in this Journal, p 3). It has unfortunately been impossible to have the Irish words supplied in time for this Journal, but I have hopes of finding a transcriber later. Mrs. Clandillon pronounces the air to be very well-known in Co. Waterford.—L. E. B.

With the exception of one bar (the fourth of the second part of the tune) the whole of this melody is constructed on the notes of the chord of the fundamental Seventh, *c. e. g. b*, which is, of course, very characteristic of the Mixolydian mode.—C. J. S.

#### 4.—THE SEA SIDE; OR THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,  
AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.

*Brisk and marked.*

(a) As I roved out by the sea side, (b) (*Ev - 'ry rose grows mer-ry in time.*) I

(a) *Variant.* (b) *Variant.*

met a lit tle girl, And I gave her my hand, And I says, "Will you be a true lov er of mine?"

If you are to be a true lover of mine  
(*Every rose grows merry in time*),  
You must make me a shirt without needle or seam,  
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine.

You must wash it in a spring well,  
(*Every rose grows merry in time*),  
Where the water never ran or the rain never fell,  
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine.

You must dry it in a hawthorn tree,  
(*Every rose grows merry in time*),  
That never was blossomed since Adam was born,  
And then you will be a true lover of mine."

"Now, Sir, you have questioned me three times three,  
(*Every rose grows merry in time*),  
But I might question as many as thee,  
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine :

You must get me a farm of the best land  
(*Every rose grows merry in time*),  
Between the salt water and the sea strand,  
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine.

You must plough it with a goat's horn,  
(*Every rose grows merry in time*),  
And sow it all over with one grain of corn,  
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine.

You must thrash it in a sparrow's nest,  
(*Every rose grows merry in time*),  
And shake it all out with a cobbler's awl,  
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine.

And when you are done, and finished your work  
(*Every rose grows merry in time*),  
You can come back to me, and I'll give you your shirt,  
And it's then you will be a true lover of mine ! "

In this tune the leading note is absent. See Child's *Ballads* "Riddles wisely expounded," and "The Elfin Knight," for exhaustive history and variants of similar ballads. In the last volume of his great work Professor Child mentions a very important copy "from a book acquired by Walter Pollard, of Plymouth, in the 23rd year of Henry VI, 1444-5." The handwriting authorizes the conclusion that the verses were copied into the book not long after. The parties in the dialogue are the fiend and a maid. The fiend asks hard riddles, and says "But thou now, answer me, Thu schalt for sothe my leman be." The maiden answers the riddles, and escapes. Early broadsides, (*see* Pepys and Donce Collections, etc.), some British traditional\* versions, and a negro *Cante-fable*, (*see Jamaican Story and Song*. Walter Jekyll, Folk Lore Society, 1907), preserve traces of the suitor, often a Knight, being the Devil in disguise. The Jamaican story "The Three Sisters," which deals of a monster outwitted by a maiden, contains the question and answer

\* See "There was a Lady in the West" (*Mason's Nursery Rhymes*).

"What is roguer than a womankind?" "The Devil is roguer than a womankind." Compare this with Motherwell's MS. versions, quoted in Child's *Ballads*, "And what is worse than woman was?" answered by "And the Devil's worse than e'er woman was."

In ancient Oriental versions of this riddle-story the suitor is, of course, a "rakshas" or demon. There are parallels in Greek tales, and one form of the story is in *Gesta Romanorum*, but that copy, as it stands, is to be interpreted only by the English ballad, according to Child.

Motherwell's MS. and an American traditional version have the same oddly-corrupted burden as Bridget Geary's song. More often the burden is "Parsley, (or 'Savory') sage, rosemary and thyme;" "Juniper, rosemary," etc.; "Gennifer, (*i.e.*, 'juniper') gentle (*i.e.*, hawthorn) and rosemary;" "Lay the bent (*i.e.*, 'rush') to (or 'with') the bonny broom;" "Sing holly, go whistle, and ivy;" or "Sing ivy O!" On studying this type of riddle-ballads one cannot fail to be struck by the extraordinary frequency with which "plant-burdens" occur in them. Both abroad and in the British Isles one meets still with so many instances of plants being used as charms against demons, that I venture to suggest that these "plant-burdens," otherwise so nonsensical, are the survival of an incantation\* used against the demon-suitor. That *he* should have disappeared from many versions of the riddle-story (where the dialogue only survives), is most natural, seeing that to mention an evil spirit's name is to *summon* him, in the opinion of the superstitious of all countries. Every one of the plants mentioned in the burdens above quoted is, as a matter of fact, known to folk-lorists and students of the mythology of plants, as "magical." That is to say, from earliest times they have been used both as spells by magicians, and as counter-spells against the evil powers who employ them. The following notes are of such interest that I make no apology for inserting them. Those who wish to go more fully into the matter should refer to *Flowers and Flower-lore* by H. Friend, who has compiled his work from all the most important European books on the subject. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind our readers that, from earliest times, the herbs or symbols efficacious against the evil eye, and spirits, are also invariably used on the graves of the dead, or during the laying of the dead to rest.

\* In one form of this riddle-song we get burdens which seem to be a corruption of a Latin exorcism (*see* "My true love lives far from me" in Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*.) "He sent me a goose, without a bone; *Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Domine*; He sent me a cherry, without a stone, *Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie, Perrie, Merrie*," etc. For other examples *see* "I had four brothers over the sea," etc., in various collections of traditional songs.

† Curiously enough, Mr. Michael Geary himself gave me a proof of this, last summer, when discussing the virtues of wormwood smoked in Midsummer Eve fires and hung up in cottages till the next year, as is done still in the neighbourhood of Camphire.

PARSLEY.—Was used by the ancient Greeks at funerals, and on graves. It was so much associated with death that a Greek army fled in a panic on meeting asses laden with it. It is used magically in Germany, and is in the British Isles and Europe generally ominous of something bad, especially if transplanted.

SAGE.—Pepys mentions its use on graves near Southampton. It is used in England still for magical purposes on Midsummer's Eve, and is used against the evil eye in Spain, Portugal, etc.

ROSEMARY.—Is called in Spain and Portugal "Alicrum" or "Elfin Plant."\* It is there worn against the evil eye. It is hung up still, and burnt against witches, in Devonshire. It is everywhere also associated with funerals and death.

THYME.—Is also magical. It forms, mixed with the "marygold," the chief ingredient in a recipe (circa 1600) for an eye-salve or "unguent" for beholding "*without danger the most potent fairy or spirit you may encounter.*" Wild thyme is considered in England to bring death into the house with it. Thyme, rosemary and gilliflowers, are the favourite plants on Glamorganshire graves, where only strong-smelling herbs and plants are permitted.

JUNIPER.—Is sacred to the Virgin in Italy, France, etc., and has especial power to put to flight the spirits of evil, and charms of the magician.

THE GENTLE.—(Gentle-thorn or bush) is the name used all over Ireland for the large hawthorns considered so holy. They are sacred to the "gentry"—"gentle people," or fairies who inhabit them.

HOLLY AND IVY.—Have been used magically since the earliest heathen times. Holly is "especially abhorrent to witches" in England and other countries of Europe.

BROOM.—Twelfth-night broom is held on the Continent, and elsewhere, to be most potent against witches and spirits. It is *per contra*, much used by witches in their charms. In Sussex and other parts it "brings death into a house with it" (as does hawthorn).

THE BENT (or Rush).—Is widely used in charms against the evil eye. Combined with the broom it would be doubly powerful, therefore.

Since forming this theory concerning the plant-burdens I have fortunately met with the following note by Sir Walter Scott, which seems to strengthen it very much. He writes, on the subject of "The Demon Lover" (a ballad absolutely distinct from "The Elfin Knight," of course), in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*: "I remember to have heard a ballad, in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a

\* Interesting, as occurring in the burden of this "Elfin Knight" ballad.

"beautiful maiden, but, *disconcerted by the holy herbs which she wore in her bosom*,  
"makes the following lines the burden of his courtship :

"Gin ye wish to be leman mine,  
"Lay aside the St. John's-wort and the vervain."

"The heroine of the following tale (the "Demon-Lover") was unfortunately without any similar protection." Both St. John's-wort and vervain\* are famous throughout Europe as magical plants.

Child shows how exceedingly ancient and universal the subject of the "Elfin Knight" ballad is. Kristensen has collected a Danish traditional version. The Danish tune has no likeness to any English air yet noted to the "Elfin Knight" or kindred ballads, as far as I can ascertain; but it has a most *remarkable* likeness to the tune of "The Knight's Dream" noted in Scarborough (see *Folk Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 273).

In its modern traditional forms it is very popular with country-singers. See "There was a Lady in the West," and "Scarborough Fair," (*English County Songs and Traditional Tunes*), "Whittingham Fair," (*Songs of Northern England*) and "An Acre of Land," with many other references appended, in *Folk Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 212. See also "The Three Sisters" in Davies Gilbert's *Ancient Christmas Carols* (Second Edition).

Bridget Geary's tune is a variant of another Co. Waterford tune with the title "Druim-Fhionn Donn Dílis" noted by Mrs. Clandillon, (see the "Introduction" to my Waterford Collection).—L. E. B.

\* See also Chambers' *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* on "The virtues of vervain."

Since the foregoing was written a most interesting and suggestive lecture has been delivered in London by the learned musician and folk-lorist, Monsieur Combarieu, on "La Musique et la Magie." M. Combarieu traced instrumental and vocal music to its most primitive uses, *viz.*, magical, and, later, religious. He gave striking proofs to support his theory, drawn not only from the customs of primitive and savage peoples, but of the civilised, *from the earliest times till the present*. The study of "burdens," considered as possible "incantations," might prove most valuable.—L. E. B.

# 5.—THE BUNCH OF RUSHES.

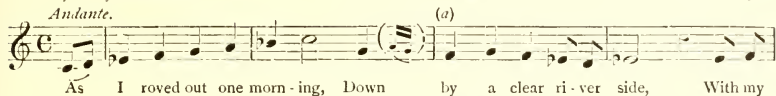
AN BEIRTIN LUACHRA.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,

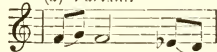
AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

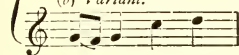
*Andante.*



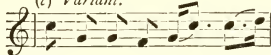
(a) *Variant.*



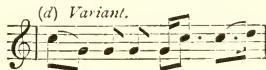
(b) *Variant.*



(c) *Variant.*



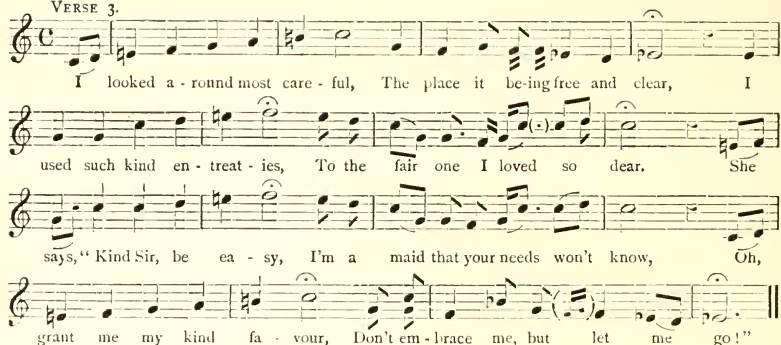
(d) *Variant.*



- 2 Is ar maidín dam go h' uaigneach  
(One morning lonely)  
Ar buaic thar chúl na g' coillte,  
(On the tops at the back of the woods)  
Is mo ghadhar agam a' gluais'e'acht,  
(With my hound proceeding,)  
Is mé 'g éisteacht le glór na n' éan,  
(And I listening to the voice of the birds,)  
S'é do dheareas fhéin, mo stóirín  
(What I myself saw was my little treasure,)  
Cúl | dualaigh, is í m' aice agam (?)  
Folt | ([Of the] ringletted head of hair approaching :)  
Is adhbhar | an bhinsinn bhuainte  
uirthe | (And on her the cut bunch)  
Do'n luachra ba glaise a d' fhás (?)  
(Of rushes the greenest ever grew)



VERSE 3.



I looked a - round most care - ful, The place it be-ing free and clear, I  
used such kind en - treat - ies, To the fair one I loved so dear. She  
says, "Kind Sir, be ea - sy, I'm a maid that your needs won't know, Oh,  
grant me my kind fa - vour, Don't em - brace me, but let me go!"

- 4 Agus dhearcas fhéin im' thimcheall  
(And I glanced around me)  
Insan áit úd . . . . .  
(In that place . . . . .)  
Agus dh' iarr mé cúpla póigín,  
(And I asked a couple of little kisses.)  
O'm stóirín 'sí bhréoidh mo chroidhe  
(From my little treasure, she is the flame of my heart ;)  
'Sé dubhairt an aininn liomsa  
('Tis what the maiden said to me :)  
"Bí ceannsa, a's ná deun dam dith,  
(“ Be kind, and do me no harm,)  
Is ná scaip mo bhinsinn luachra.  
(And do not scatter my bunch of rushes)  
Th'reis do bhfuairas de thrioblóide de.”  
(After what I had of trouble with it.)

(6, English verse forgotten.)

- 7 Buachaill deas a b' fhearr liom  
(A handsome youth I would prefer.)  
Mo chráidhte mór, thar a bh-faca riamh  
(My great vexation ! beyond what I ever saw !)  
“ Dhá pósfainn buachaill gránna  
(“ If I should marry a hateful youth)  
Mo lámh dhuit, ná mairfinn bliadhain.”  
(My hand to you, I should not live again ! )  
“ Suidh ann súd síos lámh liom  
(“ Sit down then, near by me,)  
Is ar saile ' seadh a bhéas ár d' triall  
(And over the sea will be our journey,)  
Agus bainfeadh mé binsin bhréagh duit,  
(And I will cut a bunch of rushes for you,)  
Chomh h-aluinn is do chonnaic tú riamh.”  
(As beautiful as you ever saw.”)



## SECOND VERSION.

BEARTIN LUACHRA.

SUNG BY MR. MICHAEL GEARY,

AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

(a) *Stringendo*.....

As I walked out one morn-ing, Down by.... a clear riv-er side, With my

(a) *Variant.*

*Stringendo*.....

dog and gun com-mand-ing, In a de-cent and be-com-ing

pride, I es-pied a love-ly fair maid, Whose

fair.... locks I chanced to view, With a bunch of rush-es mak-ing As

(b) *Stringendo*.....

pleas-ing as it e-ver grew.

(b) *Variant.*

## THIRD VERSION.

FRAGMENTARY VARIANTS,

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY.

(a) *Stringendo*.....

(a) *Variant.*

This is a good example of a bilingual song. The verses are alternately English and Irish; the Irish being sung second, and having practically the same meaning as the English, in this case. Neither of the singers could remember more than two English stanzas, though they sang three in Irish. Bridget wrote the latter phonetically for me, and I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Rose Young of Galgorm Castle, Antrim, and, through her, also to Dr. Douglas Hyde, for as correct an Irish version with its literal meaning as they could contrive from Bridget's manuscript.

Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has noted a ballad in Dorsetshire called "The Bunch of Roses," the first line of which begins "Early one Summer morning, abroad as I did walk for sport," which is probably a translation from the Irish ballad, for the subject is the same, though the verse is different, when compared with Geary's English song. Mr. Hammond's ballad is sung to a major variant of "The Bonny Bunch of Roses O!" (see *Folk-Song Journal*, ix, and p. 56 of this Journal.) Dr. Douglas Hyde writes that the Irish words are "famous;" I have not found the ballad in any collection of English-Irish songs. Bunting gives a three-time tune to the title "The Bundle of Rushes" in his *Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1809, but his tune is not at all like any of the airs here printed. Mrs. Clandillon tells me that she knows four different airs to the Irish ballad, but not any of my versions. She notices that the second and third phrases of Bridget Geary's complete tune are like parts of the tune "Billy Byrne" (see Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, etc.) as it is known in English, or "On Board of Paddy Lynche's Boat" as the Irish title would be translated. Mrs. Clandillon finds Michael Geary's tune still more like "Billy Byrne." His should be compared with tunes No. 8, 245, and 1353 in the complete *Petrie Collection*, and also with "My mind it is uneasy" in Joyce's little book of *Irish Peasant Songs* [Longmans, Green and Co., 1906, price 6d.]

Bridget sang E $\flat$  and B $\flat$  consistently in bars 3, 4, 14 and 15, for four or five repetitions. After that she sang E $\natural$  and B $\natural$  at those places. In all other respects her modal intervals never varied from those here noted, and were absolutely unmistakable. When I sang bars 3, 4, 14 and 15 in the two different ways to her, and asked her which she intended, she said, "Well, it doesn't much matter; one sings different ways at different times, with the changing of the words." Two days in succession she most often adhered to the E $\natural$  and B $\natural$ . However, judging from other examples of Irish airs in "mixed" modes, I should say that Bridget's tune should begin in the Dorian manner. She always sings a tune which she learned from a very old native of Camphire, now dead, called Michael Whelan; much preferring his tune to her father's. I believe that she found some difficulty in not thinking of her father's version, and unconsciously altered her intervals because I mentioned his tune. When

I asked her to sing his, she tried, (see fragmentary variants,) but soon became confused and drifted back to her own.

Michael Geary sang his tune with an extraordinary force, and as if it were a wild recitative much ornamented. His cadence puzzled me completely, for it was sung in a hoarse, uncertain intonation ; and when Bridget sang his tune she imitated her father's uncertainty at that place. I incline to think that the cadence ending on D is what was intended.

Mr. Kidson has kindly sent a ballad-sheet printed by Such, "The Bunch of Rushes," which is evidently a paraphrase of a common Irish original, but is distinct from the English ballad here printed.—L. E. B.

## 6.—THE SHIP IS READY TO SAIL AWAY.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.  
MINOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,  
AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.

(a) *Slow and expressive.*




The ship is rea - dy to sail a - way, Come, com - rades,

(a) *Variant.*

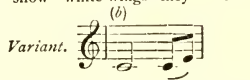


(b)

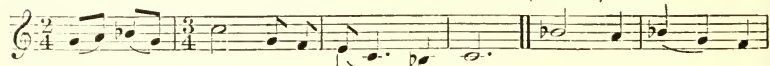


o'er the storm - y sea. Her snow - white wings they are un - fur'l'd, And

*Variant.*



(CHORUS.)



soon shall swim on a wa - t'ry world. Do not grieve, love,

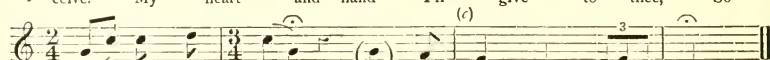


do not grieve! The heart is true, and can't de -



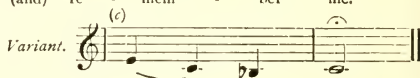
- ceive. My heart and hand I'll give to thee, So

(c)



fare - well, my love! (and) re - mem - ber me.

*Variant.*



Good-bye, my love, my own dear girl,  
My lovely dark-haired, blue-eyed girl!  
To leave you here my heart feels sore,  
But if life remains we'll meet once more.

*Chorus*—Do not grieve, love, do not grieve!  
The heart is true, and can't deceive.  
My heart and hand I'll give to thee,  
So good-bye, my love! (and) remember me.

Farewell to Dublin hills and bays,  
To Kilkenny mountains, and silvery seas,  
Where many a long, long summer's day  
We've loitered many an hour away.  
Do not grieve, etc.

Erin dear, it grieves my heart  
To think from you I'll have to part,  
Where friend, was ever so dear and kind,  
In sorrow I must leave behind.  
Do not grieve, etc.

My own sweet dearest's heart will break  
When I a farewell to him I take,  
When I am in the land that's free  
Good-bye, my love, remember me.  
Do not grieve, etc.

The words of this song are obviously modern, but I have not been able to find them in any collection as yet. In August last I heard three very tipsy men shouting snatches of the chorus words, near Portrush, County Antrim; but they were unable to sing any recognisable tune. Dr. Joyce, who does not know the air, agrees with me that it must be an old folk-tune. Mrs. Clandillon says that the song, both words and tune, is known to almost everyone in County Waterford, though she believes that it has never been published. Bridget most often sang the cadence with the B $\flat$ . —L. E. B.

# 7.—FAREWELL TO THE VILLAGE.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.

*Slow and very expressive.*

At the dawn of the morn - ing the ship will be sail - ing, That  
takes me a - way from the land of my birth. I am forced in - to

*Variant.* (a)

leav - ing the home I was born in, The gar - den of E - den, the  
fair - est on earth. Fare - well to the vil - lage, fare - well to the

(b)

green, Where oftentimes I danc'd with a blue-eyed col - leen. My heart is near ly

(b) *Variant.*

breaking, with sor - row and pain, For leav - ing the home I may ne'er see a - gain.

\* A ♯ twice sung here.

At the dawn of the morning the ship will be sailing,  
That takes me away from the land of my birth, !  
I am forced into leaving the home I was born in,  
The Garden of Eden, the fairest on earth.

It is not my wish I should part from old Erin,  
Or leave that sweet cot at the foot of the hill,  
'Tis nought but oppression now tears us asunder,  
For the love of my country shall cling to me still.

*Chorus*—Farewell to the village, farewell to the green,  
Where it's oftimes I danced with a blue-eyed Colleen,  
My heart is nearly breaking with sorrow and pain,  
For leaving the home I may ne'er see again.

The home of my fathers, his birthplace for ages,  
Was torn from our grip by the governor's hand,  
My people and me were nothing but strangers,  
As Irishmen are, in their own native land.  
It has broken the hearts of my father and mother,  
Thank God ! they're at rest in their own native clay.  
My heart is nearly breaking with sorrow and pain,  
For leaving the home I may ne'er see again.

Farewell to the dance on the green every evening,  
Farewell to the Colleen so beauteous and bright !  
Farewell to the stories we've told to each other,  
While around the turf fire on a cold winter's night.  
They say, in the land far across the Atlantic  
It is there that the Irishman happy can be,  
Where the stars and the stripes shelter every stranger,  
May Ireland be soon, like it, happy and free.

Bridget Geary took the words of this song from a ballad-sheet. Mrs. Clandillon writes that she and her husband know the ballad well, but only in Irish. She does not think that either words or air have been published. She adds that Mr. Patrick O'Shea sings a version of this tune to Irish words about "John the Smith."—L. E. B.

This tune has Æolian characteristics, but not the Æolian cadence.—R. V. W.

# 8.—SHULE AGRA.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood,

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,  
AT CAMPIHRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.

*Very slow.*

(a)

I wish I..... was on yon - der hill, It is there I'd  
(a) *Variant.*

sit, and cry my fill; Ev - 'ry tear would turn a mill! Es - co-

(b)

- dee, Ma - zour - neen slan..... Shu - il, Shu - il,  
(b) *Variant.* (c) (CHORUS.) (c) *Variant.* \*

\* or

†

Shu-il a - gra, Time can on - ly heal my woe, Since the lad of my  
heart from me did go, Es - co - dee Ma - zour - neen slan!.....

*Variant.*

Time can on - ly..... heal my woe, Since the

† further variant.

Time can on - ly..... heal my woe, Since the



'Tis often I sat on my true love's knee,  
'Tis many false stories he told me,  
He told me a thing that ne'er would be,  
\* *Escodee, Mavourneen slan.*

Chorus—† *Shule, shule, shule, agra,*  
Time can only ease my woe,  
Since the lad of my heart from me did go,  
*Escodee, Mavourneen slan.*

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,‡  
'Tis round the world I'd beg my bread,  
My parents wish I was dead and gone,  
*Escodee, Mavourneen slan.*  
*Shule, shule, etc.*

I wished, I wished, I wished in vain,  
I wished I'd be a maid again,  
But a maid again I ne'er can be  
Till ash grows out through a holly tree.  
*Shule, shule, etc.*

I have never elsewhere met with a major tune to the ballad "Shule Agra" (or "Shule Aroon"). Dr. Joyce, who knows only the many variants of the familiar minor air finds a major one "very abhorrent"! However, it sounds beautiful as Bridget sings it. It has some Mixolydian characteristics. In the complete *Petrie Collection* there is a variant of the usual minor tune, the cadence of which should be compared with Bridget's. Mrs. Clandillon writes that my version "is the only way I ever heard 'Shule Agra' sung in this county (Waterford), and it is the very same as I sing in Irish. I also know your version of the English words; in fact, almost everyone here does." For references to a few of the many versions of the minor tune, of which the late Joseph Robinson published an arrangement as "I wish I were on yonder hill," and variants of the words (in most cases obviously re-written and "adapted,") see *Folk Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 253.

Mr. Moffat in his *Minstrelsy of Ireland* uses the version of "Shule Agra" from Horncastle's *Music of Ireland*, 1844, (see "I wish I were on yonder Hill," or "Shule Arun"), and gives the following Irish chorus:—

"Shule, shule, shule aroon,  
Shule go succir agus, shule go cuin,  
Shule go teir an durrus angus eligh glum,  
Is go de movourneen slan."<sup>1</sup>

He states that Gavan Duffy believes the verses to date from the early eighteenth century, but I suggest that the English traditional words must belong to some far

\* Or "Is go de."

† Pronounced and written by the singer "Shu-il."

‡ According to a note in *Songs of Four Nations*, the sumptuary law at one time compelled beggar women to wear a red petticoat.

earlier ballad. Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play "The two noble Kinsmen" (printed 1634), quote this fragment of a popular ballad, which has certainly a strong affinity with the varying traditional versions of "Shule Agra":—

" For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee,  
And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine ee,  
*Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.*

He'll buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,  
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.  
*Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.*

The following verse occurs in the old song "Rantin', roarin', laddie" from Herd's *Scottish Songs*, Vol. ii, 1776:—

" I'll sell my rock, my reel, and tow,  
My gude grey mare, and hacket cow,  
To buy my love a tartan plaid,  
Because he is a roving blade."

The second version here given, was noted and communicated to me about thirteen years ago by a Hampshire correspondent whose name I unfortunately mislaid. The singers were illiterate and English, as far as I could ascertain at the time. The words present interesting differences from those usually found, and should be compared with the following noted (without tune), by Miss C. Burne, from the singing of the children of a family of gipsies named Wharton, habitually travelling in Shropshire and Staffordshire, 1885; (*see Shropshire Folk Lore*).

" I'll have my petticoat bound wi' red,  
And the lad I love, I'll beg his bread,  
And then my parents 'll wish me dead.  
*Sweet William in the morning amongst the rushes!*

And I'll go down to yanders mill,  
And I'll lie down and cry my fill,  
And every tear shall turn a mill.  
*Sweet William in the morning amongst the rushes!*"

## SECOND VERSION.

SUNG IN HAMPSHIRE (circa 1893).

The rose is red, the grass is green, The day is past that  
I have a-seen, But there is an-oth-er where I have a-been, *Will, in the morn-ing a -*  
*- mong the rush.* Shu - li, Shu - li, Shu - li low. The shil-ly rig a shil-ly bob, a  
shil - ly rig a low. Shil - ly rig a shil - ly bob, a  
shil - ly rig a bob. *Will, in the morn - ing a - mong the rush.*

And then I'll away to Portland Hill,  
And there I'll sit and cry my fill,  
Every tear shall drive a mill,  
*Will, in the morning, among the rush.*

Shuli, shuli, shuli low.  
The shilly rig a shilly bob, a shilly rig a low.  
Shilly rig a shilly bob, a shilly rig a bob.  
*Will, in the morning, among the rush.*

And then I'll dye my petticoat red,  
For the chap I love I'll beg my bread,  
And then my friends will wish me dead.  
*Will, in the morning, among the rush.*

Shuli, shuli, shuli low.  
The shilly rig a shilly bob, a shilly rig a low.  
Shilly rig a shilly bob, a shilly rig a bob,  
*Will, in the morning, among the rush.*

The Hampshire tune here given has extraordinarily interesting points of likeness to the tune "Of noble race was Shinkin" in Playford's *Dancing Master* (16th ed., 1716) which differs materially from the modern version of the tune. For further curious links with other songs see "My Johnny was a shoemaker," in this number of the *Journal*.

It may be added that "Shule Agra" ("Siúbhail a ghrádh") means "Come, my love," and "Godèthu, mavourneen slaun," a favourite form of the Irish burden, "That you may go safe, my darling." I have lately seen a Cork broadside with a great number of verses, several not occurring in any versions that I have hitherto seen. The chorus is almost as nonsensical as the Hampshire one.—L. E. B.

It has struck me as singular that, while the ballad is more or less well known in England, the Irish refrain must have been meaningless to the singer. The earliest notice of the ballad that I can find is in a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Maria Edgeworth, dated 22nd Sept., 1823, (see Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, 1837, Vol. v, p. 306). The younger sister, Sophia Edgeworth, had charmed Scott by singing "a fragment of an Irish ditty, the heroine of which was a sad damsel in a petticoat of red—the chorus something like

Shool, shool, Ochone, ochone  
Thinking on the days that are long enough gone."

And he had been busying himself among his ballad-collections to see if he could recover any more of the words. Lockhart, after saying this, gives a letter from Scott to Miss Edgeworth, in which the following occurs:

"I have recovered by great accident another verse or two of Miss Sophia's beautiful Irish air; it is only curious as hinting at the cause of the poor damsel of the red petticoat's deep dolour:

I went to the mill, but the miller was gone;  
I sate me down and cried, Ochone,  
To think on the days that are past and gone,  
Of Dickie Macphalion that's slain.  
Shool, shool, etc.

I sold my rock, I sold my reel,  
And sae hae I my spinning-wheel,  
And all to buy a cap of steel  
For Dickie Macphalion that's slain.  
Shool, shool, etc."

But who was Dickie Macphalion for whom this lament was composed?—F. K.

Not only is there a coincidence between the *words* of the traditional versions of "Shule Agra" \* and those of the "Rantin', roarin' laddie" (or "The White Cockade,"—as the version in Chambers' *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns* is called—which version is probably a Jacobite adaptation of an earlier song), but, if the form of the "Shule Agra" tune printed in "*Songs of Four Nations*" be compared with the

\* See Miss L. Broadwood's notes on "Shule Agra," first version of tune.

"White Cockade" tune in Chambers' book, a resemblance will be noted between the tunes also, including the characteristic leap upwards to a culminating note of the melody at the end of the third line of the verse.

The Hampshire version of the tune may be compared with a variant known as a sailors' chanty, printed in *The Yachting Monthly* for October, 1906 :—

# CLEAR THE TRACK, LET THE BULGINE RUN.

CHANTY.

SUNG BY AN AMERICAN SEAMAN  
ON SHIP "ST. LAWRENCE," IN 1867.

*Allegro.*

So clear de track, let de bul - gine run.

This chanty is known variously as "Eliza Lee," "The Black Ball Line" and "Let the Bulbine run," and has a nonsense chorus in which "rig-a-jig" occurs. The bold phrase with which the melody ends is also attached to another chanty, "All on the Plains of Mexico," and, from other evidence, I should surmise that this form of the "Shule Agra" tune, which is also near akin to the version in Kerr's *Merry Melodies*, has been long in use at sea.—A. G. G.

## 8.—MY JOHNNIE WAS A SHOEMAKER.

Noted by J. Kirk Maconachie  
FOLIAN

SUNG MANY YEARS AGO BY HIS SCOTTISH NURSE,  
W. ABERDEENSHIRE.

My ... John nie was a shoe - ma - ker, And dear - ly he loved me, My...

John nie was a shoe - ma - ker, But now he's gone to sea..... He's

gone to\* reive the white sail top, He's gone o'er the deep blue sea.....

The Rev. J. Kirk Maconachie of Rusholme, Manchester, communicates this through Miss Gilchrist, together with a number of ballad-fragments and children's songs learnt in his boyhood, "at the back of Bennachie" thirty-five miles from Aberdeen, where he was a "son of the manse" in a very remote parish. Mr. Maconachie left the locality thirty-one years ago. He never heard more than one verse of the song.

Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland has already pointed out the curious relationship between "Shule Agra" as noted by Mr. Kidson (*Journal* Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 253) and "My Johnny was a shoemaker" noted in the South of England by Mr. Heywood Sumner, (see *The Besom Maker and English County Songs*.) In both those songs there is a marked likeness in tunes and words. "Sure an' he loves me; And when he comes back he'll marry me, Oh, my Johnny has gone for a soldier," in Mr. Kidson's "Shule Agra" is much the same as the last verse of Mr. Sumner's song. Miss Burne noted a version in Staffordshire (words only) from the singing of the same gypsies who sang her a variant of 'Shule Agra' (see this *Journal*, p. 28). They are as follows:—

"My chap's gone, a sailor for to be,  
He's gone across the deep blue sea,  
When he do return, how happy I shall be,  
I'm going to marry a navy!

I'm going to marry a chap in blue,  
He is a navy, and his eye dark blue,  
(And oh! I know that he loves me true,  
I'm going to marry a navy

\* Not the same word as "reef," a nautical friend tells me, but meaning to thread cord through eyelet-holes, etc. A new kind of sewing for the shoemaker seems implied.—A. G. G.

Mr. Maconachie's tune is exceedingly like Chappell's traditional air to "I sowed the seeds of love" (*Popular Music*); and Mr. Kidson's "Shule Agra" tune, and that noted in Hampshire, (see this Journal, p. 29) are like it also. The type of tune is a favourite one, and recent collectors have noted numerous variants in the south of England, sung to many different ballad-words. Now, in the *Complete Petrie Collection* there are three tunes, all variants of the interestingly linked airs under discussion: No. 443, "I'd cross the world over with you, Johnny Doyle," and No. 629, and 630 "I'd range the world over with my own Johnny Doyle." All these should be carefully compared with the different accessible versions of "My Johnny, etc." and "Shule Agra," and *these*, again, with variants of "I sowed the seeds of love." Note also that the first line of the Hampshire "Shule Agra" runs, "The rose is red, the grass is green."

These proofs of an old form of the song are of importance, as it has sometimes been suggested that, "My Johnny was a shoemaker," as given in *English County Songs* is merely a modern street-ballad popular in the 'sixties' of the last century. The reason for this idea has been explained by Dr. George B. Gardiner's correspondence with the secretary of the late comedian Mr. J. Toole. Mr. F. Arlton, writing on Feb. 9th, 1906, says "Mr. Toole sang 'My Johnny was a Shoemaker' in three or four different characters. He cannot remember the first time he sang it, or the source from which he obtained it. The last characters in which he sang it were as 'The Artful Dodger' in 'Oliver Twist' and (he sometimes sang it) as 'Simmonds' in the 'Spitalfield Weaver,' but not often. As far as my memory serves me, it was at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, as 'the Dodger,' in about 1894, that he sang it last." Mr. Toole's illness prevented Dr. Gardiner from learning more.—L. E. B.

The earliest appearance in print of this that I have come across, is in an American publication, copyrighted in 1870, *The Comic Songster*, Boston, Oliver and Ditson. The words are the usual ones, and these are also found on modern broadsides.—F. K.

### MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER.

SECOND VERSION.

FROM *The Comic Songster*.



My sailor friend, Mr. Bolton, says that "My Johnny was a Shoemaker" was a well-known fore-castle song when he was at sea. The following variant is from the *Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Hymn Book*, Carnarvon, 1897. The book contains a number of modal tunes, undoubtedly old, and probably obtained from traditional sources. These are marked "Welsh Melody."—A. G. G.

CAERLLEON.

*ÆOLIAN.*

*Alaw Gymreig = WELSH AIR.*



9.—THE EAGLE'S WHISPER; OR THE EAGLE'S WHISTLE.

*Noted by Lucy Broadwood.*

SUNG (WITHOUT WORDS) BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,  
AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATERFORD, AUG., 1906.

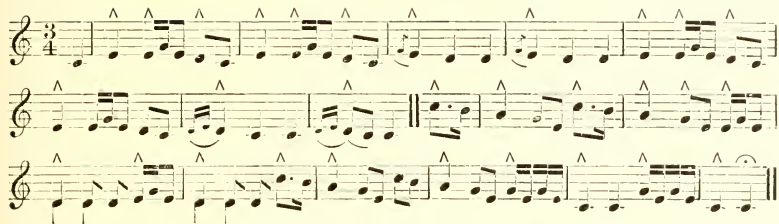
*Very brisk and marked.*





## THE EAGLE'S WHISPER.

PLAYED ON AN ACCORDION BY THE SAME



In response to my questioning Bridget about lullabies she sang me this tune, which she said her mother used to "jig about the house" without any words. It represents "the mother-eagle putting the little eagles to bed." Mrs. Clandillon says "The Eagle's Whistle" is well-known throughout Ireland. Her mother always sang it as a lullaby, and Mrs. Clandillon sings her own children to sleep with it now, using Irish words which she believes her father himself composed to the tune. She says that it is "a single jig."

For variants see *The Complete Petrie Collection*, No. 305 and 306, "The Eagle's Whistle," and Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, "The Eagle's Whistle" or "Fead an Iolair." Dr. Joyce says it was the marching-tune of the family of the O'Donovans, anciently chiefs in the County of Limerick. These versions are all in three-four time, but Dr. Joyce tells me that he has just lately obtained one in two-four time which must have been that used in marching.

Bridget sang the lullaby quickly. She played the tune with excellent rhythm in the ornament.—L. E. B.

# 10.—THE BLACKWATER SIDE.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

SUNG BY MISS BRIDGET GEARY,  
AT CAMPHIRE, CAPPOQUIN, CO. WATKINS, AUG., 1906.

(a) *Moderately slow and graceful.*

'Tis sweet to stray by the meadows, When they are in full bloom, Or

(a) *Variant.*

lis - ten to the war - blers' chant, Their sweet me - lo - dious tune; But

sweet - er far to view that spot, Where flow - 'ry scenes do hide— 'Mongst

Kil - la - ha - la's sil - v'ry shades, Down by the Black - wa - ter side

Sweet, smiling spot, I'll ne'er forget  
Your scenery so grand,  
Where in its woods, midst stately halls,  
The lordly\* castle stands,  
Where flowers in profusion grow,  
And circling streams do glide,  
Midst flowery dells of silvery shade  
Down by the Blackwater side.

Not far from there, sweet Cappoquin rears  
Its desolated walls;  
The harp is mute that often filled  
With music sweet its halls.  
The wild weeds grow, where lovers used  
Through jig and reel to glide,  
Where the green flag waved right on the quay  
Down by the Blackwater side.

\* Dromana.

VERSE 4

*Variants.*

Oh,..... when I think of those bright days, My heart with sor - row fills, To  
 think the sons and daugh - ters fair Are forced to flee the hills— To  
 seek a home where for - tune smiles Be - yond the dis - tant tide,— Far  
 from the hills and love - ly..... vales, Down by the Black wa - ter side.

And may poor Erin shortly send  
 Her sweet voice o'er the main,  
 And tell her children o'er the seas  
 She will be free again !  
 When on the walls of College Green  
 Her flag is in its pride,  
 May Freedom's\* Sunburst sound once more,  
 Down by the Blackwater side.

BRIDGET GEARY.

This song is included as a specimen of the way in which untaught country people still make their own ballads. Such compositions are usually very reminiscent, but so also are the older folk-songs ; for stock phrases in tunes and verse are peculiar to what has long been communal and traditional.

Bridget offered timidly to sing me her "own song," made, words and tune, by herself. Her parents are extremely proud of her musical achievement, and she is constantly called upon to sing it at little gatherings in the neighbourhood. Thus it of course will spread amongst the purely rural population which loves singing, but hears no music save of its own making. Bridget, in answer to my questions, said "Well, I just took about two days over it. I thought of a bit here, and a bit there, and put them together." This was in the year 1904. The song was suggested by regret that a little steamer, flying a green flag, had ceased to ply from Youghal to

\* "The Sunburst" is the English name given by the Irish to their ancient national standard, the "Gallgrianach"—literally "rock of the sun." Moore and other Irish poets use the word.—L. E. B.

Cappoquin; for Bridget liked to watch it from the hilly ground where the Gearys' cabin stands. Jig-parties have also become fewer at Camphire; the fine warehouses at Cappoquin stand disused and ruined; and the terribly rapid depopulation which is taking place in County Waterford, owing to emigration, is depressing and unsettling. Bridget felt that she must express her feelings in song, and has done so, precisely as here noted. She describes the shrubbery walk belonging to Camphire House, where I was staying; and her expression "silvery shades" is really poetic and observant, for silver poplars, willows and abeles abound there. Another very sincere touch is that of the "wild weeds" which form a forest of most brilliant colouring in mid-stream, precisely at Cappoquin. The "lordly castle" of Dromana stands on the opposite side of the Blackwater to Camphire. It belonged for centuries to the Earls of Desmond; and here lived the famous old Countess of Desmond, who, according to popular tradition, was 140 years old when she climbed a cherry-tree, fell, broke her leg, and died, in the reign of James I.

Trained musicians plagiarize unwittingly, and untrained singers are even less able than they, perhaps, to distinguish between what they have unconsciously heard and what they have originated. But I have been unable to trace anything like Bridget's tune, which is constructed in the *a b b a* form of folk-song, has the flat seventh, and several Irish characteristics, and yet has almost an eighteenth century touch here and there.—L. E. B.

## SONGS FROM CUMBERLAND & NORTHUMBERLAND.

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### *INTRODUCTION.*

MR. J. W. BROWN, from whom Mr. Sydney Nicholson has noted a number of tunes, is a great authority on Cumbrian dialect. He learnt most of his songs in boyhood from Mr. Robert Lattimer, of Carlisle, now dead. His songs here given are regularly sung by old Cumbrians. They used especially to be heard at the "Kern-suppers" which are now dying out. These took place after the last load of corn had been carried, lasted from 7 p.m. till 5 a.m., and were accompanied by much singing and dancing. The old words to the old tunes fell into disuse after Robert Anderson, the favourite Cumbrian poet, supplied the airs with verses of his own. Anderson wrote for Vauxhall Gardens, supplying James Hook, the composer, with words, in 1794 and later. Some of his songs were sung by Master Phelps in the Gardens. He issued a small volume of "Cumberland Ballads" in 1801, and a second edition a few years later. His poems were collected and published in two volumes in 1820. Later editions followed, and selections are printed now in penny booklets. All Anderson's ballads appear to have been written to popular Scottish or Irish airs, but these airs do not, in general, seem now to be used to their appointed songs. Only the first verses of Anderson's ballads are given with the tunes here printed.

## II.—THE BLECKELL MURRY-NEET.

*Noted by Sydney Nicholson, Mus. Bac. (Organist, Carlisle Cathedral). SUNG BY MR. J. W. BROWN, MIXOLYDIAN. (FORMERLY CATHEDRAL CHORISTER), CARLISLE, 1905.*

Aa, lad! see a mur-ry-neet we've had in Bleckell, The soun' o' the fid-dle yet  
rings i' mey ear; Aw reet clipt and heel'd were the lads and the lass-es, An  
mo-nie a cliv-er lish huz-zy was theer: The bet-ter mer swort sat  
snug i' the par-lour, I' the pan-try the sweetheart-ers cut-ter'd sae soft; The  
dan-cers they kick't up a stour i' the kitchen; At lan-ter the caird-laikers sat i' the loft.

In the volume of poems by Robert Anderson the air to which the song was written is not named. It is dated July 24th, 1803. I noted the song with exactly the same air at the Kendal Festival of 1902. "Bleckell" is really Blickhall—a village about two miles from Carlisle.—F. K.

Another of Anderson's poems, "Elizabeth's Birthday," was sung to a variant of the above tune, by Mr. Brown, and was noted by Mr. Nicholson. Although more purely Mixolydian than the "Bleckell Murry-Neet," it is not in the main such a good form of air, and differs too slightly to necessitate its being printed also.—L.E.B.

## 12.—CANNY CUMMERLAN'.

Noted by Sydney Nicholson.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. J. W. BROWN,  
CARLISLE, 1905.



In Anderson's poem the song is marked to be sung to the air "The Humours of Glen," a fine, and well-known Irish tune.

I have noted the song down to a version of the air used for "Bleckell Murry Night." Anderson dates his song, Aug. 12th, 1804.—F. K.

Cf. this tune with "The Seasons of the Year" in *English County Songs*.—L. E. B.

## 13.—SALLY GRAY.

Noted by Sydney Nicholson.

SUNG BY MR. J. W. BROWN,  
CARLISLE, 1905.

"Come, Deav-ie, I'll tell thee a se-cret, But thoo mu'n' lock't up i' thy breest, I  
wad-dent for aw Dawston pa-rish It com to the cars o' the rest. Noo I'll  
hod thee a bit of a wea-ger, A goat to thy tup-pens I'll lay, Thoo  
can-not guess whee I's in luive wi', An nob-bet keep off Sal-ly Gray."

For another tune, and all Anderson's verses, see *English County Songs*. The air of "The Pitman's Courtship" in *Songs of Northern England* is a variant of this Cumberland tune, and a very early printed version appears as "My Dady's a delver of dykes" in *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725. All these airs, if put into common time, appear to be related to the tune "Lazarus" in *English County Songs*. For copious notes and references respecting the latter air see "Come all ye faithful Christians," "Maria Martin" "Gilderoy," etc., in *Journal*, Vol. ii., No. 7, p. 118, etc. Dr. Sweeting has noted a good variant of this six-eight tune from the singing of Capt. Robertson, a Lucknow veteran, who learnt it about 1847 from an old sergeant of the Black Watch, one Jimmy Peebles. He sang it to a ballad "Old Simey."—L. E. B.

This tune seems to be a variant of the old Scotch air "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre" to which Burns wrote the Song "Tam Glen." The following version of "Tam Glen" is taken from a volume, published about the beginning of the last century, called *The Miniature Museum of Scotch Songs*.—A. G. G.

### TAM GLEN.

AIR—MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.





# 14. KING HENRY, MY SON.

[LORD RENDAL.]

Noted by Miss Lattimer, communicated by Sydney Nicholson. SUNG BY MR. LATTIMER, OF CARLISLE,  
ÆOLIAN. LEARNT, VERY LONG SINCE, IN CUMBERLAND, WHEN A BOY.



“Oh, where have you been wan - der - ing. King He - ne - ry, my son, [Oh,]  
where have you been wan-der-ing, my pret-ty one?” “I’ve been to mysweetheart’s,mother,  
make my bed soon, For I’m sick to the heart, and would fain lay me down.”

“And what did your sweetheart give you, King Henry, my son,  
What did your sweetheart give you, my pretty one?”  
“She fried me some paddocks,\* mother, make my bed soon,  
For I’m sick at the heart, and would fain lay me down!”

“And what will you leave your sweetheart, King Henry, my son?  
What will you leave your sweetheart, my pretty one?”  
“My garter to hang her, mother, make my bed soon,  
For I’m sick at the heart, and would fain lay me down!”

The occasional occurrence of the name “King Henry” in the ballad more commonly known as “Lord Rendal” is perhaps due to a reminiscence of Henry I’s death from eating a dish of lampreys, on his return from a hunting expedition. It seems quite possible that a story arose that the dish had been tampered with, or that the “lampreys” were euphemistically named, and hence that the king died of poison, not simple gluttony. A somewhat similar poisoning circumstance in connection with the death of King John is recorded in the old chronicle which relates that a certain monk poisoned, with the venom from a toad, a wassail-cup, of which the king drank and thereafter swelled and died. See Scott’s *Border Minstrelsy*, note to “Lord Rendal.” It is also imaginable that the “King Henry” referred to may have been the “Young King Henry” who was crowned in the lifetime of his father, Henry II, and died of “a violent fever and flix” while fighting against him, in France. There is a possibility that poison was suspected in his case, also; but it seems much more likely that the person who first introduced the name of Henry into the ballad had in mind the monarch who succumbed to the dish of lampreys.

\* Toads (Old English).

While the poisoning story itself was probably current in Europe at an early period, the following suggestions may be offered as to the reason why the name "Lord Randal" should be traditionally connected with the ballad in England and Scotland:

(1).—Randal III, sixth Earl of Chester, 1181, (died 1232) divorced his first wife, Constance, widow of Geoffrey Plantagenet, and married again, "for which sin, as many men suppose, this Ranulph [Randal] deserved to dye without issue and to relinquish his honors unto the sonne of his sister." [The quotation is taken from *The Catalogue of Honor*, 1610, an old peerage in the writer's possession].

(2).—He was succeeded by his nephew John, whose wife "was infamous for plotting to take away the life of her husband John by poison."—[*Ibid.*]

(a).—Following upon a contemporary belief that Randal left no heir because of his sin in divorcing his first wife and re-marrying, may there not have arisen the story that a young son and heir, child of the second wife, was poisoned by his "step-mother" (*i.e.* the divorced Constance) at her own house, returning to his mother to die? (This would explain the "Wee Croodlin' Doo" form of the story, with its conjunction of "stepmother" and "mammy," though, at the same time, the "mammy" of the nursery version may simply have been the child's foster-mother or nurse).

If, when the real circumstances had somewhat faded from memory, people wished to find a romantic reason for the fact of Randal III's leaving no heir and the earldom thus passing to his nephew, a divine judgment might be the explanation offered by the priest and the scholar, but the common folk would, I think, be much more likely to seek a human agent in the first wife, dishonoured, jealous, and revengeful, and thus to attach to Randal an already existing ballad-story. (It will be remembered that Constance's own son, Prince Arthur, had been done to death).

(b).—The fact, or story, that Randal's nephew and successor to the title was poisoned by his own wife may later have become attached to Randal himself by confusion with the (presumptive) poisoning legend about Randal's young son and heir.

These suggestions do not, of course, interfere with the circumstance of the Lord Randal story being current in Italy or other countries at a much earlier date. They merely aim at explaining why the hero should be called Lord Randal in the English form of the ballad.\*—A. G. G.

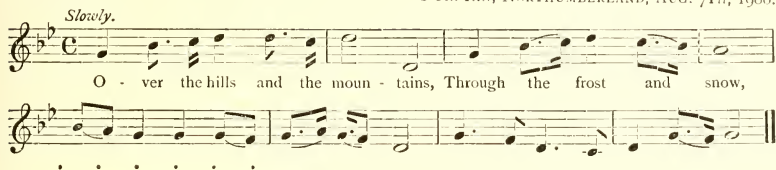
Cf. this beautiful tune with "The Trees they do grow high" noted in Sussex by Dr. Vaughan Williams. (*Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 206). For copious variants, and notes on the ancient ballad, see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*. Child gives two distinct tunes to 'Lord Randal.' For other tunes and references see *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 6, and *Folk Songs from Somerset*, 1st series.—L. E. B.

\* See Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 10, for an account of the services English minstrels rendered to Randal, when besieged in 1212. This (or another) Randal seems to have been early a popular hero, for Longland describes his Friar as much better acquainted with the "rimes of Robinhode and of Randal, erle of Chester," than with his Paternoster.—A. G. G.

## 15.—OVER THE HILLS AND THE MOUNTAINS.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams, *Mus. Doc.*  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. THOMPSON,  
DUNSTAN, NORTHUMBERLAND, AUG. 7TH, 1906.



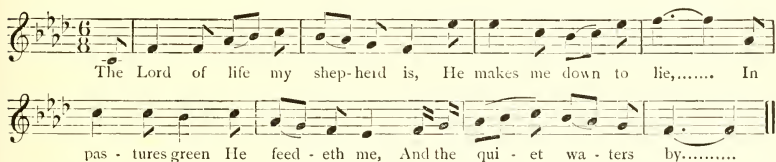
Mr. Thompson knew only the fragment of the words here given. This and the following song he learnt from his mother about fifty years ago.—R. V. W.

The last two bars recall the usual cadence to "Geordie."—C. J. S.

## 16.—PSALM TUNE.

Tune noted by R. Vaughan Williams, *Mus. Doc.*  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. THOMPSON,  
DUNSTAN, NORTHUMBERLAND, AUG. 7TH, 1906.



The above words are, of course, not traditional, but are very nearly the metrical version of the twenty-third Psalm of the Scottish psalter of 1635. The tune is, however, obviously a folk-tune, though described by its singer as a "Psalm-tune."—

R. V. W.

This beautiful pastoral melody may probably be assigned to the first half of the 18th century. It is so similar in style to two minor psalm-tunes by Dr. Maurice Greene (1696—1755) viz :—'Crowle' and 'St Nicholas,' that I think it possible that it also may be a tune of his, which has acquired northern characteristics during its traditional transmission. 'Crowle' and 'St Nicholas' used to be well-known in Scotland.

## TWO PSALM TUNES.

*Crowle* " (transposed).

By DR. MAURICE GREENE (1696-1755)



*"St. Nicholas"* (transposed).



N.B.—The above tunes are noted in three-two time in Scottish psalm-books.

It is from the flowing character of the Northumberland tune that I date it as above. There are plenty of *modal* tunes in the early Psalters (unharmonized). And even in the first harmonized Scotch Psalter of 1635 (in which the air appears in the tenor,) there are numerous modal tunes, Dorians having the Dorian signature of B $\sharp$  (*i.e.* B $\natural$ ). [Since modal psalm-times were first harmonized, the tendency has been to make them conform to the modern major and minor modes, hence many, originally modal, have lost this character in modern collections, *e.g.* "Windsor" (*alias* "Dundee") and "St. Michael."] But the modal tunes in the *early* psalters are much plainer in character than the Northumberland tune above, and I recollect only a solitary instance of triple time (Dr. Vaughan Williams' tune would be barred as such in a psalm-book,) in the Scotch Psalter of 1635, though there seems to be a feeling after it in the tune to Psalm lxxx.—A. G. G.

The similarity between "Crowle" and the Northumbrian tune is chiefly that of rhythm, and is shared by other well-known psalm-tunes, such as Purcell's "Burford" and others. On the other hand the Northumbrian tune has melodic features which point to its being a folk-song, and which it does not share with "Crowle" or "Burford." It must however be mentioned that "Crowle" appears in Davies Gilbert's collection of Christmas Carols (1822) under the title "Psalm-tune."—

R. V. W.

\* Probably altered, as in other cases I know.—A. G. G.

# SONGS

## FROM THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF ENGLAND,

### ETC.

#### 17.—THE MERMAID.

SEA SONG.

*Noted by E. T. Sweeting, Mus. Do., Organist, Winchester Cathedral.* SUNG BY MR. JAMES HERRINGE,  
FOLLIOT, (LABOURER, AGED 67), TWYFORD, HANTS, 1906.

One night as I lay on..... my bed, I  
lay so..... fast a - sleep, When the thoughts of my true love came  
run - ning to my head, And poor sail - lers that sail on the deep.

As I sailed out one day, one day,  
And being not far from shore (? land) ;  
And there I spied a mermaid  
A sitting on a rock,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand,

The song she sang, she sang so sweet,  
But no answer at all could us make :  
Till at length our gallant ship  
She took round about :  
Which made all our poor hearts to ache.

Then up stepped the helmsman of our ship,  
(? In his hand a lead and line),\*  
All for to sound the seas, my boys,  
That is both wide and deep :  
But no hard rock or sand could he find.

\* The second line of the fourth verse was evidently forgotten by the singer: he was not aware of it, and simply dropped out the corresponding part of the tune.—E. T. S.

Then up stepped the captain of our ship,  
And a well-speaking man is he :  
He says, " I have a wife, my boys,  
In fair Plymouth town,  
But this night and a widow she will be.

Call the boat, call the boat, my fair Plymouth boys :  
Don't you hear how the trumpets do sound ? "  
For the want of a longer boat,  
In the ocean we were lost,  
And the most of our merry men were drowned.

The ballad of the " Mermaid " is a particularly interesting survival, and these two tunes for it are very welcome.

It is now always associated with Chappell's fine air, but I find from a curious and very scarce publication, some years earlier than Chappell's *Popular Music* (1856-59), that another melody had already been noted from tradition. In *The Child's Own Singing Book*, edited and selected by Maria and William Hutchins Callcott, (London, Cramer, Addison and Beale, 1843. 8vo) is " The Cabin Boy," old ballad. It begins thus :—the first verse being evidently absent.

Thus he spoke, the Captain of the ship,  
And a kind young man was he :  
Oh, I have a wife in Bristol town  
And a widow I fear she will be,  
For the raging seas do roar  
And the stormy winds do blow  
And we four seamen are up to the top,  
While the land lovers (*sic*) lie below.

Thus he spoke, the mate of the ship,  
And a good old man was he :  
Oh, I have two sons in Bristol town,  
And orphans I fear they will be.  
For the raging etc.

Thus he spoke, the little cabin boy.  
And a pretty boy was he  
Oh I care most for my daddy, and my mammy  
Whom never, never more I shall see.  
For the raging etc.

[ Two verses, certainly modern, follow.]

The tune, which I should say is traditional, runs thus :—

### THE CABIN BOY.



W. H. Callcott, it may be remembered, harmonised Chappell's first work *National English Airs*, (1838-40), but no copy of the "Mermaid" appears therein. Variants of the ballad words appear on broadsides, and in Garlands.—F. K.

The first half of Dr. Sweeting's tune has an odd likeness to the corresponding strain of the psalm-tune "Cheshire," which is found in Este's *Psalter*, 1592. This may be purely a coincidence. At the same time it seems probable enough that folk-singers should have occasionally, perhaps unconsciously, borrowed phrases, when sufficiently pleasing, from the metrical psalm-tunes formerly sung in English as well as Scotch churches. There are, on the other hand, historic instances of the Church's having from the 16th century onwards borrowed the folk-songs of the people, for use in congregational singing.—A. G. G.

### CHESSHIRE TUNE.

FROM *Este's Psalter*.



Is it not more probable that the psalm-tune "Cheshire" was derived from the folk-tune, than *vice versa*? The tune in question, both in form and curve, is typical of many English folk-melodies.—C. J. S.

I think it most probable that the psalm-tune "Cheshire" is founded on this, or some similar folk-song. Such adaptations were customary in Germany, as evidenced

in the chorale "Innsbruck." Tiersot is of opinion that many of the Genevan psalm-tunes are adapted from folk-songs. The Scottish 18th century psalm-tunes "Martyrdom" and "Selma" are, I believe, avowedly derived from folk-songs.—

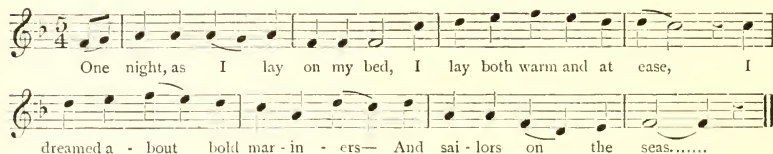
R. V. W.

The borrowing of folk-songs by the Church, though the custom in Germany, was not, I believe, the custom in England, at the date of Este's Psalter.—J. A. F. M.

## SECOND VERSION.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*

SUNG BY MR. BARTLETT,  
AT WIMBORNE, DORSET, 1905.



One night, as I lay on my bed, I lay both warm and at ease, I  
dreamed a - bout bold mar - in - ers— And sai - lors on the seas.....

Now the weather be it hot or cold, and many a bitter blast  
Which oftentime we're 'bliged to do, oh, to cut away our mast.

Then the plumber on the deck he stands, with a lead and line in his hands,  
For to see how far or near we are from any rocks or sands.

Now the mermaid on the rocks she stands, with a comb and glass in her hand,  
"Cheer up, cheer up, you lively lads, oh, you are far from land!"

Now a token of good mariners, and a token for bold will,  
And when you call this way again, oh, 'tis here you'll find me still!"\*

The second version of words from Dorsetshire here given, was communicated also by Mr. H. E. D. Hammond. He noted it from the singing of Mr. Joseph Elliott of Todber, who sings the same tune as Mr. Bartlett.

## THE MERMAID.

As I lay on my bed asleep, asleeping warm and at my ease,  
I dreamed about poor mariners, poor sailors on the seas.

I do endure both hot and cold, many's a bitter blast,  
And oftentimes obliged to cut away their mast

Then overboard their guns they throw, many's a cargo brave,  
And in their long-boats 'bliged to jump, their precious lives to save

\* "This means that the ship went on to the rocks on which the mermaid was, and was lost." So says Bartlett.—H. E. D. H.



Our captain at the wheel he stands, steering his course right well,  
Looking all round with watery eyes, " Good Lord, the seas do swell ! "

Our plumber on the quarter stands with lead and line in his hands,  
To see how far or near we are from any rocks or sands.

The mermaid on the rock she stands with comb and glass in hand,  
" Sheer off, sheer off, bold mariners, you are not far from land !

Cheer up, cheer up, bold mariners, don't perish in the deep,  
For this I do for sailors' sake a-losing of my sleep !

Cheer up, cheer up, bold mariners, don't let your courage fail,  
And if you ever sail this way, 'tis here you'll find me still ! "

Mr. Hammond has noted yet another version of the same tune, which is also in five-four time, and varies only slightly from Mr. Bartlett's. The tune is practically the same as the version of " Barbara Ellen " noted by Mr. C. Sharp in Somersetshire (see *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 6, p. 15).

Cf. a tune in common time " The Bonnie Mermaid," in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, which has some likeness.

The two last stanzas sung by Mr. Bartlett are in a version called " The Sailor's Caution," in *The Sailing Trade*, Glasgow, 1801. Another version, with fourteen stanzas, is in *The Glasgow Lasses' Garland*, (? 1765).

W. Chappell noted a different tune and set of words on the same subject, from street-singers. This was printed, with a few alterations, in *Old English Ditties* (Oxford and Macfarren). See Child's *Ballads* for variants of both " Mermaid " ballads.—L. E. B.

# 18.—WILL YOU LET ME GO WITH YOU?

SUNG BY MR. HENRY GODWIN,

(LABOURER, AGED 79), TWYFORD, HANTS, 1906.

Noted by E. T. Sweeting.

The rout came on Sun-day, and a Mon-day morning marched a-way, The  
drums they did beat, my love, and the mu-sic did play, The  
drums they did beat, my love, and fill'd my heart with woe. "Will you  
let me go with you?" "Oh. no! my love, oh, no!"

For to see you stand sentry on a cold rimy day:  
Your colour will go, my love, and your beauty decay;  
Your colour will go, my love, and fill my heart with woe:—  
"Will you let me go with you?" "Oh no, my love, oh no!"

"I'll go down to your captain, and fall upon my knee:  
Ten guineas I'll surrender, if that'll set you free:  
If that will not do, my love, I'll give twice as much too:—  
Will you let me go with you?" "Oh no, my love, oh no!"

"I'll go down to some nunnery, and there I'll end my life:  
I never will be married, nor make no man a wife.  
Constant and true-hearted, I ever will remain,  
I never will get married, till my soldier comes again."

Mr. Godwin heard this at plough, during his boyhood.—E. T. S.

(*Cf.* "Oh, Yarmouth is a pretty town" in this Journal, for a variant and notes on this song.—L. E. B.

## 19.—OH, YARMOUTH IS A PRETTY TOWN.

Noted by Lucy Broadwood.

SUNG BY MR. H. BURSTOW (BELL-RINGER),  
HORSHAM, SUSSEX, JAN , 1893.

*Moderato.*

Oh, Yar-mouth is a pret-ty town, And shines where it stands, And the  
more I think of it The more it runs in my mind, The  
more I think of it It makes my heart to grieve; At the  
sign of the An-gel Pret-ty Nan-cy did live.

It was early one morning just by the break of day,  
I went to my love's chamber, and thus to her did say.  
I kissed her, and I courted her, and I bid her lay warm,  
She replies, " You are the young man, you will do me no harm."

" For to do you any injury, love, I'll think it a scorn,  
If I stay with you all night, I will marry you in the morn,  
And before all my officers I will write you a bill."'  
She replied, " You are the young man, do just as you will."

The rout came on Sunday, and on Monday we marched away,  
The drums they did beat, and the music did play.  
Many hearts were rejoicing, but my heart was sad,  
To part from my true love what a full heart I had !

" Will you go on board of ship, my love, will you try ?  
I will buy you as fine a sea-fare as money can buy.  
And while I am on sentry I'll guard you from all foe.  
My dear, will you go with me ? " but her answer was " No ! "

The first line of this song, with different names for the town, is a favourite one on broadsides. There is a chap-book of 1795 which contains a song called " Bonny Paisley," beginning " Over hills and high mountains I have oftentimes been." Its second verse runs " O Paisley is a fine town, It shines where it stands, The more I think on it, The more my heart warms."

This " Bonny Paisley " ballad ends with a stanza that has much similarity to the

last verse of "As I walked through Bristol City" in *English County Songs*. It has also a good many lines in common with some in "Oh, the boys of Kilkenny" which was set in the beginning of the 19th century to the tune best known as "The Meeting of the Waters," on account of Thomas Moore's lyric being associated with it. "The Boys of Kilkenny" was printed as "*A favourite Irish Song. Inscribed to Col. Doyle by Mr. Kelly.*" Michael Kelly, the Irish composer (1762-1826) used traditional tunes in compiling the music for ballad-operas, etc. That he not only adapted an old air to, but also compiled the words for "The Boys of Kilkenny" from old broadsides, is pretty certain; for there seem almost numberless ballad-sheets and garlands in the British Museum collections and elsewhere, which, though differing greatly from each other, contain pieces of "Oh, Yarmouth," "The Boys of Kilkenny," "The Meeting of the Waters," "The Streams of Sweet Nancy," and kindred songs, patched in the most curious fashion. Possibly Moore was inspired by one of these broadsides, printed by Catnach under the title of "The Streams of Sweet Nancy." Catnach's text of this, which is obviously traditional and much corrupted, begins, "The streams of lovely Nancy divide in two parts, Where young men and maidens do meet their sweethearts." In the fifth verse occurs the line "At the sign of the Angel is the darling for me." The whole ballad is a curious one, for it has a strong likeness in parts to the vague song "Faithful Emma" (see *English County Songs*). It has seemed worth while to mention these facts by way of pointing out the extraordinary fluidity of a common ballad, and the impossibility of determining its original form or authorship.

The tune of "Oh, Yarmouth" is quite different from that of "The Boys of Kilkenny." In Petrie's *Ancient Irish Music* is a tune "The Roving Pedlar" to which Petrie has added a note: "The original of 'The Boys of Kilkenny.'" Cf. words and tunes of "The Streams of Nantsian" and "Plymouth Sound" (*Songs of West*, 1st. ed.), and "Will you let me go with you?" in this Journal.

Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has noted variants of a ballad in Dorsetshire, called "The Sailor and his Truelove." These, again, have a strange relationship to the songs above mentioned, both in subject, wording, and general structure of the  $\frac{3}{4}$ -time tune; at the same time all are distinctly different in important ways. Messrs. Boosey and Co. publish a harmonised arrangement of "Oh, Yarmouth is a pretty town," as Mr. Burstow sang it.—L. E. B.

For an interesting note on the authorship of the text of "The Boys of Kilkenny," see Crofton Croker's *Popular Songs of Ireland*, p. 206: "The Editor believes that this song, although unclaimed, is not incorrectly attributed to Mr. Thomas Moore." An opinion, which, in a foot-note, he afterwards withdraws.—C. J. S.

# 20.—THE YOUNG SERVANT-MAN; OR TWO AFFECTIONATE LOVERS.

[IT'S OF A DAMSEL BOTH FAIR AND HANDSOME.]

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner.

SUNG BY MR. CHARLES CLARK,  
ROPLEY, HANTS, 1905.

It's of a dam - sel both fair and hand - some, These  
words are true, as I've been told. On the banks of Shan - non, in a  
loft - y man - sion, Her fa - ther gar - nered great stores of gold.

\* *Variant.*

Dr. George B. Gardiner kindly contributes this from his collection, in which Mr. H. Balfour Gardiner helped him in Hampshire. The tune is of the type used so often for the ballad of "Lord Bateman" but is seldom met with the minor third. The cadence and general structure of the tune point to some connection with a class of ballad very popular amongst country-singers, the words of which turn upon the subject of "gathering flowers bright and gay," or "thrusting the hand into the rose-bush," and "finding," too late, "the thorn;" which usually causes the victim to exclaim "I little thought what love could do." For the complete words of "The Young Servant Man," and other tunes with full references, *see* "The two affectionate Lovers" *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 7, p. 97, also Vol. i, No. 4, p. 220.—L. E. B.

This ballad seems to have appealed considerably to south-country singers, but I have never met with it in the north. I have many broadside copies of the Catnach period, by different printers, which vary in some slight degree.—F. K.

## 21.—THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES, O.

Noted by Charles E. D. Waring, Esq.

SUNG BY AN OLD NURSE,  
AT LYME REGIS (ABOUT 1852 TO 1856).



This variant of the favourite tune, (of which one version is printed in *Journal* Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 276,) presents extraordinary peculiarities, especially in the last bar, where the singer consistently ended on A instead of G. Mr. C. A. Lidgey, through whom Mr. Waring has kindly communicated the tune, suggests that the final A's may possibly be signs of one of those continuous tunes which have no final cadence. The singer, an old nurse in Mr. Waring's family, was a native of North Devon, her home being in or near Barnstaple. Mr. Waring, whilst disclaiming all responsibility as to correctness or incorrectness of the singer's version, is certain of the accuracy of his transcription.—L. E. B.

This bears general resemblance to the usual versions, but it is only the second part of the tune.—F. K.

The final A is so extraordinary that I am inclined to attribute it to the idiosyncrasy of the singer. Mr. Lidgey may be right in regarding it as the false ending of a "circular" tune, but the pause works against the assumption. I append a remarkably close variant, taken down just fifty years later than the first tune, which, however, presents no difficulties.—C. J. S.

### SECOND VERSION.

Noted by Cecil J. Sharp.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN CULLY,  
AT FARRINGTON GURNEY, SOMERSET, AUG. 22ND, 1906.



This version seems so extraordinary, especially in view of the normal version as collected, (*see* Mr. Sharp's tune above,) that one is inclined to attribute the E flat and the final A to some vocal failure, such as hoarseness, on the part of the singer. Accidents like this will, as collectors know, often make it difficult to note a tune correctly.—R. V. W.

## 22.—THE DOCKYARD GATE.

*Noted by A. G. Gilchrist.*

SUNG BY MR. BOLTON,  
AT SOUTHPORT, JAN. 4TH, 1907.

Come, all you jol - ly sea - men bold, And list - en to my song ; I  
pray you pay at - ten - tion, I won't de - tain you long, Con -  
- cern - ing of you mar - ried men These ver - ses I did write, Just to  
let you know How the game does go When you are out of sight.

[A portion missing, in which the husband sails from Spithead on a voyage, and on her way from bidding him good-bye the wife meets with a sailor of her acquaintance.]

\* \* \* \*

" Her husband's gone to sea," she cries,  
" How hard it is my case,  
But still on shore there are plenty more—  
Some other must fill his place.  
If you will wait at the dockyard gate  
Until that I come out,  
This very day we'll spend Jack's half-pay—  
We'll drink both ale and stont."

The day being spent in sweet content,  
Jack's half-pay was no more :  
"Never mind ! my husband dear  
Is working hard for more.  
Perhaps he is at the mast-head,  
A-shivering with the cold ;  
Or perhaps he's at the lee-gangway—  
Our joys he can't behold."

For another version, with incomplete words, see *Journal* Vol. ii, No. 9. Mr. Bolton's tune seems Irish.—L. E. B.

\* The flogging-place.



# Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 11.

Being the Second Part of Vol. III.

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## INTRODUCTION.

MY brother and I have collected folk-songs in many parts of Dorsetshire during the last two years. Our "hunting" (the pursuit really requires all the arts of the chase) has been desultory owing to my indifferent health; still, we have obtained up to now four hundred distinct ballads and songs, my brother noting words and I tunes. I have not made a point of recording *all* alternative versions of tunes, but have taken down some two hundred which impressed me.

About two thirds of the separate airs in our collection are major, the remaining third, together with a far larger proportion of the variants, Dorian, Mixolydian, or Æolian. One tune shows strong Phrygian influence. My experience of minor airs in Dorset confirms that of Mr. C. J. Sharp in Somerset. I have not yet heard one sung. I believe that they must have been always essentially "unpleasing to a *Dorset* ear," and that any that have been adopted by the folk have also been adapted to the favourite folk-modes. There is some evidence of such adaptation among the tunes I have noted.

The songs here printed, though few, represent the types of peasant song most popular in the county, though rollicking ballads, such as the "Friar in the Well," the "Jealous Old Woman," "Chilbridge Fair," and the "Derry Down" songs are more widely sung than might be inferred from the one or two examples I have been able to give.

Miss Gilchrist has pointed out that a good many folk-songs from Dorset are to be found in varying form of air and words in old Aberdeenshire and Banffshire collections, though, apparently, they are little known in other parts of Great Britain. I think that there is no recorded settlement of Dorset men in Banff or Aberdeen or *vice versa*. Is it then a similarity of temperament which has caused the natives of these counties to preserve in common certain ballads that have come among them? I once gathered a very slender straw of evidence bearing upon this highly speculative question, far too slender to show the direction of the wind, but worth noting, possibly, as conveying a pretty, unconscious compliment to the Dorset folk. I found a Banffshire girl, not a singer, staying with some villager friends near Dorchester. In

answer to a question she said that she was very fond of the Dorsetshire people; they were so like her own folk (like, obviously, in possessing the better qualities of the latter). I know too little of Banff and Aberdeen to attempt a comparison. The Aberdonian and Banffshire folk, however, are generally considered to differ in character from other Scots, and I should say from my experience that similarly the Dorset folk differ somewhat from their neighbours, at least, in Somerset, Hampshire, and Devon, if only in being cast in a sterner mould. I believe, further, that this difference would be found to be reflected in the folk-songs of the four counties, if they were compared. "Strawberry Fair" is a dainty and typical Devonshire air, to which the Devonian trips gaily "singing, singing, buttercups and daisies,—fol de dee!" The Dorset man storms to "Chilbridge Fair" to a rattling tune with a "Hey! ho! derry, derry, down!—with a hey!" and "Away with his Nancy he does go." He is nothing if not downright in all his moods, merry or otherwise, as I have learned at times to my sorrow. For, unlike the more tractable folk of my native Somerset, the Dorset peasant who says 'no' once when asked to sing, says it for all time, charm you never so wisely. Fortunately, if you state your business clearly to them, the great majority of his kind are most willing to help you, and let this desire outweigh all other considerations.

And here, in conclusion, I wish to offer our most sincere thanks, firstly to all country singers who have spent hours in telling us about their most interesting old songs and selves (most are over seventy, though their ages range from thirteen to ninety-three); secondly, to many members of other classes, who I would say have gone out of their way in helping us in our work, but then kindness and hospitality are never out of the way of Dorsetshire people; thirdly to the members of the editing committee of the Folk-Song Society, Miss Lucy E. Broadwood (L.E.B.), Miss A. G. Gilchrist (A.G.G.), Messrs. F. Kidson (F.K.), J. A. Fuller Maitland (J.A.F.M.), and C. J. Sharp (C.J.S.), and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams (R.V.W.), whose valuable notes are appended to these songs.

The following tunes, together with slightly altered versions of words, have been published in *Folk-Songs from Dorsetshire* (1907) by Messrs. Novello and Co., and appear in this *Journal* by their kind permission: "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford," "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," "Now I pray you go fetch me my little Foot-boy," "The Sprig of Thyme," "Nancy from London" (1st version), "The Turtle Dove" (1st version), "The Cuckoo," "As Sally sits a-weeping" (1st version), "One May morning as it happenèd to be," and "Betty and her Ducks."

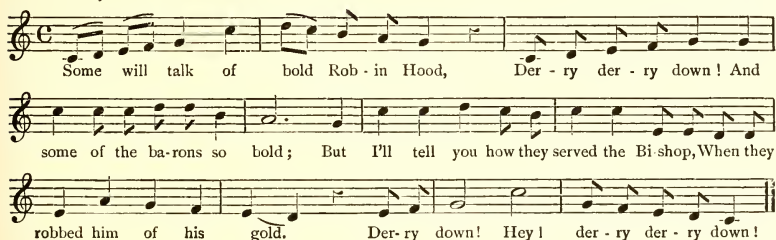
H. E. D. HAMMOND.

## CONVENTIONAL BALLADS.

### I.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE STONE,  
AT WAREHAM, NOV., 1906.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*



Some will talk of bold Rob - in Hood, Der - ry der - ry down ! And  
some of the ba - rons so bold ; But I'll tell you how they served the Bi - shop, When they  
robbed him of his gold. Der - ry down ! Hey ! der - ry der - ry down !

Robin Hood he dressed himself in shepherd's attire  
And six of his men also,  
And, when the Bishop he did come by,  
They round the fire did go.

"Oh ! we are shepherds," said bold Robin Hood,  
"And keep sheep all the year,  
And we are resolved to make merry to-day,  
And to eat of our King's fat deer."

"You are a brave fellow," said the old Bishop,  
"And the King of your doings shall know,  
Therefore make haste and come along with me  
And before the King you shall go."

Robin Hood set his back against an oak  
And his foot against a thorn,  
And out underneath his shepherd's cloak  
Pulled out his bugle-horn.

He put the small end to his mouth,  
And a loud blast he did blow.  
Six score and ten of bold Robin's men  
Came tripping along in a row.

"Oh what is the matter?" said Little John,  
Oh! why do you blow so hastily?"  
"Oh! the Bishop of Hereford he has come by,  
And a pardon he shall have."

"Here's the Bishop," said bold Robin Hood,  
No pardon I shall have."  
"Cut off his head, Master," says Little John,  
"And bundle him into his grave."

"Oh! pardon me, Oh! pardon me," says the Bishop,  
"Oh! pardon me I pray.  
If I had a-known it had been you,  
I'd a-gone some other way."

Robin Hood he took the Bishop by the hand,  
And led him to merry Barnsdale,\*  
And made him sup with him that night,  
And drink wine, beer, and ale.

"Call in the reckoning," the old Bishop said,  
"For I'm sure 'tis going very high."  
"Give me your purse, Master" said Little John,  
"I'll tell you by and bye."

Little John he took the Bishop's cloak,  
And spread it on the ground,  
And out of the Bishop's portmanteau  
He pulled five hundred pound.

"There's money enough, master" said Little John,  
"Tis a comely sight to see.  
It makes me in charity with the Bishop;  
In his heart he don't love me."

Little John he took the Bishop by the hand,  
And he caused the music to play,  
And he made the old Bishop dance till he sweat.  
And he was glad to get so away.

George Stone, who is now 87, learned this tune at Christchurch, near Bourne-mouth, some sixty years back. He said that several other "Robin Hood" ballads used to be sung at that time at Christchurch, and mentioned especially "Robin Hood and Little John," of which he remembered one line: "Little John caught Robin Hood such a blow upon the crown."—H. E. D. H.

This is much the same as in Ritson's "Robin Hood," 1795, which he states is from an Aldermay churchyard copy compared with one from York. The "derry down"

\* A woodland region in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

refrain is absent from this particular version as given by Ritson, but there is a variation of it a few pages onward called "Robin Hood and the Bishop," in which the burden "Hey down, down, and a down" occurs. In the Brit. Mus. Library there is a music sheet copy of it entitled "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford," circa 1780; the air is different from the one here obtained traditionally, and is reprinted in *Minstrelsy of England*, edited by Moffat and Kidson [Bayley and Ferguson.]

When we remember how popular the *Robin Hood Garland* was, (being printed by small printers in nearly every town), it is astonishing how few traditional "Robin Hood" ballads have been obtained orally.—F. K.

Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* should be consulted for the full history of Robin Hood literature. It is there stated that "no notice of Robin Hood has been down to this time (1888) recovered earlier than that which was long ago pointed out by Percy as occurring in "Piers Plowman," and this, according to Professor Skeat, cannot be older than about 1377. Sloth, in that poem, says in his shrift that he knows 'rymes of Robin Hood and Randolf, erle of Chestre,' though imperfectly acquainted with his paternoster." (See interesting notes in the *Folk Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 10, p. 44).

From the 15th century to the 19th, Robin Hood continued the favourite subject for plays and ballads. The earliest known copy of *Robin Hood's Garland* is in the Bodleian Library. It was printed in 1663 and contains seventeen ballads. Garlands of the 18th century increase the number of ballads to twenty-seven. No copy of the ballad here printed has been found earlier than the 18th century. Child considers it "far superior," however, "to most of the 17th century broadsides." Chappell gives a version with eleven stanzas taken from a broadside with music "printed for Daniel Wright, next the Sun Tavern in Holborn." This air is different from the Dorsetshire tune. The Dorsetshire words seem a curtailed version of Ritson's ballad of twenty-one stanzas, *plus* the burden which Ritson's lacks.—L. E. B.

## 2.—FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. CRAWFORD,  
AT WEST MILTON, MAY, 1906.

Fair Mar - g'ret is up at her high - er cham - ber win - dow A -  
- comb - ing out her hair. She saw sweet Wil - liam  
and his bride, As they were ri - ding there.

Down she flung her ivory comb,  
And up she bound her hair.  
Straightway out of the room she went,  
And never more went there.

Sweet William dreamed such dreams that night  
Such dreams that were no good ;  
He dreamed his bowels\* were full of wild swine,  
And his bridemaids† full of blood.

“What made you dream such dreams, sweet William,  
Such dreams that were no good,  
To dream your bowels\* were full of wild swine  
And your bridemaids† full of blood ? ”

He called up his merry, merry men  
By one, by two, by three :  
“You ride unto fair Margaret's life  
By leave of my ladye.”

When he came to fair Margaret's door,  
He knocked so loud at the ring.  
There was none so ready as Margaret's seven brothers  
To let sweet William in.

“Oh ! let me see the dead ” he cried,  
“ I think she look pale and wan.”  
He oftentimes kissed her pale white cheeks,  
But not one smile could he bring.

\* “ bower was ”

† “ bride-bed ”



Then up-spoke Margaret's seven brothers  
All in a pitiful tone :  
" You may go and kiss your bonny brown bride  
And leave our sister alone."

" If I go and kiss my bonny brown bride,  
' Tis no more than I ought to do.  
Fair Margaret died for her true love,  
And I will die for sorrow."

Fair Margaret was buried in the higher churchyard,  
Sweet William in the lower,  
And out from her mouth there sprung a rose,  
And out of his a briar.

They grew so high as the higher church wall,  
They could not grow any higher,  
They twingled, they tied in a true lover's knot  
For all the young men to admire.

It has been suggested to me that "higher chamber window," is a corruption of "tire-chamber window." I have heard "twilled and twined" sung for "twingled" in the last verse. The three words have much the same meaning—of twisting or doubling about, and are connected with "twice" and "twin."—H. E. D. H.

See my Yorkshire version with a different tune, in *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 9.

I have heard the final verse used in one or two lengthy ballads such as "Barbara Allen."—F. K.

Christie in his *Traditional Ballad Airs* gives other and distinct tunes and versions of the ballad, see "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," "William and Margaret," and "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," or "The Nut Brown Maid" (a version epitomised by Jamieson).

As regards the word "twingled," I have heard, in Sussex, this line given as "*twangled* in a true lovier's knot."—A. G. G.

This Dorsetshire version is in general construction the same as two versions of twenty and eighteen stanzas quoted by Child (see also Percy's *Reliques* and Ritson's *Select Collection of English Songs*, 1783.) In the printed ballads there follows this verse, after the line "But never more came there":

" When day was gone, and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
Then came the spirit of Fair Margaret,  
And stood at William's feet."

This verse is quoted by old Merrythought in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle" and forms the beginning of a distinct ballad (usually of seventeen stanzas) called "William and Margaret." This latter ballad came to light in its earliest known form, a black-letter broadside, only after Chappell published his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and bears the newspaper duty stamp of Queen Anne's reign. It has a tune printed with it which Chappell reproduced in his very important article on the two ballads (see *Ballad Society*, Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. iii, Part 3, 1880). The broadside has no printer's name, but, in its place, the following: "N.B. This Ballad will sing to the Tunes of Montrose's Lilt, Rothe's Lament, or the Isle of Kell." Thomson reprinted this broadside *verbatim* in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725, using a version of "Montrose's Lilt" (or "Never love thee more") for the tune. I have an eighteenth century music sheet with precisely the same broadside words to yet another tune. David Mallett took this broadside, and, in 1724, after altering it for the worse, gave it out as his original composition. Ramsay printed Mallett's version in his *Tea Table Miscellany*, 1724, and Johnson in his *Scots Musical Museum*, to yet a different tune. Chappell's tune to "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" in *Popular Music of the Olden Time* differs from the Dorsetshire tune and from all the "William and Margaret" airs mentioned above.

Old Merrythought also quotes these two lines from "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," which are important improvements on some broadside corruptions of the same lines, and explain that Margaret was thrown over for a more eligible bride: "You are no love for me, Margaret, I am no love for you."

As these ballads are often confused, it has seemed advisable to give a few particulars concerning their history. It should also be pointed out that the ballad "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," (otherwise "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,") referred to here by Miss Gilchrist, is quite distinct from the ballads under discussion, though dealing with the same subject in part, and having some lines in common with them.—L. E. B.

### 3.—THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,  
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

Queen Jane lay in la - bour full nine days or  
more, Till the wo - men were so ti - red, They could stay no long - er  
there, Till the wo - men were so ti - red, They could stay no long - er there.

*Variant.*

"Good women, good women, good women as ye be,  
Do open my right side and find my baby."

"Oh! no," said the women, "That never may be,  
We will send for King Henry, and hear what he say."

King Henry was sent for, King Henry came :  
"What do ail you, my fair lady, you look so [fair and wan] " ?

"King Henry, King Henry, will you do one thing for me?  
That's to open my right side and find my baby."

"Oh! no," says King Henry "that's a thing I'll never do.  
If I lose the flower of England, I shall lose the branch too."

Then they gave her some cordial which put her in a swoond,  
And her right side was opened, and her baby was found.

#### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. MARSH AT DORCHESTER, DEC., 1906.

Queen Jane was in labour full nine days or more,  
The women grew tirèd, they fain would give o'er.

"Oh! dear women, Oh! dear women, will you go and get King Henry,  
Will you go and get King Henry, that him I may see?"

King Henry was sent for, King Henry came :  
"Your eyes they look so watery, they do look so dim."

"Oh! King Henry, King Henry, will you do one thing for me?  
Will you open my right side where my baby you'll see?"

"Oh! Queen Jane, Oh! Queen Jane, this thing must not be done  
For to destroy your sweet body besides your dear son."

Oh! they gave her some strong gards (?), they put her in a swoond,  
They opened her right side, and her baby they found.

Oh! the doctors tried to save her, but they found it all in vain,  
But so happy was Queen Jane she had a son for to reign.

A Scottish version of this ballad, with annotations and references, was printed in Vol. ii, No. 9, of the *Journal*. I do not give the tune that Marsh sang, because it was merely the first half of the tune to the "Cuckoo," which is published further on in this number.—H. E. D. H.

Mr. Hammond's second "Queen Jane" tune (*see* "The Cuckoo" in this number of the *Journal*), is, in a shorter form, the usual tune to the children's game of "Green Gravel." I have already pointed out in a note to "Queen Jane" in the *Journal* (Vol. ii, p. 222) the resemblance of Mr. Baring-Gould's "Queen Jane" tune to a second air sung to "Green Gravel" by north-country children, as well as a close coincidence in the verse-form. It is quite possible that the ballad of "Queen Jane" was modelled upon and sung to the tune of an earlier ballad upon the death of a young girl, as the game of "Green Gravel" shows traces of having originally represented a burial.—A. G. G.

Those who cannot consult Child's *Ballads* will find variants of the words in Kinloch's, Jamieson's, and Evans' books of ballads, and Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*. "A ballett called The Lady Jane," and another piece entitled "The Lamentation of Queen Jane" were licensed in 1560.—L. E. B.

#### 4.—THE BROOMFIELD HILL.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,

DORIAN.

AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

Why had'st not thou a-waked me, my lit-tle foot-boy, That  
I might have my will? And all the lit-tle birds in the  
mer-ry greenwood, Of her should have their fill. And  
all the lit-tle birds in the mer-ry greenwood, Of her should have their fill.

In singing this verse, the only one she could remember, Mrs. Russell often repeated lines 3 and 4 of the melody exactly.

We have noted from Mrs. Perry, of Cheddington, a major tune, and a fuller version of words which follows closely one of the versions in *Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.—H. E. D. H.

Versions of this song, from the 17th century onwards, have always been popular. I have copies on ballad sheets. The full ballad is in *Bell's Songs of the Peasantry of England*, 1857, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, etc.

It is generally entitled "The Merry Broomfield, or the West Country Wager."—  
F. K.

The use of the blossoms of the broom as a charm to keep the Knight from waking during the lady's visit is an interesting point in the ballad. (See Miss Broadwood's note on flower-charms under "The Elfin Knight," in the *Journal*, Vol. iii, p. 14 *et seq.*) The verse sung by Mrs. Russell is confused with another; the threat about the "little birds" is addressed by the Knight to his steed. "All the little birds in the merry greenwood" shall have their fill of the horse's flesh, if he fails to overtake the maiden in her flight.—A. G. G.

Miss Gilchrist's surmise about the magical use of the broom is probably correct. Child points out the use of magic in this ballad, and refers to Icelandic tales where a thorn is used to induce supernatural sleep, the thorn being, of course, a powerfully magical tree.—L. E. B.

## 5.—THE CRUEL MOTHER.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,  
AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

She pressed her - self a - gainst the wall,  
All a - lone and so lone - ly, And there she had two  
pret - ty babes born, And 'tis down by the green - wood side oh !

Variant.



Oh ! Mother, Oh ! Mother, if these were mine,  
All alone and so lonely (*or so lone O !*)  
I would dress them in silks so fine!  
And 'tis down by the greenwood side O !"

### SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. CASE,  
AT SYDLING S. NICHOLAS, SEPT., 1907.

She laid her - self back a - gainst a thorn, All a - lo - ney, a - lo - ney, And  
there she had two pret - ty babes born, Down by the green - wood si - dey.

She had a penknife long and sharp.  
All aloney, aloney,  
And she pressed it through their tender hearts  
Down by the greenwood sidey.

She diggèd a grave both wide and deep,  
All aloney, aloney,  
And she buried them under the marble stone.  
Down by the greenwood sidey.

As she was set in her Father's hall,  
 All aloney, aloney,  
 Oh ! there she saw two pretty babes playing at ball,  
 Down by the greenwood sidey.

" Oh ! babes, Oh ! babes if you were mine,  
 All aloney, aloney,  
 I would dress you up in the scarlet fine,"  
 Down by the greenwood sidey.

" Oh ! Mother, Oh ! mother, we once were thine,  
 All aloney, aloney,  
 You did not dress us in the scarlet fine.  
 Down by the greenwood sidey.

You digged a grave both wide and deep,  
 All aloney, aloney,  
 And you buried us under the marble stone."  
 Down by the greenwood sidey.

### THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. BOWRING,  
 AT CERNE ABBAS, SEPT., 1907.

" Oh ! babes, oh ! babes, if you were mine, All a - lone, and a - lo - ney, I  
 would dress you in scar - let fine." ..... Down by the green - wood sid - ey.

A major tune to this ballad was published in Vol. ii, No. 7, p. 109, of this *Journal*, q.v. Mrs. Russell could remember only two verses of the words.—H. E. D. H.

Versions of the ballad are also given by Motherwell, Buchan, and Kinloch, and there are Danish versions very near the Scotch, the story being known in Germany also. The version in Kinloch has the refrain :

" All alone and alonie  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Doun by the greenwud sae bonnie."

A tune for the ballad is given in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, under the title of " Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O." The music for the second refrain resembles the corresponding part of Mr. Hammond's tunes. Christie prints a second

part to the melody, but it appears to be only a variation, arranged by himself so as to combine two verses in a longer stanza. —A. G. G.

See *Child's Ballads* for full history of this ballad.—L. E. B.

*Cf.* The fragment noted by Burns, "Fine Flowers of the Valley," and its tune, in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, Vol. iv, 1792.—F. K.

Compare the tune of the second version with that of "Geordie," *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 27 (first version).—C. J. S.

## 6.—TOM THE BARBER; or JOHN (or TOM) BARBARY.

(WILLIE O' WINSEBURY)

SUNG BY MR. W. BARTLETT,  
AT WIMBORNE, SEPT., 1906.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*

Oh! it's of a mer-chant's daugh-ter dear; She was dres-sed all in  
green; Oh! and she looked o-ver her fa-ther's cas-tle wall, For to  
see the ships sail in,..... For to see the ships sail in.

"Oh! what's the matter with you, fair maid?  
You do look so pale and wan.  
I'm sure you've had some sore sickness,"

\* \* \* \* \*

Then he called down all his merry, merry men  
Oh! by one, by two, by three.  
Oh! Tom the Barber used to come first,  
But the hinder one comes he.

Down then came Tom the Barber bold  
All dressed all in silk.  
Oh! his eyes did change like the morning sun,  
And his hands so white as milk.



" Oh ! will you wed my daughter dear,  
And take her by the hand ?  
And you shall dine and sup along with me,  
And be heir to all my land."

" Oh ! yes, I'll wed your daughter dear,  
And take her by the hand,  
And I will dine and sup along with thee,  
And be heir of all thy land."

Now I have estate in fair Scotland,  
I have gold and silver so free,  
But where that you have got one guinea,  
There I have got thirty and three."

This ballad is called by the Dorset folk "John Barbary," "Tom Barbary," or "Tom the Barber."—H. E. D. H.

See Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* for versions of this, under the title of "Willie o' Winsbury." "Tom the Barber" appears to be a corruption of "Johnny Barbary," which name occurs in another version, and may itself be a corruption of "John o'"—something, as the hero seems to have been the possessor of corn mills and landed estate in Scotland. It is just possible that the name was borrowed from the Border hero, Johnnie o' *Breadislee*, and afterwards corrupted into "Barbary."—A. G. G.

In Child's *Ballads* there is a version of words supplied by Mr. Macmath in which the hero's name is John Barborough or Barbary. It was derived from Kirkcudbrightshire. The air, supplied by Miss Macmath, has a strong likeness to the one here printed. In several versions the man's name is Thomas, (see "Lord Thomas of Winesberrie" in Kinloch's *Ballads*).—L. E. B.

I have taken down four tunes to this ballad in Somerset, and three full sets of words. In two of my copies the hero is that "Jolly, jolly tar that sails in along with thee." In the third version it is "Young William, who is one of your servant men," and a new *motif* is suggested in the last stanza, which runs :

I have got horses, and I have got land,  
And plenty of money under my command,  
Had it not been for your own daughter dear,  
I never would have been your servant man.

The Somerset tunes are all substantially the same as the Dorset air.—C. J. S.

# 7.—NOW I PRAY YOU GO FETCH ME MY LITTLE FOOT-BOY.

(COME, MOTHER, MOTHER, MAKE MY BED.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. SARTIN,  
AT CORSCOMBE HILL, JULY, 1906.

Now I pray you go fetch me my lit - tle foot - boy, That  
is my sis - ter's son, That he may go and tell to my  
own true love I shall die be - fore he can come.

*Variant.* (a)

Now the first two miles this little boy did walk,  
And the second two miles he did run,  
Until that he came to a broad riverside;  
Then he lay on his breast and swum.

He swum, till he came to the Lord's high gate  
Where he saw the Lord in at meat:  
"Oh! if you did know what tidings I've a-brought,  
Not another bite would you eat"

"Oh! what's the matter, is the high castle wall falling down,  
Or the new park gates overthrown?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's not your high wall or your castle falling down,  
Nor it's not your gates overthrown.  
Your true love is sick, and is going for to die,  
And will die before you can come."

"Go saddle, then, and bridle my milk-white horse,  
That I may ride away;  
That I may kiss her cherry, cherry cheeks,  
Before they are turned to clay."

Now the Lady she died all on Saturday  
At twelve o'clock in the noon;  
And the Lord then he died all on Sunday,  
Oh! before evening prayer was done.

Now the Lady she was buried all in the old chancel,  
The Lord all in the new choir;  
Out of the Lady's breast there springs a damask rose,  
And out of the Lord's a sweet briar.

They grew so stout, they grew so tall,  
They could not grow any higher.  
They tied themselves in a true lovers' knot,  
And the rose wrapped round the sweet-briar.

I have noted five variants of the tune, all modal.

Dorsetshire singers usually begin the words as printed above. But sometimes they give as the first verse:—

"Come, mother, mother, make my bed,  
And spread my milk-white sheet,  
That I may lie down all on my bed of down,  
To see if I can sleep."

And from one singer we noted this verse:—

"But, when he got to his true love's bedside,  
Upon his bended knees he fell  
A-wringing of his hands and a-tearing of his hair,  
Crying: "Love, will you mourn for us all?"

If we put aside the last three verses of the ballad as a commonplace of ballad literature, it would seem that the major part of it is an episode taken from "Lady Maisry," while the three verses in which the theme is indicated (as far as *any* theme is indicated) have been derived from a story of the "Lord Lovel" type.—H. E. D. H.

The tune has points of resemblance to "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington."—

J. A. F. M.

I noted in Sussex a mixolydian tune to this ballad which also resembled the "Bailiff's Daughter." This version began with the "Mother, mother, make my bed" verse given in "Come, mother" (Vol. I, p. 43 of the *Journal*), a version from near Bridgwater.

I consider it important not to confuse this ballad with the group of which "Lady Maisry" is a typical example. In the "Lady Maisry," "Prickly Bush," and "Golden Ball" class of ballads the *motif* is that of *ransom*. The victim is at war with her kindred, and in a position of dire peril and disgrace—abandoned by her relatives and in imminent danger of being burnt or hanged—a situation from which the lover—and only he—can, and will, deliver her, by restoring her lost honour or paying the ransom demanded in vain from her own kith and kin. But in the "Lord Lovel" and "Glenlogie" group the plight of the lady is different. She is an

innocent maid (more rarely a neglected wife) pining—though surrounded by family affection—for an absent and presumably careless lover, who is recalled to his allegiance by the news that she is dying. Lady Nancy is already on her bier when Lord Lovel returns; Queen Dagmar (in the Danish ballad) dies in little Christine's arms as the remorseful king rides up the street; but Glenlogie returns in time to bring the rose again to the cheek of bonnie Jean. The elements of ballads are shifting, and no hard and fast line can be drawn between their various groups; at the same time it is well to remember that such an incident as an absent lover returning in haste to his lady does not always belong to the same story.—A. G. G.

This ballad is more closely allied to that of "Lord Lovel" than to any other. Under the title of "Lord Lovel" Child gives a ballad supplied by Principal Robertson, the historian, from the Percy Papers. This, which begins "There came a ghost to Helen's bower," has seventeen stanzas. The fourth verse begins "O where will I get a bonny boy." The story then runs in much the same words as this Dorsetshire version. The little boy tells fair Helen's "dear lord" that she is dying, and he, hastening home, meets her corpse, kisses her, and dies. They are buried, and a birch and briar spring from their breasts and intertwine. The conventions common to many ballads (of a footpage who swims to bear news of a lady's death to an absent lover, of the questions put by the lover, and of his hurried ride home, etc.), should not mislead collectors into confusing this ballad with those mentioned by Miss Gilchrist in the foregoing note, or others such as "The Lass of Roch Royal," all of which have many stanzas in common. The Dorsetshire tune is much like a type of tunes often used for carols and May Day songs of "The Moon shines bright" class, and bears no likeness to the major tune in six-eight time which is commonly sung to "Lord Lovel." It is, however, closely allied to the air "Come, mother" (practically the same ballad as that here printed), which is in *Journal*, Vol i, No 1, p. 43.—L. E. B.

Although the distinctive *motif* of "Lady Maisry" is absent from this version, practically all the stanzas have been derived from it (*see* Child). For this reason it should, I think, be regarded as a fragment of "Lady Maisry." The absence of the main theme brings the story more or less into line with that of "Lord Lovel"; but this is a mere accident. In other respects the two ballads have no affinity.—C. J. S.

I have heard a very similar tune to this sung to the "Little Towns-boy" in Essex.—R. V. W.

### 8.—THE SPRIG OF THYME.

BEEDÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. GREGORY,  
AT BEAMINSTER, JUNE, 1906.

Ear - ly in the Spring - time of the year, As the  
sun did be - gin for to shine, There  
were three branch - es for me to choose one, And the first I chose was  
Thyme, The first I chose was Thyme.

Thyme, thyme is a precious thing,  
It flourishes night and day.  
But who come along but my jolly sailor boy?  
And he stole all my thyme away,  
And he stole all my thyme away.

My gardener he stood by,  
And I asked him to choose for me.  
He chose me the lily, the violet and the pink,  
But these flowers I refused all three,  
But these flowers I refused all three.

The violet I did forsake,  
Because it fades so soon.  
The lily and the pink I did overlook,  
And I vowed I'd stop till June,  
And I vowed I'd stop till June.

In June grows a red rosy bud,  
And that is the flower for me.

My gardener he stood by,  
And he told me to take great care.  
For into the middle of that red rosy bud  
There grows a sharp thorn there,  
There grows a sharp thorn there,

But I did not take great care,  
Till I had felt the smart,  
And I oftentimes plucked at the red rosy bud,  
Till it pierced my tender heart,  
Till it pierced my tender heart.

Oh! begone, you false young man,  
And leave me here behind;  
And the grass that now is trodden underfoot,  
In time 'twill rise again,  
In time 'twill rise again.

Stand you up, stand you up, my jolly oak,  
Stand you up, and do not die,  
For I will be so true to the girl I love so dear,  
As the stars shine so bright in the sky,  
As the stars shine so bright in the sky.

This tune has some resemblance—though the opening phrase is different—to “You’ll never mind me more, dear Love” in *Christie’s Traditional Ballad Airs*. See under “The Turtle Dove” in this number of the *Journal*.—A. G. G.

Cf. The airs with “The Sprig of Thyme” in *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 9, and the numerous versions under the head of “The Seeds of Love” in the *Journal* and many collections of folk-songs.—L. E. B.

## 9.—ONE NIGHT AS I LAY ON MY BED.

(OPEN THE DOOR, MY LOVE, DO.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,  
AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

One night, as I lay on my bed, I dreamt a - bout a  
pret - ty maid, I was so dis - tressed, I could take no rest; Love  
did tor - ment me so. So a - way to my  
true love I did go.

or ends

Mrs. Russell ended her second verse thus :



Then my love arose and went his way,  
My dad and mam a-grumbling lay  
Saying " Who is there that makes such ado ? "  
Replied the maid so fair,  
" Hark ! how the wind doth blow."

# SECOND VERSION.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*

SUNG BY MR. HOUSE,  
AT BEAMINSTER, JUNE, 1906.



But, when I came to my love's window,  
I boldly called her by her name  
Saying " It's for your sweet sake I'm come here so late  
Through this bitter frost and snow.  
So it's open the window, my love, do."

" My mam and dad they are both awake,  
And they will sure for to hear us speak.  
There'll be no excuse then but sore abuse,  
Many a bitter word and blow.  
So, begone from my window, my love, do,"

" Your mam and dad they are both asleep,  
And they are sure not to hear us speak,  
For they're sleeping sound on their bed of down,  
And they draw their breath so low.  
So open the window, my love, do."

My love arose and she opened the door,  
 And just like an angel she stood on the floor.  
 Her eyes shone bright like the stars at night,  
 And no diamonds could shine so.  
 So in with my true love I did go.

Compare the tune with the Scottish variant :

# OPEN THE DOOR, DO, LOVE, DO.

DORIAN.

From BUCHAN, ABERDEENSHIRE



A second part follows. Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, vol. 2 (Appendix).—  
 A. G. G.

In Johnson's *Scots Museum* is the song "As I lay on my bed on a night," described in the notes thereon as "An ancient ballad with its melody, recovered by Burns." It is a fragment of three stanzas which correspond with, and are in general language like, the first three of this Dorsetshire version. The notes in the *Scots Museum* are very interesting, and deal also with Dowland's song "Go from my window, go." Burns' tune is neither like Dowland's nor those here printed. For further notes on the history of similar songs, see Chappell's *Popular Music* under "Go from my window." Similar ballads are quoted frequently in sixteenth and early seventeenth century literature, musical and otherwise ; and most entertaining use of the song is made by Old Merrythought in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Kindred songs may be compared in *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 5, p. 269, and Vol. ii, No. 6, pp. 55, 56.—L. E. B.

The second tune seems to have the characteristics of a Mixolydian tune on A. The final note D comes therefore as a surprise.—R. V. W.

The singer put a major ending to more than one modal tune.—H. E. D. H.



## 10.—FAREWELL, MY JOY AND HEART.

(THE WINTER'S GONE AND PAST.)

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*

*DORIAN.*

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,

AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

Fare - well, my joy and heart, Since you and I must  
part; You're the fair - est that e'er I did see. It's  
down in Cu - pid's chain, Where we used for to re -  
main, And in tears I will spend the whole day.

My love is like the sun  
In the pleasant month of June  
That do alway prove constant and true.  
But yours is like the moon  
That do wander up and down,  
And every month she is new.

You put on your coat of black  
With a band around your hat  
And I'll dress in my velvet so green.

# PLEASANT SUMMER'S GONE AND PAST.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH VINCENT,  
AT WAREHAM, NOV., 1906.

Pleasant Summer's gone and past, Merry Christmas  
come at last, And the small birds sing on every green  
tree. There is many a heart is glad, Oh! but my poor heart is  
sad,..... Since... my true love is gone absent from me.

*Verses 2 and 3 begin—*  
*and continue as verse 1.*

I should not think it strange  
The wide world for to range  
In hoping for to find my delight.  
But now in Cupid's chain  
I'm obliged for to remain,  
And in sorrow I must spend my whole life.

I will dress myself in black  
With the fringe all round my neck ;  
Gold rings all on my fingers I will wear.  
Then straightway I'll repair  
To the county of Kildare,  
And some tidings I will bring of my dear.

A version of this tune together with a fragment of the words is printed on p. 104 of *English County Songs*. I have only heard it sung twice in Dorset. But my brother has heard a very old Somersetshire man of the name of Staples try to sing a verse of it, and the version in *English County Songs* was collected in Middlesex, so that the song must formerly have been widely known in the southern counties. In

the second version Mr. Vincent has apparently transposed the words "Pleasant Summer" and "Merry Christmas." The first verse of his tune, no doubt, would be better if barred thus:



but it was not so sung.—H. E. D. H.

This is a version of "The Winter's gone and past" printed in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion* and other works. There is a copy given by Petrie with a very similar tune, 1855, p. 168, and the history of the song is dealt with in Moffat's *Minstrelsey of Ireland*. I have early copies of the words on broadsides and in song garlands.—F. K.

See Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, Vol. i, and Appendix ("The Winter's gone and past") for notes on this song. The hero is supposed to have been an Irish highwayman called Johnston, hung about the middle of the 18th century for robberies committed in the Curragh of Kildare. Johnston's name appears in the Aberdeen and Banffshire version collected by Christie in 1845. Christie's tune, like Petrie's, is a variant of Mr. Hammond's.—A. G. G.

For further notes upon the history of this song see "The Winter it is past" in G. Farquhar Graham's admirable *Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland* (Wood and Co., Glasgow). Burns utilised the best stanzas from the common broadsides, and is often incorrectly credited with them. Versions of the words may be seen in Roxburghe Ballads, Vol. iii, p. 680, B. M. c 20 f "The Love Sick Maid" (eight stanzas) and B. M. Broad-sides 1875, b. 19. Burns' version, with a major tune distinct from this air, is in Johnson's *Museum*. The song appears in different forms in most Scottish collections.—L. E. B.

*Cf.* the tune with No. 47 *Folk-Songs from Somerset*.—C. J. S.

This tune is rather like "A Sailor in the North Countree." *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 194.—R. V. W.

# II.—WELL MET, WELL MET, MY OWN TRUE LOVE.

(THE CARPENTER'S WIFE ; or THE DISTRESSED CARPENTER'S WIFE.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,  
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.  
(a)

Well met, well met, my own..... true love, Long time have I been  
(b)  
ab - sent from thee. I am late - ly come... from the salt  
sea, And 'tis all ..... for the sake, my love, of thee.  
(a) (b)

Variants.



I have three ships all on the salt sea,  
And (by) one of them has brought me safe to land.  
I've four and twenty mariners on board ;  
You shall have music at your command.

The ship, my love, that you shall sail in,  
It shall be of the fine beaten gold.  
I've four and twenty mariners on board ;  
It is a beauty for to behold.

Fuller words and a different, but also beautiful, tune are printed in *Songs of the West* (No. 76, in new edition).—H. E. D. H.

This is a fragment of a lengthy ballad, dealing with a ship carpenter's faithless wife, who was beguiled to sea by her old sweetheart. (See *Songs of the West* for notes and references). Christie, in *Traditional Ballad Airs*, gives a Scotch tune for the ballad under the title of "James Herries," but as sung to him it was called "The Banks of Italy." Ashton prints a version of the words in *Real Sailor Songs*, called "The Distressed Ship Carpenter." The story is one of the "Dæmon Lover" cycle of ballads.—A. G. G.

For words see also "The Distressed Ship Carpenter" in *Sea Songs and Ballads*. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1906.—L. E. B.

The theme is allied to "Jemmy and Nancy of Yarmouth," the broadside version of which runs to fifty-six stanzas. The tune is one of the finest Dorian airs I have seen.—C. J. S.

## 12.—THE BONNY BOY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,  
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

'Tis down the long val - leys and up the long groves, Like  
one that was trou - bled in mind, I..... whooped and I..... hol - loed, I  
played on my flute,..... But my bon - ny boy could not  
find,..... But my bon - ny boy could not find.

Mrs. Russell knew only this verse of the words.

I have noted two or three times in Dorset another form of this ballad beginning thus:

'Once I had a grey hawk, and a pretty grey hawk,  
A sweet pretty bird of my own,  
And I got a little bell, and tied it to her toe  
Thinking she would fly not away.  
But she took a flight, she flew away quite,  
And there's nobody knows where she's gone,  
My brave boys,  
And there's nobody knows where she's gone.'

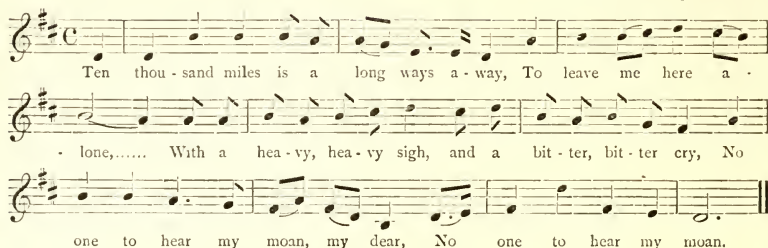
This version of the ballad is sung to a major tune which varies very little.—  
H. E. D. H.

See "My Bonny Boy" in *English County Songs*; "The Bonny Bird," *Songs of the West* (new ed.); "Bonny Boy," *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. ii, No. 7, p. 82; "Many a night's rest," *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 5, p. 274, and annotations attached; also Chappell's *Popular Music*, under head of "Bonny, bonny bird" and "Brave boys." It is possible that an old ballad-title "My bonny Burd" (or young girl) may have suggested the allegorical use of the bird in some forms of this "Bonny Boy" ballad, so popular since the 17th century.—L. E. B.

### 13.—THE TURTLE DOVE.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*

SUNG BY MRS. HANN,  
AT STOKE ABBOT, JUNE, 1906.



Ten thou - sand miles is a long ways a - way, To leave me here a -  
lone,..... With a hea - vy, hea - vy sigh, and a bit - ter, bit - ter cry, No  
one to hear my moan, my dear, No one to hear my moan.

" My moan, my dear, you cannot hear,  
Nor my pain you cannot ease,  
But if I should go away, I'll return to you again,  
Though I row ten thousand miles, my dear,  
Though I row ten thousand miles."

#### SECOND VERSION.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. J. BRIDLE,  
AT STRATTON, DEC., 1906.



Oh! don't you see that lit - tle tur - tle dove, Sit - ting  
un - der the yon - der tree La - ment - ing for her own true love, And  
so shall I for thee, my dear, And so shall I for thee.

Mr. R. White, of Fordington, sang the same tune, note for note, as Mr. Bridle, except in the first line, which he recalled with difficulty, and sang variously, thus:



" Supposing I was to go ten thousands of miles  
Through France, Scotland and Spain ? "  
She said, " My heart will never be at rest,  
Till I've seen your face again, my dear,  
Till I've seen your face again."

" Ten thousands of miles, 'tis a very long distance,  
That from you I must go,  
Where there's many a dark and a dismal night,  
And the stormy winds do blow, my dear,  
And the stormy winds do blow."

" Why don't you say you remember me,  
And speak by me as you find,  
And not let your mind be like the weather-cocks,  
That change by the weather and the wind, my dear,  
That change by the weather and the wind ? "

### THIRD VERSION.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*  
*ÆOLIAN.*

SUNG BY MRS. SARTIN,  
AT CORSCOMBE, JULY, 1906.



Mrs. Sartin's words were fragmentary.

Mr. White's version of the words agreed with Mr. Bridle's, but had an extra verse :—

" Your red and rosy cheeks, and your smiling looks  
Are exposed to the weather and the wind.  
Give to me one kiss of your sweet lips,  
Where you've had scores of mine, my dear,  
Where you've had scores of mine."

And in Sydling S. Nicholas my brother noted quite recently this fragment given without a tune:—

" Oh! don't you see that lily-white swan,  
How she swims down yonder stream  
Carrying her young ones all on her back  
And sometimes on her wing ?

A-making a moan for the loss all of her own  
And so shall I for thee, my dear."

I have heard two or three more modal variants of the second and third versions of the tune, but never a major version except Mrs. Hann's. I understand from Mrs. Hann that she got her tunes chiefly from an old Dorsetshire woman, a famous singer, who lived near Stoke Abbot.—H. E. D. H.

The first tune is a very interesting variant of the *old* Scottish tune to the traditional song known variously as "The True Lover's Farewell," "The Turtle Dove," and "My love is like a red, red rose." The old tune is in Johnson's *Museum*, where it is called "Queen Mary's Lament."—A. G. G.

### RED, RED ROSE (OLD SET).

FROM *Johnson's Museum*



Two of the traditional verses are to be found in an American burlesque song, sung in the fifties, called "My Mary Anne." The tune is modern, though possibly derived from an older form, and the first verse runs:

Fare you well, my own Mary Anne,  
Fare you well for a while,  
For the ship it is ready and the wind it is fair  
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Anne  
And I am bound for the sea, Mary Anne.

A. G. G.



# YOU'LL NEVER MIND ME MORE, DEAR LOVE.

When you are on the sea sail - ing, And far from an - y  
shore, I fear you'll ne - ver mind on me, You'll  
ne - ver mind me more, my dear, you'll ne - ver mind me more.

A second strain follows, to vary the tune.

See the interesting notes to this ballad under the title "O my love is like a red, red rose" in *Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland*. The editor, Farquhar Graham, there mentions a garland, supposed to have been printed about 1770, called "The Horn Fair Garland, containing six excellent new songs," one amongst them being a version of "The Turtledove, or True love's farewell." This is believed to have been in the possession of Burns, as his name, in a boyish hand, is scrawled on the margin of the last page. Mrs. Begg, Burns' sister, told Captain Charles Grey, R.M. that his song "O my love, etc." was founded on one of the many old songs sung by her mother. It was rather a long ditty, but she could still recollect sixteen lines, among which were those referring to the "seas," the "rocks" and "ten thousand miles." Cf. "Ten thousand miles" in *Journal*, Vol ii, No. 6, p. 57, words and tune.

—L. E. B.

The first version of words is interesting as being quite evidently the metrical source of Barham's beautiful song, "There sits a bird on yonder tree," the first verse of which runs thus :

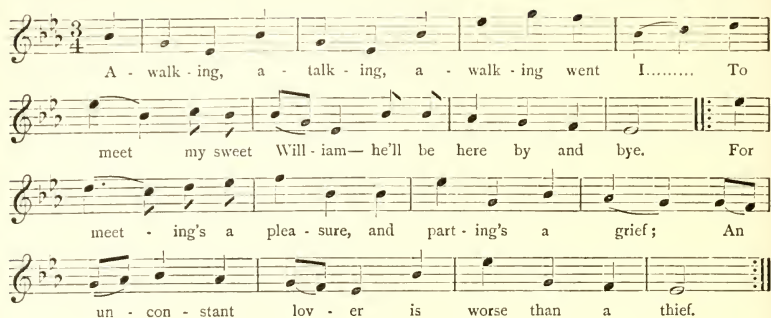
There sits a bird on yonder tree,  
More fond than cushat dove ;  
There sits a bird on yonder tree,  
And sings to me of love.  
Oh! stoop thee from thine eyrie down,  
And nestle thee near my heart,  
For the moments fly,  
And the hour is nigh,  
When thou and I must part,  
My love,  
When thou and I must part.

(*Ingoldsby Legends*, Third Series, *ad fin.*)—J. A. F. M.

# 14.—THE CUCKOO.

SUNG BY MRS. GALE,  
AT POWERSTOCK, MAY, 1906.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.



A - walk - ing, a - talk - ing, a - walk - ing went I..... To  
meet my sweet Will - iam— he'll be here by and bye. For  
meet - ing's a plea - sure, and part - ing's a grief; An  
un - con - stant lov - er is worse than a thief.

A thief can but rob me and take all I have,  
[An unconstant lover brings a maid to the grave.]  
The grave it does rot you and turn you to dust,  
So an unconstant lover no maiden can trust.

The Cuckoo she's a fine bird, she sings as she flies,  
She brings us good tidings, and tells us no lies,  
She sucks the sweet flowers to keep her voice clear,  
And the more she sings 'Cuckoo', the summer draw near.

Come all you pretty maidens, wherever you be,  
Never put your trust in a sycamore tree,  
For the top of it will wither, and the root will decay,  
And the beauty of a fair maid will soon fade away.

I have noted in Dorset four "Cuckoo" tunes of which this is the best. Also a variant of this air in Somerset, where Mr. C. J. Sharp has obtained the words to a tune usually associated with the words of 'The true lovers' or 'High Germany' (vide *Folk Songs from Somerset, Third Series*).—H. E. D. H.

This tune has some resemblance to the Scottish tune to "Queen Jean" (*Journal* Vol. ii, p. 221) and four bars of it are sung in the children's game of "Green Gravel" as the usual tune. (See note on "The death of Queen Jane" in this number of the *Journal*). The *Garland of Country Song* contains two other versions and notes. See also Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* and Messrs. Baring-Gould and C. J. Sharp's *Folk-Songs for Schools* for further versions of the song.—A. G. G.

Three of these stanzas are in "The Americans that stole my True Love away," in *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, p. 208. The "Cuckoo" verse is absent from the song just named, but it appears in a random fashion often [just as the verse about "The lark in the morning" does,] in the middle of different ballads, besides figuring by itself in books of Nursery Rhymes.—L. E. B.

### 15.—AS SALLY SAT A-WEeping.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. HANN,

AT STOKE ABBOT, JUNE, 1906.

As Sal - ly sat a - weep - ing down by the sea -  
 - side, As Sal - ly sat a - weep - ing down by the sea -  
 - side. "What ails you, my jew - el, What ails you, my  
 jew - el, What ails you, my jew - el, And makes you for to cry?"

" Why, because I am uneasy and troubled in mind,  
 Why, because I am uneasy and troubled in mind. [comfort  
 Here's no joy nor comfort, here's no joy nor comfort, here's no joy nor  
 In this world can I find.

Now once had I a sweetheart, but now have I none,  
 Now once had I a sweetheart, but now have I none.  
 He's a-gone, and he's leavèd me, he's a-gone, he's deceivèd me, he's  
 a-gone, and he's leavèd me  
 In sorrow for to mourn.

If he had but a-loved me, as he did pretend,  
 If he had but a-loved me, as he did pretend,  
 He never would have leavèd me, no, nor never have deceivèd me, he  
 never would have leavèd me  
 Until my life's end.

Here's a ship, love, I will enter, my sweet life I will venture,  
 Here's a ship, love, I will enter, my sweet life I will venture.  
 Here's a ship, love, I will enter, and cross the salt sea.

Here's a bunch of blue ribbon I'll wear for his sake,  
 Here's a bunch of blue ribbon I'll wear for his sake ;  
 And that shall be my mourning, my mourning, my mourning,  
 And that shall be my mourning, I will wear it for his sake."

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
DORIAN & MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,  
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1906.

One night in sweet slum - ber I dream that I see, One  
 night in sweet slum - ber I dream that I see My  
 own dear - est jew - el, My own dear - est jew - el, My  
 own dear - est jew - el come a - smil - ing to me.

But when I awoke, and found it not so,  
 But when I awoke, and found it not so,  
 Mine eyes were like fountains, mine eyes were like fountains,  
 were like fountains  
 Where the water doth flow.

I'll set my love a-sailing for France and for Spain,  
 I'll set my love a-sailing for France and for Spain.  
 A-shipboard I'll enter my sweet life to venture,  
 And never to return to old England again.

For Mrs. Hann's version of the words of this song cf. *Songs of the West*, No. 39.—  
 H. E. D. H.

The tunes are a good deal like those used for "Where are you going, my pretty maiden?" or "Dabbling in the dew," and also "Green Bushes."—L. E. B.

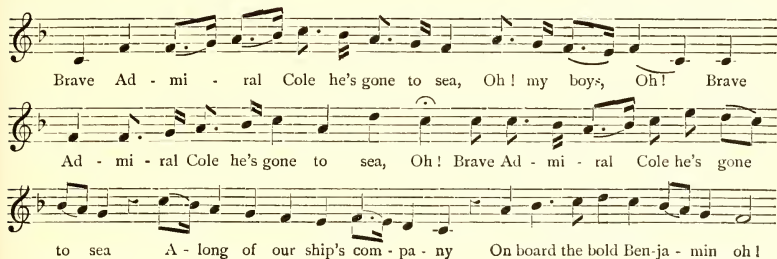
This tune has some resemblance to "The Bonny Light Horseman" (Barrett's *English Folk Songs*), which song also has a repeating refrain. There is a reminiscence of both words and tune in the children's game "Sally sits a-weeping" and, of the words, in the game "Sally wears a blue ribbon."—A. G. G.

## SEA SONGS AND SAILOR SONGS.

### 16.—THE BOLD BENJAMIN.

SUNG BY MR. TAUNTON,  
AT CORSCOMBE, SEPT., 1907.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*



Brave Ad - mi - ral Cole he's gone to sea, Oh! my boys, Oh! Brave  
Ad - mi - ral Cole he's gone to sea, Oh! Brave Ad - mi - ral Cole he's gone  
to sea A - long of our ship's com - pa - ny On board the bold Ben - ja - min oh!

We sailèd our course away for Spain,  
Oh! my boys, Oh!

We sailèd our course away for Spain,  
Oh!

We sailèd our course away for Spain,  
Our silver and gold for to gain,  
On board the bold Benjamin, Oh!

And when we came to Blackwall,  
Oh! my boys, Oh!

And when we came to Blackwall,  
Oh!

And when we came to Blackwall,  
Our captain so loudly did call  
"Here comes the bold Benjamin, Oh!"

We sailèd out five hundred men,  
Oh! my boys, Oh!

We sailèd out five hundred men,  
Oh!

We sailèd out five hundred men,  
And brought back but sixty one.  
They were lost in bold Benjamin, Oh!"

Here's the mothers crying for their sons,  
 Oh ! my boys, Oh !  
 Here's the mothers crying for their sons,  
 Oh !  
 Here's the mothers crying for their sons,  
 And the widows for their husbands,  
 That were lost in bold Benjamin, Oh !

Mr. Taunton learnt the song 50 years ago from a man-of-war's man. Mrs. Russell of Upwey sings Mr. Taunton's tune in  $\frac{3}{4}$ -time throughout save one bar, and begins the words: "French (or Finch) Admiral he's gone."—H. E. D. H.

The song is one which is to be found in collections of old naval ballads, but I have never met with a tune for it before. This sailor-tune has some resemblance to, and may be an adaptation of, the old air to "Admiral Benbow" ("Oh, we sailed to Virginia.") See Moffat and Kidson's *Minstrelsy of England*, and also *English County Songs* (p. 78), where the same tune is attached to the carol "A Virgin unspotted." The irregularity of rhythm in Mr. Hammond's tune is perhaps in this particular case due to the occurrence of the refrain

"Oh, my boys, Oh,"

which doubtless being sung in chorus (whether the song was a fore-castle song or a chanty) may have, as in the case of chanties generally, struck in without cæsura upon the solo (the solo resuming in the same manner) into the regular barring of which such chorus cannot in consequence be made to fit. The tune might be barred thus:

SOLO. CHORUS.

Brave Ad - mi - ral Cole, he's gone to sea, Oh, my boys,

SOLO.

oh ! ..... Brave Ad - mi - ral Cole, he's gone to sea, oh, Brave

Ad - mi - ral Cole, he's gone to sea A - long of our

CHORUS.

ship's com - pa - ny On board the bold Ben - ja - min, oh !

\* As sung by sailors with chorus, there would probably be no interval of time here before the entry of the chorus, which would come in on this beat, if not before!—A. G. G.

W. Clark Russell prints four verses of a very similar version to the above in an article on "The Old Naval Sea-Song" which appeared in *Longman's* and is reprinted in his "Mystery of the Ocean Star." The first verse, presumably omitting the repeating lines, runs :

Captain Edwards is gone to sea,  
High sir, ho sir,  
With a jovial ship's company  
On board the bold Benjamin, O

The other three verses quoted are almost the same as Mr. Hammond's, his second verse, above, being omitted. Clark Russell calls the song a satirical stroke—why, I have not been able to discover, as it appears to me to be a quite unsophisticated account of an unlucky expedition. Mr. Hammond's third and fourth verses have been transposed in their order. They are placed correctly in Clark Russell's version.

—A. G. G.

In *A Sailor's Garland*, edited by John Masefield, there is an anonymous ballad of fifteen verses, called "The Benjamin's Lamentations for their sad loss at sea by storms and tempests." This begins "Captain Chilver's gone to sea," and is a reprint of a black-letter broadside, *circa* 1670 (see *Ballad Society's* *Roxburghe Ballads*, Part xxii, Vol. vii). The Dorsetshire version and Masefield's have the *subject* (of a disastrous voyage), in common, and similar refrains, but the verses of the two have no lines strictly in common.—L. E. B.

## 17.—MIDST OF NIGHT.

(THE WELCOME SAILOR.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ELLIOTT,  
AT TODBER, SEPT., 1905.

'Twas in the midst of night, When dark-ness was all  
o - ver ; The moon did give no light, No, none could dis -  
co - ver. Down by some ri - ver - side, Where ships were  
sail - ing, A love - ly lass I spied Weep - ing and wail - ing.

I boldly stepped up to her, asked what grieved her,  
The answer that she made : no one could relieve her.

" For they've pressed my love," cried she, " for to cross the wide ocean,  
And my heart is like the sea, always in motion."

" Mark well, my lovely lass, mark well my story,  
It was your true love and I fought for old England's glory.

And by one heavy shot we both got parted.  
Great was the wound he got, Oh ! he died valiant-hearted."

She wrung her hands, and cried, flew up in anger ;  
" Begone young man," cried she, " for I'll wed no stranger."

Into her arms he flew, he could stay no longer.  
" God bless the ship," cried she, " that brought ye over,  
Ay ! God bless the wind," cried she, " that brought ye over."

Then they both sat down, and sang, but my love sang clearest  
Like a nightingale in Spring : " You're welcome home my dearest."

I have given the tune of two verses to show the main variants which were introduced.

Mr. Elliott also used intermediate variants of these after the fashion of many folk-singers. In the seventh verse the last line of the melody was sung twice, being, of course, suitably varied. I have met no other singer who knew anything about the ballad.—H. E. D. H.

The words are a version of " The Welcome Sailor," No. 74 in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*. " The Welcome Sailor " seems to be a condensed version of " The Valiant Seaman's Happy Return to his Love after a long Seven Years absence"—a ballad in the Douce and Wood collections in the Bodleian, and also found in the Roxburghe Ballads (Ballad Society) " in a slightly different version by Cuthbert Birket." The " Valiant Seaman"—apparently the earlier form—beginning " When Sol did cast no light," and reprinted with the above references in Christopher Stone's *Sea-songs and Ballads*, is a more elaborate ballad in 17 stanzas—more polished in its metrical form and language, and containing various classical allusions. It is printed in the short line metre of " Phillida flouts me"—the rhythm of which it exactly fits, though it is directed to be sung to the tune " I am so deep in love : or, Through the cool shady woods." Here is the first verse, attached to this tune :



# WHEN SOL DID CAST NO LIGHT.

Tune—"Through the cool shady Woods" (from CHAPPELL).

When Sol did cast no light, Dark - ness being o - ver, }  
 And the dark time of night Did the skies co - ver, }  
 Run - ning a ri - ver by There were ships sail - ing,  
 A maid most fair I spied, Weep - ing and wail - ing.

The above tune is in Chappell's *Popular Music*, under the title of "Cupid's Courtesy." It is also known as "Little Boy"—"Through the cool shady woods" being the first line of "Cupid's Courtesy," and "Little Boy" taken from the refrain. The song "Phillida flouts me" was also variously directed to be sung to the tune of "I am so deep in Love," "Little Boy," and "The Virgin's Complaint or Cupid's Courtesy" (all evidently the same air) and also to "Dainty, come thou to me," which Chappell thinks may be the same tune as "The Bells of Osney" ("Turn again, Whittington"). The three tunes thus preserved to us (including the tune now known as "Phillida flouts me")—belonging to various ballads in this peculiar metrical form—are all in triple time and dactylic metre; and I think a comparison of the last-printed tune with "Midst of Night," and also with the similar irregular tune to "Our Captain calls all hands"—another ballad in the same curious metre (*see Journal*, Vol. i, p. 131, and Vol. ii, p. 202)—will suggest that these tunes also have been originally in triple time, beginning on the first of the bar, and have become altered in rhythm through the singer making more or less of a pause at the end of each short line, thus causing a false stress upon the third beat of the second bar, turning the measure from dactyls into iambs, and producing this effect:

When Sol did cast no light Dark - ness being o - ver etc.

Here is the other tune restored to what I suspect to be the original form:

## OUR CAPTAIN CALLS.

Our cap - tain calls all hands On board to - mor - row  
 Leav - ing my dear to mourn In grief and sor - row,  
 Dry up those bri - ny tears, And leave off weep - ing,  
 So hap - py may we be At our next meet - ing.

There is a verse missing from Mr. Elliot's version of "The Welcome Sailor" which gives a needed explanation of why the lovely lass flew up in anger. The stranger relates that her lover

"Told me before he died his heart was broken ;  
 He gave me this gold ring, take it for a token.  
 Take this unto my dear, there is no one fairer,  
 Tell her to be kind and love the bearer."

And the "Valiant Seaman" version of the message is still more calculated to rouse her resentment, for it continues :

"Intomb'd he now doth lye  
 in stately manner,  
 'Cause he fought valiantly  
 for love and honour :  
 That right he had in you  
 to me he gave it,  
 Now since it is my due  
 pray let me have it.

She raging flung away," etc.

A comparison between the (apparently) original form and the traditional version is of extreme interest, as showing the process by which a particular ballad, not o. the "folk" originally—for a cultured source is evident—is simplified and condensed without losing any of its intrinsic qualities of appeal. The pretty 'nightingale' verse is retained in all the versions I have seen.—A. G. G.

Miss Gilchrist's suggestions concerning the origin of the peculiar rhythm of this tune, and others of its class, are very interesting. Is it not likely, however, that they were originally dance tunes? The accent suggests the clapping of hands and stick-striking; and Mr. Hammond's tune is actually very like, in air and rhythm, the "Morris off," an old dance-tune whose latest appearance is in *Morris Dance Tunes*, edited by Cecil Sharp and Herbert Macilwaine (Novello and Co.) A good instance of another English song in this rhythm is "Good morning, pretty Maid" in Barrett's *English Folk Songs*. There is also a Gaelic song in the same rhythm called "Allt-an-t-Siùgar" (see *Celtic Lyre*) which actually seems to have a common origin with the tune noted in Sussex "Our Captain calls" (*Journal*, Vol. i, No. 3, p. 131, and Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 202), so close is the likeness. "The Welcome Sailor" is on a Catnach broadside of seven verses of four lines.—L. E. B.

## 18.—FAREWELL, DEAREST NANCY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,  
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

ÆOLIAN.

VERSE I.

Fare - well, dear - est Nan - cy, Oh ! now I must  
(a) leave you. Un - to the West In - dies my course I must  
(a) steer. I know ve - ry well that the part - ing will  
(a) grieve you, But, my dear, I'll re - turn in the spring of the year.

Variant in verses 2 and 6.





" Oh ! don't talk of going, my dearest jewel,  
Don't talk of leaving me here on the shore.  
It's your sweet company that I do admire,  
Therefore I shall die, if I never see you more."

" Don't let my long voyage be a trouble unto you,  
Don't let my long absence run sore in your mind.  
Although we are parted, my dear, I'll be true-hearted,  
And we will be married when I do return."

" Just like some little sea-boy, my dear, I'll go with you,  
In the midst of all danger oh ! I'll be your friend,  
And when that the cold stormy winds are a-blowing,  
Then, my dear, I shall be with you to wait on you then."

" Your lily-white hands cannot handle a cable,  
Nor your pretty little feet to the topmast can't go,  
Nor the cold stormy weather, my dear, you can't endure,  
Therefore to the seas, dearest Nancy, don't go."

As she stood a-wailing, the ship set a-sailing,  
Tears down her cherry cheeks, down they did flow,  
And her lily-white hands in sorrow [she] stood a-wringing  
Crying " Oh ! my dearest jewel, I shall never see you more."

Mr. C. J. Sharp has published a close variant of this tune in the third series of *Folk Songs from Somerset*. I give the tune both in the simplest and in the most expanded form in which Mrs. Russell sang it.—H. E. D. H.

Amongst Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* is what seems to be a major form of Mr. Hammond's tune. It is a variant of the " Yarmouth Tragedy " tune given in the

*Journal*, Vol. 2, p. 113, and was sung in Buchan to the same "long tragical ballad," which, though distinct from "Farewell, dearest Nancy," is in the same metre.—

A. G. G.

For a major tune see "Farewell, my dear Nancy," *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 3, p. 130. The Dorsetshire tune is a variant of "Adieu, lovely Mary" in Joyce's *Ancient Music of Ireland*.—L. E. B.

## 19.—NANCY OF YARMOUTH.

(NANCY FROM LONDON)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

PHRYGIAN (?)

SUNG BY MR. J. ELLIOTT,

AT TODBER, SEPT., 1905.

It's Nan - cy from Lon - don from the fair in - land  
stream ; She was court - ed by Wil - liam, he be - longs to the  
sea ; She was court - ed by Wil - liam a long time a - go. He's  
on the seas sail - ing where the storm - y winds blow.

Oh ! the stormy winds blow, boys, and make my pillow shake ;  
They make my room-window for to shiver and shake.  
God knows where my love lies so far from the shore,  
I'll pray for her welfare—what can I do more ?

When the sailors are sailing, drink a health to their wives,  
For they love their sweethearts, as they love their lives.  
Here's a punch going round, my boys, here's a full glass in hand,  
Here's a health to loving Nancy that I leave on dry land.

Oh ! it's Nancy my jewel, my joy and heart's delight,  
Here is one lovely letter I'm going for to write ;  
Here is one lovely letter for to let you know  
That I'm on the sea sailing where the stormy winds blow.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR GREGORY,  
AT BEAMINSTER, JUNE, 1906.

ends

Vars. (a)

Vars. (b)

(c)

THIRD VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MISS FORSEY,  
AT WHATTON, MAY, 1906.

Pret - ty Nan - cy of Yar - mouth, my ... joy ..... and de -

- light, It's ... of a kind let - ter I go - ing for ... to

write. And it is.... to in - form you what we... und - er -

- go All on the salt seas, boys, where the storm - y.... winds blow.

Now a ship in distress is a most dismal sight  
Like an army of soldiers just going to fight,  
But a soldier can fly from his most dismal doom,  
But poor sailor must submit to his watery tomb.

It was early one evening just before it was dark,  
Our honorary bold captain kindly showed us the mark  
From what we can now, boys, perceive in the sky,  
Oh! he told us for sure that a storm it was nigh.

Like the rollings of thunder we were tossed about,  
Which made many a poor sailor though valiant and stout  
So shaking and a-shivering betwixt hope and despair,  
One moment down below, my boys, and the next in the air.

It was early next morning just before it was day,  
Our honorary bold captain unto us did say :  
" Be all of good heart, boys, be of a good cheer,  
For whilst we have sea-room, brave boys, never fear."

I have noted three or four more Dorian and Mixolydian variants of this tune. The song is widely known in Dorsetshire, on account, I suppose, of its fine tunes, since I have never come across a complete and intelligible set of the words. The second version of the words here printed was sung by Mr. R. Barrett, of Puddletown. I give it in preference to Miss Forsey's version because it has two extra verses, being in other respects almost exactly similar.—H. E. D. H.

See *Songs of the West* (first edition) for a version, "Nancy," with a curious tune, printed in the notes upon the song, which has some resemblance to Mr. Hammond's third version. The air "Nancy of Yarmouth," given in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, is quite a different tune, and fits not this but "Farewell, dearest Nancy," No. 18 *supra*.—A. G. G.

The words attached to the third version of "Pretty Nancy" tunes are much the same as those on a broadside by Pitts, called "Nancy of Yarmouth."\* There are five stanzas in both ballads, but the Dorsetshire singer has misplaced the verse "Now a ship in distress," which in the printed broadside comes last.

The second tune has a likeness to "Through Moorfields," *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, p. 146, and "The Poor Murdered Woman," No. 4, p. 186, and the third tune to versions of "The Green Bushes."—L. E. B.

This ballad is a very common one in Somerset, and is usually sung either to the second or the third tune given above. The second tune is a variant of the well-known "Rosemary Lane" air (see "Brimbledon Fair," *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 77). The first tune strikes me as a genuine Phrygian air, though the C of the scale is absent.—C. J. S.

\* Not to be confused with "The Yarmouth Tragedy, or Nancy of Yarmouth" a broadside of forty-six stanzas (see *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 7).

## 20.—OH! GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND FAIR.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HUNT,  
AT BROADWAY, FEB., 1907.

Oh! gen - tle - men of..... Eng - land fair, Who  
sit at..... home all free from care, How lit - tle do you  
think or care [know?] What dan - gers sea - men un - der - go.  
Variants.

When they moil and toil all round the waves,  
And work like Turks or valiant slaves.

'Twas on November the second first [day?],  
When first our admiral he bore away,  
He bore away to the knavish [Spanish?] shore.  
The wind from the West and the West did roar.

When standing by, a dismal sight,  
The wrastling seas run mountains high,  
Which made our seamen damn and swear;  
The goodly ship we could not steer.

And now you shall hear the worst of all:  
The [All?] lost and drowned were ships ['cept?] nineteen.  
And that was the mate and eighteen more  
All in the longboat got ashore.

This may be a fragment of the old sea ballad "The Bay of Biscay." Christie gives a version, sung by an old woman in Banffshire, with the same opening, but in a longer metre—*i.e.* that of "The Stormy Winds do Blow"—which begins with the same apostrophe. The air of the "Wraggle-taggle Gypsies," (*Folk Songs from Somerset*, 1st series,) has some resemblance to Mr. Hammond's tune, and it is to be noticed that one of the gypsies sang "Bonny, bonny Biscay, O," which suggests that the air to which "The Wraggle-taggle Gypsies" was sung had been a "Bay of Biscay" tune. It is in the same metre as Mr. Hammond's words.—A. G. G.



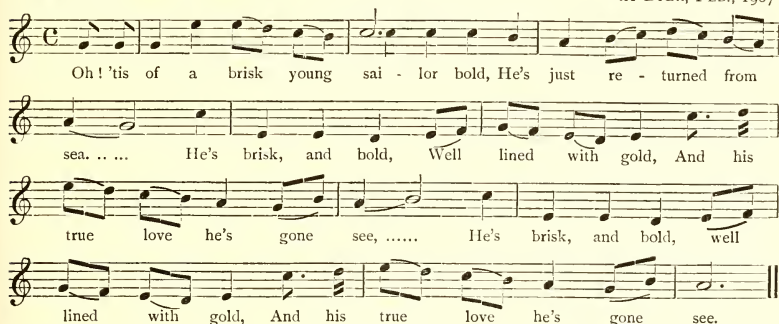
To make clear the difference between the "old" and "new" song "The Bay of Biscay," it should be borne in mind that the singer Incedon, (1763-1826), who was in the Royal Navy before becoming a professional musician, introduced the famous modern song in this manner: Hearing some drunken negro sailors singing in chorus an air, he remembered it, and hummed it to John Davy, who made the air the foundation of his song, to which Cherry wrote the words (see *National Melodies*, by John Cameron, Glasgow).—L. E. B.

Is not "Biscay, O" in the "Wraggle Taggle Gipsies," a corruption of "Briskly O"? I believe, though I can find no record of it in my note books, that I have heard it so sung.—C. J. S.

## 21.—THE BRISK YOUNG SAILOR BOLD.

Time noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HOOPER,  
AT BYER, FEB., 1907



Oh ! 'tis of a brisk young sai - lor bold, He's just re - turned from  
sea. ... He's brisk, and bold, Well lined with gold, And his  
true love he's gone see, ..... He's brisk, and bold, well  
lined with gold, And his true love he's gone see.

Oh ! he went unto his true love's house  
All in his ragged array. (dress ?)  
He said " My dear," I'm a-come to you  
Quite poor and penniless.

My merchandise I have lost,  
My ship she is gone astray ;  
I'm so much in debt that it makes me to fret,  
And my debts I cannot pay."

" Come in, my dear," said she,  
" Pull off your ragged array,  
And I will be so very kind to thee,  
And it's all your debts I'll pay."

" I've gold all of mine own  
My debts all for to clear,  
I've rings, I've rivets, I've jewelry,  
Oh ! like diamonds strike the air.

I'll stay at home with you,  
No more to the seas I won't go.  
For it's since you've been so very kind to me,  
My lawful bride you shall be."

'Twas down in Westham Church  
Where the happy knot was tied.  
From land to land there is no man can  
Match the sailor and his bride.

# SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. LARCOMBE,  
AT BEAMINSTER, JUNE, 1906.

It's of a sai - lor bold Just late - ly come a - shore ; Both  
(a)  
brisk and bold, well lined with gold, To his lo - ver he did re - pair.

Variant.

(a)

In an old and ragged dress,  
Unto his love did go,  
Unto his love all for to prove  
Whether she'll prove true or no.

" Oh ! I fear no less than gaol.  
What a sad and dismal tale ! "  
" I vow," said she, " I will have thee,  
And all thy debts I'll clear."

To Stokon church they went,  
And married were with speed.

\* \* \* \*

We obtained a third version from Mrs. Tuck, at Beaminster. The words began :  
" It's of a sailor bold," and were otherwise almost identical with Mr. Hooper's,  
though shorter by two verses. The chief variations were in verse 5 :

" I've rings, I've ribbons, I've jewels so bright  
And the diamonds strike the hair."

and in the last verse " Hampton Church."

" Diamonds strike the hair " probably means " Diamonds to trick the hair."—  
H. E. D. H.

## 22.—A BRISK YOUNG SAILOR WALKED THE FIELD.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*

SUNG BY MR. F. STOCKLEY,  
AT WAREHAM, NOV., 1906.

A brisk young sai - lor walked the field To see what plea - sure Flo -  
ra would yield; He saw a maid dressed in a smock Bu -  
sy a - rak - ing, bu - sy a - rak - ing all round the hay - cock.

He said, " Fair maid, your rake lay down,  
And follow me to yonder town.  
I'll buy you rings, ribbons and fine gloves  
That shall entice you to fall in love."

She said, " I must and will not go,  
For, if my master he should know  
That I neglect making his hay,  
He'd stop my wages, and send me away. '

With kisses sweet and words so kind  
'Long with the sailor she had a mind.  
She laid down her rake, and put on her gown,  
Went with the sailor unto the next town.

And, when he got her to the yonder oak,  
He treated her with wine and cake,  
He bought her rings, ribbons, and fine gloves,  
That did entice her to fall in love.

The sailor then goes to sea leaving the maid to mourn his absence, but returns after " three years are past and gone," when the happy couple are married " without delay." I have noted three versions of the song. In each case the rhythm of the tune is irregular.—H. E. D. H.

I have four versions of this song, all noted down in Somerset. The tunes are all irregular in rhythm.—C. J. S.

## 23.—THE RAMBLING SAILOR.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,

AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

I am a sai - lor stout and bold, long time did plough the  
o - cean, Un - der my Queen and count - te - ry got  
hon - our and pro - mo - tion. Then I said "Bro - ther sai - lor, I'll  
bid you a - dieu, No more I'll go to the sea with you, But I'll  
tra - vel the coun - try through and through, And still be a ram - bling sai - lor."

If you want to know my name, my name it is young Johnson.  
I've got permission from the Queen to court all girls that are handsome.  
With my false heart and flattering tongue  
I'll court them all and marry none,  
I'll court them all both old and young,  
And still be a rambling sailor.

I give as much as is printable, not of Mrs. Russell's words, but of a version sung to me, also to a Mixolydian tune, at Wareham. There is a flattened third in the fourth bar from the end of Mrs. Russell's tune for which *cf.* her tune to 'As Sally sat a weeping,' printed in this number.—H. E. D. H.

Baring Gould gives a version of this tune in *Songs of the West*, to re-written words. He calls it a hornpipe tune.—A. G. G.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

### 24.—CUPID THE PLOUGHBOY.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*

*DORIAN & ÆOLIAN INFLUENCE.*

SUNG BY MR. H. MARSH,  
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

As I walked out one May morn - ing, when flow'rs were all in  
bloom,..... I went in - to a flow - 'ry field, and smelt a sweet per -  
- fume..... I turned my - self all round and round, and lis - tened for a  
while, And there I saw Cu - pid the Plough - boy, and he my heart be - guiled.

*Variant.*

As this young man was ploughing his furrows high and low,  
Raking his clods together, his barley for to sow,  
I wished this pretty ploughboy my eyes had never seen.  
'Tis Cupid, the pretty ploughboy, with his arrows sharp and keen.

If I should write a letter to him, my mind to him unfold,  
Perhaps he would take it scornful and say I am too bold,  
But if he'd take it kinder and write to me again,  
'Tis Cupid, the pretty ploughboy, with his arrows sharp and keen.

The ploughboy hearing the lady thus sadly to complain  
He said, " My honoured lady, I'll ease you of your pain.  
If you will wed a ploughboy, for ever I'll be true,  
'Tis you my heart have a-wounded, I can't love none but you."

This lady soon consents for to be his lawful bride.  
 Unto the Church they went, and soon the knot was tied.  
 So now they are united, and gold they have in store :  
 The lady and the ploughboy each other do adore.

The last verse, substituting "young lord" for "ploughboy," is the same as the last verse of "The Noble Lord" in *Sussex Songs*, a ballad noted before 1840, and which I have never seen elsewhere.—L. E. B.

I have a version of the words on a broadside.—F. K.

For a major form of the air see "Cupid, the Ploughboy," No. 75 in the first edition of *Songs of the West* (it is omitted from the 1905 edition)—where references are given to various broadside versions. Almost the same words, to a different tune, are in Barrett's *English Folk Songs*, with an additional verse.—A. G. G.

## 25.—THE BONNY LABOURING BOY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. R. BARRETT,  
 AT PIDDLETOWN, OCT., 1905.

As I walked out one morn - ing be - ing in the bloom - ing  
 Spring, I heard a love - ly maid com - plain, so griev - ous - ly she  
 sing, Say - ing, " Cru - el is my pa - rents that did me so an -  
 - noy, And will not let me mar - ry with my bon - ny la - b'ring boy.

Young Johnny was my true love's name, as you may plainly see.  
 My parents did employ him their labouring boy to be,  
 To harrow, reap, to sow the seed, to plough my father's land,  
 And soon I fell in love with him, as you may understand.

My father came next morning, and he seized me by the hand.  
 He swore he'd send young Johnny unto some foreign land.  
 He locked me in my bed-room, my comfort to annoy,  
 And to keep me to weep and mourn for my bonny labouring boy

My mother came next morning, these words to me did say :  
 " Your father has intended to appoint your wedding day."  
 But I did not make no answer, nor I dared not to complain,  
 But single I will here remain till I wed my labouring boy.

Oh ! his cheeks are like the roses, his eyes so black as sloes,  
 He smiles in his behaviour wherever my love goes.  
 He's manly, neat, and handsome, his skin so white as snow.  
 In spite of all my parents with my labouring boy I'll go.

So fill this glass up to the brim, let the toast go early round,  
 Here's a health to the labouring boy that ploughs and sows the ground.  
 And when his work is over, his home he will enjoy.  
 Oh ! how happy is the girl that weds with the bonny labouring boy.

The words are very common on early 19th century ballad sheets. There is a verse given in 'Thomas Hughes' "Scouring of the White Horse," as one of the songs sung in the district.—F. K.

The tune is of the type used for "Erin's Lovely Home" and "Young Henry the Poacher" by country singers. Compare two Mixolydian airs to the same words in *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, p. 206, and notes thereon.—L. E. B.

## 26.—NEWGATES.

(THROUGH MOORFIELDS.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,  
 AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

As I was a - walk - ing by New - gates one  
 day, Oh ! I heard some fair dam - sel to sigh and to  
 say A - wring - ing of her hands and a - tear - ing of her  
 hair, Cry - ing "Cru - el pro - se - cu - tor, you have been too se vere."

'Twas out of the window he saw her bright eyes,  
 Which struck the young sailor with a great surprise.  
 He threw to the porter a large piece of gold,  
 Saying : " Show me the room to the joy of my soul."

SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WHITE,  
AT DORCHESTER, DFC, 1906

As I was a - walk - ing by New - gates one  
day, Oh ! I heard some fair dam - sel to sigh and to  
say A - wring - ing of her hands and a - tear - ing of her  
hair, Cry - ing "Cru - el pro - se - cu - tor, you have been too se - vere."

You've a-banished my own true love, as you very well know.  
You've a-sent him a-sailing where the stormy winds blow.  
You've a-sent him a-sailing all on the salt seas.  
You've a-sent him a-sailing where the stormy winds blow.

Mrs. Russell sings this second tune to "The Lads of sweet Newbury," of which she can only remember the first verse :

"The lads of sweet Newbury, they are all roving blades,  
They take much delight in the courting of young maids,  
They kiss them, they court them, and call them their own,  
While their own darlings are murmuring at home,"

I believe that Mr. White's tune, sung to the words of 'Newgates' has been noted for Dr. G. B. Gardiner in Hampshire; on the other hand I have noted, too late for publication, a fine Dorian variant of Mrs. Russell's tune with a fuller version of her words.—H. E. D. H.

For a full version of words and another Dorian tune see "Through Moorfields," *Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, p. 146.—L. E. B.

Another magnificent Dorian air. The second version is identical with the second half of the tune of "The Cuckoo" in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 72. I have heard the same air sung to the words of "Shooting of his dear."—C. J. S.



# 27.—ONE MAY MORNING, AS IT HAPPENED TO BE.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
DORIAN OR ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. R. BARRETT,  
AT PIDDLETOWN, SEPT., 1905.

As I walked out one May morn - ing, One May morn - ing, As it  
hap - pen - ed to be, Yo! there I met a fair pret - ty maid, She came  
trip - pa - ling o - ver the green to me. To my right fol the dol, fol the  
did - dle, fol the dee! right fol the dol, fol the did - dle, fol the dee! Yo!  
there I met a fair pret - ty maid, She came trip - pa - ling o - ver the green to me.

The song, which consisted in Mr. Barrett's version of four verses, is of the loose and humorous kind.—H. E. D. H.

A copy of this song with a variant of this air, appears in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, Vol. iv., 1792. It is certainly old, and does not appear in any prior collection. The first verse (there are eight in all), runs :

' As I went out ae May morning,  
A May morning it chanc'd to be,  
Then I was aware of a weel-far'd maid  
Cam' linkin o'er the lea to me.'

F. K.

Cf. the tune with the second version of "Shule Agra" (with nonsense chorus) in the *Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10, p. 29.—A. G. G.

## 28.—AS I WALKED OUT ONE MAY MORNING.

(THE BAFFLED KNIGHT; OR, THE LADY'S POLICY.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BRIDLE,  
AT STRATTON, DEC., 1906.

As I walked out one May morn - ing, I met a pret - ty  
maid oh! I said "Pret - ty may, [what makes you stray] A -  
- mong the new - mown hay, oh?" Right fal the did - dle dal the dee.

The ballad in this metre is given in sixty-three verses in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick Lane, London, in 1726.

For a version of the words in another metre, cf. "Blow away the morning dew," *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 6, p. 18.—H. E. D. H.

The tune may be compared with that of "Earl Richard" in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, second series.—A. G. G.

## 29.—I WILL GIVE MY LOVE AN APPLE.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. J. BURROWS,  
AT SHERBORNE, JULY, 1906.

I will give my love an ap - ple with - out e'er a  
core; I will give my love a house with out e'er a  
door; I will give my love a pa - lace where - in she may  
be,..... And she may un - lock it with - out e'er a key.

My head is the apple without e'er a core,  
My mind is the house without e'er a door,  
My heart is the palace wherein she may be,  
And she may unlock it without e'er a key.

I will give my love a cherry without e'er a stone,  
I will give my love a chick without e'er a bone,  
I will give my love a ring, not a rent to be seen,  
I will give my love children without any crying.

When the cherry's in blossom, there's never no stone,  
When the chick's in the womb, there's never no bone,  
And, when they're rinning running [the ring is running?], not a rent's  
to be seen,  
And, when they're [love-making], they're seldom crying.

The first two verses of this song are charming, and I have not met with them before. The 'ring' paradox is puzzling. Does it mean a metal ring with the two ends not welded together—the join being invisible when the ring is "running round"? Or should 'ring' be 'gown' or 'riband'—any rent being unseen if only the wearer or the observer is running fast enough? There is an old saying, used to console people when some defect in costume is being pointed out—"A man running for his life would never see it!"

The tune has some resemblance to that of "Glenlogie" in *Songs of the North*. It is, however, a better melody.—A. G. G.

This tune has probably a Celtic origin. It is like a tune noted in County Antrim by Mrs. Milligan Fox (1904), from the singing of a native of County Down, (*Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, Vol. i, No. 2, p. 58.) And the foregoing is much like an air in three-four time which I noted this year from an old Gaelic singer in Inverness-shire, who cannot read even his own language, and knows no English. He sings it to the bard Ross' poem "Brughaichean Ghlinn'-Braon," and I have not been able to trace his tune in any published collection. Ross' words are popular to quite a different tune, and one which my singer knows, but does not care for. Child quotes a song from a MS. assigned to the fifteenth century (see Wright's *Songs and Carols*, and *Sloane MS.*, No. 2593, British Museum), which begins "I have a yong suster fer beyondyn the se." This contains the familiar verse "I will give my love a cherry," etc, but with points of likeness that I have only met with in this ancient song and the third verse of this Dorsetshire version. See "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship," Child's *Ballads*, Vol. i, 415.—L. E. B.

### 30.—YE MOURNERS [MARINERS] ALL.

(A JUG OF THIS.)

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

ÆOLIAN (?)

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,

AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

Ye mourn - ers all, as you pass by, Call  
[mar - 'ners]

in and drink, if you are dry; Come, spend, my lads, your

mo - ney brisk, And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh! mourners all, if you have a crown,  
You're welcome all for to sit down.  
Come spend, my lads, your money brisk,  
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh! tipplers all, as ye pass by,  
Come in and drink, if you are dry.  
Call in and drink, think not amiss,  
And pop your nose in a jug of this.

Oh! now I'm old, and scarce can crawl,  
My old grey beard, my head so bald,  
Crown my desire, fulfil my bliss,  
A pretty girl and a jug of this.

Oh! now I'm in my grave and dead,  
All my sorrows are past and fled,  
Transform me then into a fish,  
And let me swim in a jug of this.

We had the same song to a major variant of Mrs. Russell's tune from W. Haines, of Halfway House, between Sherborne and Yeovil. In fact almost all of the words are Haines', Mrs. Russell's being fragmentary.—H. E. D. H.

"A Jug of this," to a different air, is included in Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* (1891), the tune being noted in Wiltshire in 1857. In Barrett's copy, "Mourners" stands correctly as "Mariners."—F. K.

In verses 1 and 2 Mrs. Russell sang, as we thought, "mourners," pronouncing it "marners." But I find in Thomas Hardy's *Mayor of Casterbridge* "mariners"

given in dialect form as “mar’ners,” and we ought, no doubt, to have noted “mar’ners.”—H. E. D. H.

Barrett states that a copy was printed in one of the *Little Warblers*, printed by Ryle of Seven Dials, about 1838, but says the song may be older.—A. G. G.

The rather modern words of this song are here wedded to a good old tune, which is a variant of an air very much used in connection with the large class of ballads to which “My true love once he courted me,” “Deep in Love,” “I little knew what love could do,” etc., etc., belong. For a few printed examples consult Kidson’s *Traditional Tunes*, and the subject-index (*Phrases, favourite* “Dig me a grave, etc.”) in *Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10.—L. E. B.

### 31.—THE PLOUGHBOY AND THE COCKNEY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

SUNG BY MR. J. GREENING,  
AT CUCKOLD’S CORNER, MAY, 1906.

It's of a Lon - don cock - ney, as I shall now re -  
late, He went in - to the coun - try to find him - self a  
mate, He went in - to the coun - try to find him - self a mate.

Oh! there he rode until he came to some public town.  
Oh! then he unlighted, and he drank at the Crown.

A beauty fair damsel appeared all in his eyes,  
Which made him to tarry and there for to bide.

He said, “ My fair damsel, if you will be mine,  
Then all my gold and silver I have, shall be thine.”

A ploughboy was standing by and, hearing him say so,  
Then up-spoke the ploughboy, “ I know what I know.”

"We will take up our arrows, and go to fight in field.  
We'll fight a good battle and gain her goodwill."

After that the ploughboy he gave him such a blow :  
"Now, you London cockney, I know what I know."

Oh ! it shall never be said, Oh ! its all on a plough-bench,  
That a ploughboy was not willing to fight for his wench."

"Oh ! carry me to London, and there let me die.  
Nor let me die here in a strange country."

I have a ballad sheet copy of this with no imprint. The town mentioned in the song is Beverley, so I suspect it is a Hull broadside. There are nine verses of four lines each. Its title is "The Cockney and Ploughboy."—F. K.

*Cf.* Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* for another version, "The Bold Cockney." The town here mentioned is Huntingdon, and this version also has nine verses of four lines. Though the tune differs considerably from that above given, the two have passages in common which point to one original. The opening phrase of Mr. Hammond's tune is reminiscent of the old tune "The Simple Ploughboy," in Boosey's *Songs of England*, Vol. i,—a tune which has perhaps been elaborated from a simpler air.—A. G. G.

This tune shows the influence of the Mixolydian mode, though it cannot be called a purely Mixolydian tune.—R. V. W.

# 32.—THE WORCESTERSHIRE WEDDING.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,  
AT UPWEY, FEB., 1907.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

An old la - dy was clo - thèd in grey Whose  
daugh - ter was charm - ing and young. Young Ro - ger de -  
(a)  
- lude her a - way With his false flat - ter - ing tongue. Three  
gui - neas he gave her in hand ; He told her she  
must not dis - pute. He brought her un - to his com -  
\* \*  
- mand, And 'tis done, and 'tis not to be helped.  
CHORUS.  
(b)  
Fal the dal the did - dle al, fal the dal did - dle al day.

Verse 2.  
Variants. (a)

(b)

\* C natural was also sung at these two points.

" Oh ! what will you give me, bold Hodge,  
If I do take her from your hand ?  
Will you make me a lord of the manor,  
Likewise of your houses and land,  
Your barns and your stables also  
Both every wether and yeowe,  
If I do take her as my bride ?  
And speak up, if you will, ' Yes, ' or ' No. ' "  
Fal the dal the diddle al,  
Fal the dal diddle al day.

Then the bargain it was soon made,  
 And the job it was soon done.  
 The old woman wished them good luck,  
 And was proud with her daughter and son.

\* \* \* \*

You see they are greater than duchess[es].  
 The old woman wished them good luck,  
 And she danced a fine jig on her crutches.  
 Fal the dal the diddle al,  
 Fal the dal diddle al day.

A full version of the unedifying words of the "Worcestershire Wedding" or "Joy after Sorrow" is given in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, printed for J. Roberts in Warwick Lane, London, 1726. It is, according to the compiler of that collection, to be sung to the tune of "The kind husband and the imperious wife."

In Mrs. Russell's tune the C in the second and third bars before the chorus was usually sharp, and variant *b* was hardly ever sung.—H. E. D. H.

This is a traditional survival of the 17th and 18th century song, "An old woman clothed in gray," the air of which was used in the *Beggars' Opera* for the song "Through all the employments of life." It would be interesting to trace how much or how little the original air has retained its form.

### AN OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

The first air in the *Beggars' Opera*, 1727-8.



There were several versions of this early printed tune. One is "Let Oliver now be forgotten," and another is a country dance tune called "Unconstant Roger." This latter is in one of Walsh's country dance books, *circa* 1730, and in the third volume of the *Dancing Master*, *circa* 1728. Many political songs were set to the tune.—F. K.



The C natural in the chorus of the Dorsetshire tune is the flattened third so often found in Mixolydian airs. I should interpret the F natural in the refrain to be a chromatic auxiliary note, which of course does not induce modulation.—C. J. S.

See also the tune in Chappell's *Popular Music* "The Winchester Wedding," tune used by D'Urfey for his song different from these words.—L. E. B.

### 33.—OLD MILITIA SONG.

SUNG BY MR. TAUNTON,

AT CORSCOMBE, SEPT., 1907.

DORIAN.

From Dor - ches - ter we marched a - way To  
Sel - sey camp with - out de - lay. King Geor - ge's word we  
(a) must o - bey, When we heard the French was land - ed.  
(a)  
Variant.

And when to Selsey Camp we came,  
Our Colonel he thought it no shame  
For to cheat us brave Dorsetshire men  
Out of what we call our bounty.

Here are so many brave Dorsetshire lads  
That are come so many miles from home,  
There's no one here will stand their friend  
No! without a royal sovereign.

And, as we marched from town to town,  
The landlords on us all did frown,  
They never did ask us to sit down,  
But we made ourselves right welcome.

So never mind what they do say,  
Our knives and forks we'll make them play,  
We'll pay them fourpence for one day,  
And march away next morning.

Our adjutant he was but one short;  
He came to camp all with one shirt;  
Place for his was a-sooner got  
All in our showy regiment.

Our General being an honest man  
Straightway to London he did run,  
And there before the King he came,  
And laid the cause before him.

Oh! then the King a letter wrote,  
And sent to Selsey Camp that night,  
That every man should have his right,  
Oh! his right was read in order.

Good Lord! how our Colonel he did frown,  
And wish himself again at home,  
He'd sooner lose five hundred pound  
Than to have his name so scandaled.

Interesting as regards tune and also the form of the verse, which reminds one of a Danish folk-song. The music of the last line has quite the lilt of a Danish *folk-melodi* refrain.—A. G. G.

### 34.—OH! SHEPHERD, OH! SHEPHERD.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond,  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. DAVIS,  
AT DORCHESTER, DEC., 1906.

Oh! shep-herd, oh! shep-herd, will you come home, will you come home, will you come home? Oh! shep-herd, oh! shep-herd, will you come home To your break - fast this morn - ing? Oh! morn - ing.

"What have you got for my breakfast  
For my breakfast, for my breakfast?  
What have you got for my breakfast,  
If I do come home this morning?"

"Bacon and eggs, a belly-full,  
A belly-full, a belly-full,  
Bacon and eggs, a belly-full,  
If you do come home this morning."

" My sheep they are all in the wilderness,  
The wilderness, the wilderness,  
My sheep they're all in the wilderness,  
So I cannot come home this morning."

" Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd will you come home,  
Will you come home, will you come home ?  
Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd will you come home  
To your dinner this morning ? "

" What have you got for my dinner  
For my dinner, for my dinner ?  
What have you got for my dinner,  
If I do come home this morning ?

" Pudding and beef, a belly-full,  
A belly-full, a belly-full,  
Pudding and beef, a belly-full,  
If you do come home this morning."

" My sheep they're all in the wilderness,  
The wilderness, the wilderness,  
My sheep they're all in the wilderness,  
So I cannot come home this morning."

" Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd, will you come home,  
Will you come home, will you come home ?  
Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd, will you come home  
To your supper to-night ? "

" What have you got for my supper  
For my supper, for my supper ?  
What have you got for my supper,  
If I do come home to-night ? "

" Bread and cheese } a belly full,  
or Basin of broth }  
A belly-full, a belly-full,  
Bread and cheese (or basin of broth), a belly-full,  
If you do come home to-night."

" My sheep they're all in the wilderness,  
The wilderness, the wilderness,  
My sheep they're all in the wilderness,  
So I cannot come home to-night."

" Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd, will you come home,  
Will you come home, will you come home ?  
Oh ! shepherd, oh ! shepherd, will you come home  
To your lodging to-night ? "

" What have you got for my lodging  
For my lodging, for my lodging ?  
What have you got for my lodging,  
If I do come home to-night ? "

[“ Oh ! your house is clean swept, and your true love's there,  
Your true love's there, your true love's there,  
Oh ! your house is clean swept, and your true love's here,]  
If you do come home to-night.”

“ Oh ! I'll drive my sheep out of the wilderness,  
The wilderness, the wilderness,  
I'll drive my sheep out of the wilderness,  
And I will come home to-night.”

I have noted a close variant of this tune, in the same mode, from Mr. Drake of Dorchester, and I used frequently, at Clevedon, Somerset, to hear a major form of it sung to the words of the Christmas carol “I saw three ships come sailing by.” Oddly enough, several verses of this carol, as sung at Clevedon, had the same ending as the nursery rhyme quoted below, to which an apparently edited version of the modal form of the folk-tune has been set.—H. E. D. H.

The song is curious, but the air is a well-known and published version of “Green-sleeves” set to the nursery rhyme :

“ Dame, get up and bake your pies,  
Bake your pies,  
Bake your pies,  
Dame, get up and bake your pies,  
On Christmas day in the morning.”

See Walter Crane's “Baby's Opera,” etc.—F. K.

A Scottish version of this song dialogue between a shepherd and his wife is given in Herd. The Scottish tune for the song—which appears in *Johnson's Museum* as “The Shepherd's Wife”—has been adapted to Burns' song “A Rosebud by my early walk.” Chambers prints a modified version of the song in his *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, beginning :

The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lea,  
Cries o'er the lea, cries o'er the lea,  
The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lea  
“Will ye come hame again e'en, jo ?”

It proceeds in the same form of verse with question and reply :

“What shall I ha'e gin I come hame ?” etc.  
“Ye'll ha'e a panfu' of plumping porridge  
And butter in them,” etc.  
“Ha ha how ! That's naething that dow,  
I winna come hame again e'en, jo !”

and so on. “Again e'en” seems to mean “against evening.”

The primitive, rhymeless structure of the verse and the arrangement of the dialogue are so reminiscent of a singing-game that it seems possible that the song has at one time been used as a game—probably in the form of the advancing and retiring line—in which one of the players personated the shepherd to whom various inducements are held out to persuade him to return home, until at last he succumbs to the allurements offered.

The tune, though a version of “ Dame, get up,” is interesting as retaining the modal character destroyed in the printed copies of “ Greensleeves.”—A. G. G.

I have noted four modal versions of “ Greensleeves ” from country fiddlers in Gloucestershire and Somerset.—C. J. S.

This tune calls up an interesting point in the question of folk-song genealogy. Is the tune “ Greensleeves ” a version of the above air “ improved ” by some ignorant musician? Or is the tune a version of “ Greensleeves ” made modal by a country singer? Whichever answer is the true one, it will accentuate the fact that the modal scales are native to folk-song, and not imported from the outside.—R. V. W.

### 35.—BETTY AND HER DUCKS.

SUNG BY MR. ADAMS,

AT STURMINSTER NEWTON, AUG., 1905.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*

[1st Voice.] “ Oh ! Bet - ty, Bet - ty, have you seen my ducks to - day ? ”

[2nd V.] “ Where, boy, where ? ” [1st V.] “ All in that yon - der pond. ” “ There, boy, there. ”

[1st V.] “ Bet - ty, and her ducks. ” [2nd V.] “ Ducks and Betty, [1st V.] “ O - li - ver and her deer. ”

[2nd V.] “ Deer and O - li - ver. ” [Together.] “ Ro - land and O - li - ver, The King, and the King his deer, Now, and for e - ver - more. ”

" Oh ! Thomas, Thomas, have you seen my horse to-day ? "

" Where, boy, where ? "

" All on that yonder plain."

" There, boy, there."

Thomas and his horse, horse and Thomas, Betty and her ducks,  
ducks and Betty, Oliver and her deer, etc.

" Oh ! Agnes, Agnes, have you seen my geese to-day ? "

" Where, boy, where ? "

" All on that yonder common."

" There boy, there."

Agnes and her geese, etc.

" Oh, huntsman, huntsman, have you seen my hounds to-day ? "

" Where, boy, where ? "

" All in that yonder cover "

" There, boy, there."

Huntsman and his hounds, etc.

A curious cumulative song, the meaning of which has perhaps been lost. According to the plan it follows, a first verse beginning " Oliver, Oliver, have you seen my deer to-day " seems to be missing. The song has the appearance of having been used as a game, in which perhaps forfeits were exacted for failure to respond promptly with the right words. As it stands it is somewhat illogical—but perhaps the intentional humour of it lies in the " boy " laying claim to, and pretending to search for, animals which are not lost, and are not *his* property but that of the person of whom he is enquiring.—A. G. G.

Hall, the historian, almost a century before Shakespeare, used the expression " to have a Roland to resist an Oliver " ; Roland and Oliver being two of Charlemagne's paladins whose exploits were so similar that it is difficult to keep them distinct. Shakespeare alludes to " England all Olivers and Rolands bred." This song may well be an old one, probably a forfeit drinking-song.—L. E. B.

### 36.—SOVIE, SOVIE; OR THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL,  
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907.

So - vie, So - vie, on a cer - tain day She  
dressed her - self in man's ar ray, Hung a sword and pis - tol all  
at her side,..... And to meet her true love, To meet her true love a -  
way she ride.

Mrs. Russell could remember no more of the words.—H. E. D. H.

#### SECOND VERSION.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. YOUNG,  
AT LONG BURTON, JULY, 1906.

Shil - lo, shil - lo all on one day, She dressed her - self in  
man's ar - ray; With a brace of pis - tols hung by her side, To  
meet her true love, to meet her true love a - way she ride.

As she was riding over the plain,  
She met her true love, and bid him stand.  
"Stand and deliver, kind sir," said she,  
"Or else you shall this moment die."

Oh ! when she'd robbed him of his store,  
 She said, " Kind sir, there is one thing more,  
 A diamond ring which I know you have,  
 Deliver it your life to save."

" My diamond ring a token is ;  
 My life I'll lose, the ring I'll save."  
 She being tender-hearted much like a dove,  
 She rode away from her true love.

Next morning in the garden green  
 Just like two lovers they were seen.  
 He saw his watch hanging by her clothes,  
 Which made him blush like any rose.

" What makes you blush at so silly a thing ?  
 I fain would have had your diamond ring,  
 But now I have a contented mind ;  
 My heart and all, my dear, is thine."

Oh ! then this couple married were,  
 And they did live a happy pair.  
 The bells did ring, and the music play ;  
 Now they've got pleasure both night and day.

### THIRD VERSION.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*  
*ÆOLIAN.*

SUNG BY MRS. CRAWFORD,  
 AT WEST MILTON, MAY, 1906.



Mrs. Crawford had the same words as Mrs. Young, except that her last two verses were :

What makes you blush, you silly thing ?  
 I thought to have had your diamond ring.  
 'Tis I that robbed you on the plain,  
 So here's your gold and watch again.

I did intend and it was to know  
 Whether you was my true love or no.  
 So now I have a contented mind ;  
 My heart and all, my dear, is thine."



I have noted another version of the tune, also in the Æolian mode, from John Northover, of Uploders. I should mention perhaps that each singer began the song differently, Mrs. Russell singing, "Sovie, Sovie" (Sophy), Mrs. Young, "Shillo, Shillo," Mrs. Crawford, "Sally, Sally," and Mr. Northover, "A lass, a lass."

A Mixolydian variant of the tune may be found in the second series of *Folk Songs from Somerset*.—H. E. D. H.

I have noted a copy of this as "Sylva, Sylva," which I suppose is a contraction of "Sylvia," a name given formerly—in very rare instances—to males.—F.K.

I have obtained a good version of this song in Sussex, to a vigorous major tune (a variant of "Sovay, Sovay," in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, 2nd series), under the title of "Silvie," or "Silvery" (Sylvia). Though in the major mode, it has points of resemblance to versions one and two above.—A. G. G.

This is an exceedingly favourite ballad with country singers. Such, amongst other printers, has published a version with the title "The Female Highwayman." The tune is often a version of a major air usually sung to the ballad "Phœbe and her dark-eyed Sailor," and I have noted it in Sussex to that tune.—L. E. B.

### 37.—THE STEALING OF MARY NEALE.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. RUSSELL.  
AT UPWEY, JAN., 1907,

I am a young and un-daunt-ed youth, My name is John M'

Cann, I am a na-tive of Ed-in-bro', And wil-ling to tra-

-pan. For steal-ing an heir-ess I was laid and left in

gaol, And her fa-ther said he would hang me for steal-ing Ma-ry Neale.

All in cold irons I lay bound, and my love sent word to me  
 "Don't fear my father's anger, and I will set you free,  
 For the ship she's now waiting to Derry for to go,  
 And I'll bribe the Captain to let no one know."

Then he gave consent, and back she went, and stole away her clothes,  
 And nary one that was in the house her mind she did not tell,  
 And her yellow locks were floating all on the waves so high,  
 And I'm to stand my trial for stealing Mary Neale.

*Cf.* the air with "Jack the Roving Journeyman," *Songs of the West*.—F. K.

*Cf.* also with "By chance it was"—also in *Songs of the West*.—A. G. G.

If this air be put into common time we have the favourite folk-tunes "Lazarus,"  
 "Murder of Maria Martin," "Come all you worthy Christians," etc., etc. (see  
*English County Songs* and *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, Vol. ii, No. 7).—L. E. B.

### 38.—THE FLANDYKE (?) SHORE.

SUNG BY MRS. NOTLEY,  
 AT MORETON, DEC., 1906.

1. I went un - to my love's cham-ber win-dow, Where I oft-en had been be -  
 - fore. 'Twas to let her know un - to Flanders' shore, un - to Flanders' shore Never  
 to re - turn to En - ge-land no more, Ne - ver to re - turn to  
 &c., as Verse 1.  
 Eng - land no more. 2. I went un - to my love's cham ber door Where I

I went unto my love's chamber door  
 Where I never had been before.  
 I saw a light spring from her clothes,  
 Spring from her clothes,  
 Just as the morning sun when first arose.

As I was a-walking on Flanders' Shore,  
 Her own dear father did I meet.  
 "My daughter she is dead," he cried,  
 "She is dead," he cried,  
 "She has broke her heart all for the loss of thee."  
 Then I hove a bullet on fair England  
 Just where I thought my own true love lay.

Mrs. Notley had the song from a very old woman of Moreton, a famous local singer. The story of the song, she said, was that a young man called to the wars in Flanders went to pay a farewell visit to his love, whose father locked her in her chamber, thus frustrating the endeavour. The title "Flandyke Shore" which Mrs. Notley gave, is doubtless a corruption of "Flanders Shore."—H. E. D. H.

I have a close variant of this ballad. The tune, which I noted down from an old lady in Somerton, is substantially the same as Mrs. Notley's, except that it is in  $\frac{3}{2}$  time throughout, and is in the Mixolydian mode. My version consists of four verses, the last two of which are more or less the same as the Dorset verses. The first two are as follows:

When I was young and a courting go,  
 I loved a fair maid as my life,  
 From four in the morning till nine at night;  
 I never would gain my own heart's delight.

When her father came for to hear  
 That I did court his daughter dear,  
 He locked her up in a room so high;  
 That was the beginning of all my misery.

C. J. S.

### 39.—THE DEVIL AND THE FARMER.

*Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.*

SUNG AT BEAMINSTER, JUNE, 1906.

*Whistle.*

There was an old far - mer in York-shire did dwell,

He had an old wife and he wished her in Hell. Sing

fa la la la, fa la la la, Sing fa la la lid - dle la day.

Oh! the Devil came in when he was at plough,

[Whistle]

Saying, "One of your family I will have now."

Sing Fal la la la, fal la la la, sing fal la la liddle la day.

"Now Oh! Mr. Devil, and which do you crave?"

[Whistle]

"Your ugly old wife, and she I will have."

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

So they bundled the old woman into a sack.

[Whistle]

The Devil he lugged her away on his back.

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

So when Mr. Devil he came up to his door:

[Whistle]

"In there you must go [for to bide evermore]."

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

There she spied three young devils a-hanging in chains.

[Whistle]

She took off her pattens, got smashing their brains.

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

So they to the Devil for mercy did call:

[Whistle]

"This ugly old woman she will kill us all."

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

So they bundled the old woman out over the wall.

[Whistle]

She came down [on the earth a most terrible fall].

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

So the women are ten times worse than the men,

[Whistle]

Since they've been into Hell and got kicked out again.

Sing Fal la la la, etc.

For this form of "The Farmer's Curs't Wife," words and tune, together with copious notes thereon, see *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 184.—H. E. D. H.

This, as the "Farmer's Old Wife," a Sussex Whistling Song, is in Dixon's *Songs of the Peasantry*, 1857. The county named is Sussex, not Yorkshire.—F. K.

# 40—YOUNG WILLIAM RILEY.

Tune noted by H. E. D. Hammond.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MRS. GOULD,  
AT MORECOMBE LAKE, MAY, 1906.

“ Rise up, young Will - iam Ri - ley, and come a - long with  
me, For I ..... am re - sol - ved to leave my coun - te - ry, To  
leave my fa - ther's buil - dings, his hous - es and his land.” ..... So  
went young Will - iam Ri - ley with his dear young \*Col - lom Ban.

\* Colleen Bawn or Coolen Iawn.

Over hills and lofty mountains this couple took their way,

Her father following after with all his armed men,  
And he took young William Riley and his dear young Collom Ban.

This lady being confined all in her chamber bound,  
Poor Riley was sent to gaol in some part of the town,

And there to bide till 'sides his trial did come on.

In the morning of the 'sides the just keeper's son did say  
“ Arise, young William Riley, you must appear this day  
Before your noble judge, standing at his right hand,  
And I'm 'fraid you'll suffer sorry for your dear young Collom Ban.”

This lady being sent for to come immediately,  
Poor Riley standing at the bar, expecting for to die,

Just like some moving beauty she did appear to him.

“ Ye, gentlemen of the jury, some pity take on him,

For the blame is not on Riley, for all the blame's to me,  
For I loved him out of measure which proved his destiny.

\* \* \* \* \*

These goods, good lord, I give to you as a token of goodwill,  
And if you've not removed it, I am sure you have it still  
There is one ring amongst it, I'll 'low for you to wear  
And five and twenty diamonds to set off your hair.

Take this, young William Riley, wear it on your right hand,  
And think all on my broken heart, when you're in some foreign land."

We noted quite recently a much fuller version of this ballad following closely the words printed below, but with "Susan Band" for "Colinband." The tune was major and entirely unlike Mrs. Gould's—H. E. D. H.

Christie prints a full version of this in his *Traditional Ballad Airs* (see "Willy Reilly.") His words are taken from Carleton's "Willy Reilly and his dear Cooleen Bawn—a tale founded on fact" (1857), collated with a traditional copy from Banff; and his tune, "sung for long in the counties of Aberdeen and Banff," is a variant of Mr. Hammond's.—A. G. G.

There are several versions of "The Trial of Willie Reilly." They became known in America, for Mark Twain in one of his earliest sketches, "The Launch of the Steamer *Capital*," introduces it in an extremely humorous situation, and I have a copy of the "trial," and also of "William Reily's Courtship" in a small song-book, *The American Songster*, published at New York in 1838. The "trial" is much like the usual copies; the other ballad deals with his release and marriage.—F. K.

The fragmentary Dorsetshire version of words may be fitly eked out by the accompanying from a broadside of the Catnach period (no printer's name), "William Riley and Colinband," as they are more alike than other ballads on the same subject.

Rise up, William Riley, and go along with me,  
I mean to go with you, and leave this country,  
I'll leave my father's dwelling, his houses and rich land,  
And away with William Riley and his dear Colinband.

Over hills and lofty mountains, through violet groves and plains,  
Over hills and lofty mountains, bad company to refrain,  
Her father followed after with a chosen band,  
And taken was poor Riley with his dear Colinband.

The lady was taken, and in her chamber bound,  
And Riley was sent to prison in the same town,  
And there to await the assizes, when his trial does come on,  
For stealing his poor lady, his darling Colinband.

On the morning of the assizes the jailor's son did say,  
Oh rise up young Riley, you must appear to-day,  
They say that Squire Furlow's anger is hard to stand,  
I fear that you will suffer dearly for your dear Colinband.

It was late in the evening these words I heard of thee,  
That the lady's oath will hang thee, or else will set thee free.  
If that be true, said Riley, with pleasure I will stand,  
I am sure I shall not be hurt by my dear Colinband.

Oh gentlemen of the jury, some pity take on me,  
This villain's come among us to disgrace our family,  
Besides he's impertinent, and not fit to be found,  
I'll have the life of Riley if cost ten thousand pounds.

Up spoke a noble lord at the table standing by,  
Oh gentlemen of the jury, look at the extremity,  
To hang a man for love is murder you may see,  
Oh spare the life of Riley, and let him leave this country.

It's good my lord, but he stole from her among other things,  
Gold watches, brooches, and several diamond rings;  
These goods, my lord, he stole, they are not to be found,  
I'll have the life of Riley, or I'll leave this Irish ground.

The lady she is sensible, and in her blooming youth,  
And if Riley has deluded her I'm sure she'll speak the truth.  
If that be so, said Riley, with pleasure I will stand,  
I'm sure I never injured my dearest Colinband.

The lady she was sent for to come immediately,  
While Riley stood at the bar, expecting for to die.  
Just like a moving beauty bright before them she did stand,  
You're welcome here, my heart's delight, my dearest Colinband.

Oh gentlemen of the jury, some pity take, says she,  
The fault is none of Riley's, the blame is all on me,  
I forced him to leave his place, and go along with me.  
She saved him beyond measure, this proved his destiny.

These goods I gave to him, my lord, as a token of true love,  
And when we are parted he will them back return,  
And if you have them Riley, return them back again,  
I will, my honoured lady, with many thanks to thee.

There is one among the rest I desire you to wear,  
With seven and twenty diamonds all set in gold so rare,  
As a token of my true love wear it on your right hand,  
And think of my broken heart, when you're in a foreign land.

Up spoke the learned judge, you may let the prisoner go,  
The lady's oath has cleared him, the jury all do know,  
He has released her true love, and renowned be his name,  
Her honour being bright, true love has risen Riley's fame.

I have also a broadside by H. Such, called "Trial of Willy Reilly" (of fourteen stanzas), but it is not so much like the Dorsetshire ballad. It is not quite so doggerel, and follows Carleton's version (of fifteen stanzas) much more closely, though showing considerable variations therefrom. In Such's ballad, and Carleton's also, Reilly (or Reily) is taken to Sligo gaol and Fox (afterwards a judge) is the prisoner's counsel. Such gives the irate parent's name as "the great Squire Ralliand," Carleton (as quoted by the Hon. Charles Gavan Duffy in his *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*) gives it as "The Great Squire Foillard," and Christie as "Folliard." Mr. Gavan Duffy writes thus (in the 39th edition of his book, 1866): "The story on which it is founded happened some sixty years ago; and as the lover was a young Catholic farmer, and the lady's family of high Orange principles, it got a party character, which, no doubt, contributed to its great popularity." Mr. Carleton, who knew the ballad from boyhood, as sung by his mother, published a well-known novel, "Willy Reilly," founded on the song. This Dorsetshire tune is like innumerable Irish airs of the type, both in melody and structure. In the *Complete Petrie Collection* is one example (No. 510), with the title \* "Rise up Young William Reilly," and another (No. 351), called "John O'Reilly."

It may not be out of place here to mention that light is thrown upon a number of "Reilly Ballads" (for we have "John" and "Charley" Reilly heroes as well as "Willy" in our folk-songs), in *Poets and Poetry of Munster* (Duffy and Sons, 15, Wellington Quay, Dublin, and 1, Paternoster Row, London).—L. E. B.

\* Much the same as Christie's tune.



## NOTES.

### CUSHAMORE, OR COSHMORE.

Since the publication of Journal No. 10, Mr. Clandillon has been good enough to supply the Irish text to the tune "Coshmore" (see *Journal* Vol. iii, No. 10, p. 10). Miss Dorothea Knox has most kindly and ably made two translations of the words, one in prose, and the other in verse to suit the tune. The versified translation is so entirely faithful to the prose that it is here given.

#### COIS ABHA-MHOIRE.

Is ró-bhreagh an duthaig go mbéarainn liom thú.  
Cois Abha mhóire na n Déiseach;  
Mar a labhrann an smóilín, gus an lon go ceólmhar  
Agus fiadh na mbeann ann ar saothar;  
Bionn cnaí cúmbra ann ar chrainn ag lúbadh,  
Agus bláth na n-ubhall ann ar gheagaibh  
Agus an chuach gan amhras i dtúis an tsamhraidh  
Agus an trádhnach ag labhairt san bhféar ghlas.

Na pós an smiste de bhodach chíor-dubh  
Ní bheidh sé choidhche acht ag pléidhe leat  
Béidh sé ag bruighean leat, de ló gus ist oidhche,  
Agus ag casadh gníomhartha an tsaoghail leat;  
A chuid sa mhaoineach ná tuig it intinn  
Ná gurab í an fhirinne léighim duit,  
Acht gabh le buachaill ó cois Abha-mhóire  
Na cuirfidh gruaim san tsaoghail ort.

Innis dod' athair nó dod' mháthair  
Pé aca is fearr leat féinneach  
Mar nilemse, fallsa, bocht nó craidte  
Chum dul ar sgáth ein-sgéil léó,  
Acht tá agam árus fairsing fáilteach,  
Agus lán stait dá éagmuis  
D'imireoghainn táipilís i bhfocair bhfear ngalanta  
Lucht Laidin árd agus Gréigis.

Ní neósad dom athair nó dom' mháthair,  
Pé aca bhfearr liom féinneach  
Mar is annamh aitreabh, cruach nó stáca  
Ag máighistir scoláirí in éanchor  
Nílím ag séanadh ná fuilim i ngrádh leat  
Thar a maireann beo san tsaoghal so;  
Seo barra mo laimh duit, agus glac le páirt i,  
Do mhalairt go bráth ná déanfainn.

Dá dtiocfa sa anonn liom is ro-bhreagh an tabharthas  
Thiubhrainn ann dom chéad shearc;  
Diamonds jewels agus carabuncles  
Agus seoda luachmhara daora;  
Marcaigheacht shugach i gcoistibh teampaill  
Agus eachra ann dá ngléas duit  
Gach lá breagh samhradh ar shraid mhór Lonndainn  
Ag cur slán anall le h-Eirinn.

These words were taken down by Padraic McSweeney of Fermoy, from an old woman named Máire ni Chrotaigh (Mary Crotty) of Bally Duff, in the Deisi; and published in an Irish Magazine "Banba," May 1902. The opening stanza particularly shows a great love for nature, but the style of the composition is much inferior to that of Donogh Mac Con-Mara (Donncad Ruad, Mac Con Mara). The words seem to me to have been composed at a considerably later date.—*Seamas Clandillon.*

### TRANSLATION—CUSHAMORE.

(He) "To a fine handsome country my love I'd be bringing,  
Cushamore, in the Decies; 'tis there  
That the thrush and the blackbird in tune do be singing  
To the rush of the antlered wild deer.  
The sweet-scented hazel-tree waving its branches,  
And the apple in flower is seen,  
And the cuckoo is found there as summer advances,  
And the corn crane is heard in the green.

Don't marry the "bodach,"\* that black-headed clown,  
'Tis fighting he'd ever be with you,  
Disputes he'd be raising from morn to sundown,  
Every lie in the country he'd bring you:  
My share of the world † believe me, for faith!—  
'Tis the truth I am telling—no more—  
You'll not get a frown in the length of your days  
With the boy from beside Cushamore.

Go say to your father, or else to your mother,  
Which ever yourself would like best,  
That I am not lazy nor poor like another,  
To cheat them with lies or a jest.  
For I have a homestead, and in it is plenty,  
Its praises are not far to seek;  
I play at backgammon at ease with the gentry  
And them that speak Latin and Greek."

(She) "'Tis not to my father I'd carry that tale back,  
To my mother 'twould be just as bad,  
For 'tis seldom a homestead, or hayrick, or turf-stack  
Is owned by a schoolmaster lad.  
But I am not denying, 'tis thee I will love  
For the length of my days in this life,  
My hand here upon it: by All that's Above  
I'll not be another man's wife."

(He) "If you will come with me, 'tis rich and 'tis rare  
The presents I'll give to my own,  
Carbuncles and diamonds and jewels so fair,  
And many a fine precious stone.  
Each day of the summer, on London's broad roadways  
To drive at your pleasure to chapel on Sundays,  
Are coaches and horses galore,  
Or bring you to Ireland, once more."

DOROTHEA KNOX.

\* Ruffian, a common word in Anglo-Irish talk.

† A common term of endearment.

## THE MERMAID.

Mr. E. T. Wedmore kindly contributes the following very interesting version of words (for tunes and other words see *Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10, p. 47), which he noted from Mrs. Anne Down, Brake Brook, Parracombe, N. Devon, in 1899. Mrs. Down was then considerably over eighty, and had known the song from childhood. Mr. Wedmore noted no tune.

Come all you jolly seamen bold  
That ploughs the raging main,  
Come listen to my tragedy  
That you may do the same.

I parted from sweet Molly dear,  
The girl that I adore,  
The raging main and stormy winds  
And raging billows roar.

I had not sailed but seven months  
The stormy winds did rise,  
The waves they flowed in mountains high,  
And dismal looks the sky.

As we were steering of our ship  
Our Captain he did cry  
"Lord have mercy on us all,  
For in the deep we lie!"

The mermaid on the rocks she sat,  
With comb and glass in hand,  
"Cheer up, cheer up, you mariners,  
You are not far from land!"

Aloft our bossin\* climbs  
Up the main top high,  
He looks all round with watery eye,  
No light nor land could spy.

"Let us steer our ship before the wind,  
And from all rocks keep clear,  
Upon the wide ocean we will remain  
Till daylight does appear."

The first crack our ship did have  
Our Captain he did cry  
"Lord have mercy on us all,  
For in the deep we lie!"

The next crack our ship did have  
In pieces went and never was seen more,  
Out of eighty-seven seamen bold  
Three of them got to shore.

\* boatswain.

## OBITUARY.

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### JOSEPH JOACHIM.

BORN JUNE 28, 1831: DIED AUGUST 15, 1907.

### EDVARD GRIEG.

BORN JUNE 15, 1843: DIED SEPT. 4, 1907.

THE loss of two great men has saddened the whole musical world this autumn, and, as both were honoured members of the Folk-Song Society, our members will feel a peculiar sorrow at their departure. It is tempting, in such a case, to make comparisons between them; but the task would be not only unfruitful but misleading, for beyond the fact that each devoted his whole life to the service of the same art, there was hardly a point in their circumstances, lives, or careers, or in the nature of their ideas, at which the two came into contact.

The career of JOACHIM as an interpretative artist began in 1844, and lasted for no less than 63 years. In that time, he, perhaps more than anyone else, educated the musical world of his time to appreciate in succession, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach and Brahms. Beethoven's string quartets (more especially the "posthumous" works) were a sealed book to most English and German amateurs until their beauties were brought out by the Joachim Quartet in Berlin, and here at the Popular Concerts. His violin concerto had of course been often played in public before Joachim was born, but it was left to him to show what it meant. Of Mendelssohn's concertos he was the composer's favourite interpreter, and his influence went for very much in the work of obtaining recognition for Mendelssohn's music in England. That that recognition passed eventually into an indiscriminate fetish-worship of the *Lieder ohne Worte* and *Elijah*, was not Joachim's fault. Into the worthier cause of spreading a knowledge of Bach's greatest works, Joachim threw himself heart and soul, and though the famous Chaconne is now in the repertory of every violinist, yet it was Joachim, let us not forget, who brought it forward first in modern times; and in the great revival of interest in Bach's greater works no one has taken a more active part than the illustrious violinist who so lately passed away. What he did for the music of Brahms need not be dwelt upon; not only did he aid that great master with counsel, friendship, and encouragement of every kind, but his propagandist work in connection with Brahms's music was to him a labour of love, and to his English

admirers it seems only fitting that the last notes they heard him play, in November, 1906, were in that splendid series of concerts consisting of the chamber music of the great modern masters. It is not the place to refer to the technique of his playing, or to discuss the exquisite maturity of style which lasted even when some imperfections, due to advancing age, could be traced; private character, personal qualities and peculiarities, are generally held unfit for the consideration of the public, but in the case of a nature so noble, a character of such rare integrity, and a disposition of such sweetness and generosity as Joachim's, there is a special fitness in mentioning them, possibly because they had a direct bearing on the royal richness of his phrasing, and partly because they explain the smallness of his productivity as a composer. In other circumstances, the author of such things as the overtures to *Henry IV*, a comedy of Gozzi's, and that in memory of Kleist; of the splendid Hungarian concerto, the concerto in G, and the variations for violin; of the Hebrew Melodies, and of the smaller pieces for violin, would inevitably have been universally recognized as one of the greatest composers of his time; but Joachim's devoted personal friendship for Brahms and his whole-hearted admiration for Brahms's work, unquestionably led him to keep in the background his own work as a composer. It was as a player that he elected to be judged, and as a player no one has ever equalled him. If he did not perform the acrobatic feats in which Paganini delighted, it was not from want of skill; that he devoted himself to attaining the highest possible point in the interpretation of the great classics is as certain as that he actually obtained it. Only the slaves of a phrase, like the superficial people who couple the word 'classical' with the word 'cold,' could succeed in blinding themselves to the intensely warm, deep expression of his playing in some of the romantic movements of Beethoven and Brahms; and not less marvellous was his power of giving a movement of Mozart with an irresistible spontaneity and ebullience that suggested the buoyancy of youth. As he identified himself with the great classics of music, he very soon merged his Hungarian nationality in a cosmopolitanism that made his friends almost oblivious of the nation which could most rightly claim him. He belonged to the whole world, and received suggestions for his beautiful music from English and Italian poets as well as German. In such a career, unlike that of his great friend, Brahms, there was little opportunity for the study of folk-song.

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EDVARD GRIEG, on the other hand, identified himself with folk-song more closely than any of the other great composers has done. His devotion was to the music of his native country, and by long residence in Norway the Scottish line of his descent had become almost forgotten; still, his name is, save for a vowel-transposition,

identical with the Scottish Greig, and it is perhaps worthy of mention that another active member of the Folk-Song Society, Mr. Gavin Greig, comes from the same Aberdonian stock. To proclaim a Norwegian nationality in music was Grieg's mission, and it is curious to notice how entirely he assimilated the musical idioms of the country, repeating them with the guileless reiteration of a bird, even in music that was not intended to reflect the national characteristics. He most rarely set any poems not of Norwegian origin, or took musical suggestions from other than Norwegian writers. One of the best exceptions to this is in an early pianoforte piece that reflects with wonderful faithfulness the scene of the porter in *Macbeth*. In his early life he had an ardent fellow-worker in his great friend Richard Nordraak, who was a year senior to Grieg, and who, until his death in 1866, did much in collecting and editing the folk-music of Norway. It is a pretty incident that, in his will, Grieg should have given directions that a funeral march by Nordraak should be played over his body. Like many of the composers whose work is racy of the soil, Grieg excelled in those pieces which are most nearly allied to the simple poems of genuine folk-music, rather than in those which were meant to conform to the classical modes. But whether in his *Peer Gynt* music, the violin and violoncello sonatas, the beautiful vocal piece "Landerkennung," or in the songs, he always contrived to convey a suggestion of his northern pine-woods, with their pungent, aromatic smell. Much of his music is already accepted by the world at large, and a curious little bit of evidence of the universality of its appeal may be mentioned, in that the piece called "Ase's Death," was, and perhaps is still, played during the solemn procession of the wooden effigies of the Passion through the streets of Seville in Holy Week. Many of Grieg's many songs are of exquisite quality, and all are strongly imaginative and romantic; even if some of his more ambitious compositions may not endure the test of time, that which will remain will always be very dear to the hearts in which it is enshrined, and many of the early songs are certain of immortality.

J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.

It is interesting to read the double tribute paid by Grieg to the work of our Society.

#### EXTRACTS, TRANSLATED, FROM DR. EDVARD GRIEG'S LETTERS

(Written to Mr. Percy Grainger, 1906 and 1907), and reproduced by his kind permission.

" . . . I often receive from the *Folk-Song Society* their new journals and pamphlets. I admire the way in which the work of the Society is organised, and grieve that my fatherland (so rich in folk-material), cannot boast such an organisation " (1906).

" . . . I have again immersed myself in your folk-song settings, and I see more and more clearly how full of genius they are. In them you have thrown a clear light upon how the English folk-song (to my mind so different from the Scotch and Irish), is worthy of the privilege of being lifted up into the "niveau" of art, thereby to create an independent English music. The folk-songs will doubtless be able to form the basis of a national style, as they have done in other lands, those of the greatest musical culture not excepted. I am impressed by the earnestness and energy with which the English Folk-Song Society carries out its object. May it ever enjoy fresh increase of strength and enthusiasm to pursue its goal ! . . ." (August 11th, 1907).

It is interesting to know that almost the last compositions which Dr. Grieg brought out are his "Slaater," pianoforte arrangements of traditional Norwegian peasant dances (Opus 72), and that he had asked Mr. Grainger to collect folk-tunes in the mountains of Norway next summer, with the intention of arranging them also.

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### JAMES C. CULWICK.

BORN 1845 : DIED OCTOBER 5TH, 1907.

WE have with great regret also to record the death of Dr. CULWICK, organist of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, since 1881. He was a native of Staffordshire, and from boyhood devoted himself with singular earnestness to the study of the science and history of music. Few were more deeply read in these subjects, and, in the course of his long career as an enthusiastic and thorough musician, he accumulated a very fine musical library. Dr. Culwick settled in Ireland in 1866, and for the remainder of his life worked untiringly in Dublin to promote a love for the best in music, founding choral societies for the performance of artistic and scholarly programmes, delivering lectures or writing upon subjects of historical and archæological interest, and freely giving his help and sympathy to all earnest students of music. Throughout his life the beginnings of music attracted him, and led him to study folk-music and primitive scales. Amongst his published lectures are "Folk-Song, and what it has done for us," and "The Distinctive Characteristics of Ancient Irish Melody, being a Plea for Restoration and Preservation of the Scales." He was one of the first to join the Folk-Song Society, and often wrote letters of encouragement and appreciation concerning its work and aims. Dr. Culwick took a lively interest in the establishment of the "Feis Ceoil" for the preservation and fostering of Irish music. He was greatly beloved by a very large number of friends to whom his death has come as a deep sorrow.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN Volume I, No. 6, of the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, a small bibliography was published, compiled by Mr. Frank Kidson, of works useful for the study of the Folk Song of Great Britain and Ireland. The following have since then been published, and their titles may be added with advantage to the former list.

### ENGLAND.

- Folk Songs from Somerset.* C. J. SHARP and C. L. MARSON. 2nd and 3rd Series. Simpkin and Co. (5s. net).
- Morris Dance Tunes*, arranged for pianoforte, sets 1 and 2 (2s. net), and, published in connection with it, *The Morris Book*, a history of Morris Dancing, with instructions. Edited and compiled by C. J. SHARP and H. C. MACILWAINE. Novello and Co.
- English Folk Songs for Schools*, edited by S. BARING GOULD and C. J. SHARP. Curwen and Co. (2s. 6d.)
- Folk Songs from Dorsetshire*, collected by H. E. D. HAMMOND, with pianoforte accompaniment by C. J. SHARP. (Sixteen songs). Novello and Co.
- Folk Songs collected in East Anglia*, and arranged with pianoforte accompaniment by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Mus. Doc. (Sixteen songs). Novello & Co.
- Eighty Singing Games for Children*, old and new, adapted and edited by FRANK KIDSON, with pianoforte accompaniment by ALFRED MOFFAT. Bayley and Ferguson. (2s. 6d.) (Contains many traditional games with old tunes, interestingly annotated).
- Eight Hampshire Folk Songs.* Collected and arranged by ALICE E. GILLINGTON. Curwen and Sons. (1s.)

### SCOTLAND.

- The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Highlands.* A collection of Highland Melodies with Gaelic and English words. Edited and arranged with pianoforte accompaniment by ALFRED MOFFAT. Bayley and Ferguson. (67 songs, in the preparation of which Mr. Moffat has had the help of such well-known authorities on Gaelic song as Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane, Mr. L. Macbean, Mr. Henry Whyte, etc.)



## IRELAND.

- An Londubh.* Twelve tunes, unharmonised, with their Irish words, collected by MARGARET AND JAMES CLANDILLON. Office of the Gaelic League, Dublin. (1s.)
- Songs of Ulster.* Collected and arranged by PADRAIG MACAODH O'NEILL (HERBERT HUGHES) and SEOSAMH MACCATHMHAOIL. Dublin. M. Gill and Co. (2s. 6d.) (Contains some interesting traditional airs wedded to fanciful new English words, however).
- Irish Peasant Songs in the English Language.* Collected by P. W. JOYCE, M.A., LL.D., etc. Dublin. M. Gill and Son, 50, Upper O'Connell Street. (6d. net).
- Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society.* Vols. 2, 3, 4, 5. To be had from the Hon. Secretary, 20, Hanover Square, London.

In addition to these collections, the following publications dealing with British Folk-Song have appeared :

- English Folk-Song: some conclusions*, by C. J. SHARP. Novello and Co. (7s. 6d. net.)
- Miscellanea* (Part 2) of the *Rymour Club*, Edinburgh, containing examples of Scottish traditional songs and tunes lately collected.
- Folk-Song in Buchan*, by GAVIN GREIG, M.A. Peterhead. P. Scrogie, "Buchan Observer" Printing Works. (An essay, with many musical examples, by this scientific collector).

It is also of interest to record that at two English Musical Festivals held during the Autumn of 1907, important works based upon English folk-songs have been performed. At the Cardiff Festival, Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams' beautiful "Norfolk Rhapsodies" (Nos. 3 and 4), founded on tunes from his own collection, made a great impression; and at the Leeds Festival a brilliant success attended Mr. Rutland Boughton's clever and amusing "Choral Variations upon two English Folk Songs" (Reeves, 83, Charing Cross Road, 1s. net). These, together with several minor compositions mentioned in the Society's Reports for 1906 and 1907, show an increasing inclination on the part of our younger British composers to make use of our traditional melodies in orchestral and choral works.



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## COLLECTING WITH THE PHONOGRAPH

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### THE OLD SINGERS & THE NEW METHOD.

WHEN I first started collecting folk-songs with the phonograph, in the summer of 1906, in North Lincolnshire, I was surprised to find how very readily the old singers took to singing into the machine. Many of them were familiar with gramophones and phonographs in public-houses and elsewhere, and all were agog to have their own singing recorded, while their delight at hearing their own voices, and their distress at detecting their errors reproduced in the machine was quite touching.

The other day, in Gloucestershire, an old folk-singer, on hearing a long song of his repeated by the phonograph, said: "He's learnt that quicker nor I"; while another old man commented—"It do follow up we wonderful."

I have often found folk-singers show keenness about one another's records, an interest I have seldom seen them extend to one another's performances in the ordinary way. I have not noticed that the unusualness of singing into the machine upset the steady nerves of country-folk, in Lincolnshire or elsewhere, to the extent of marring their performances. One Lincolnshire singer, Mr. Joseph Taylor, said: "It's läke (like) singin' with a müzzle on"; but he sang his best all the same. Even having their heads guided nearer to, or further from, the recording trumpet never seems to break the flow of the old folk's memory or freedom of delivery.

In fact, when once the strangeness of the new method is over, it is far less upsetting to folk-singers and chantymen than having their songs noted in the ordinary way, as it is such a boon to them not to be continually stopped during their performances. Not only does their memory tend to be far more accurate when they are free to sing a song through from end to end (having to stop only at the end of the run of each wax cylinder, *i.e.* about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  minutes), but their unconscious sense for rhythmic and dynamic contrasts and dramatic effects—in the case of those few singers who indulge in the latter—has such incomparably greater scope.

## SOME PRACTICAL HINTS.

I have done my collecting with a "Standard" Edison-Bell Phonograph, and have found that size very serviceable. Mr. Sharp has expressed to me the belief "that careful experiment would show that the phonograph records certain consonants more clearly and prominently than others." I am inclined to believe that this is not unlikely. In any case it is wise when collecting to always note down all words of songs independently of the phonograph; for though it is generally possible to detect in the machine even minute dialect details of already noted words, it is seldom easy to distinguish unknown words with reliability, particularly in the case of faint records. I further agree with Mr. Sharp that it is advisable always to note down the tunes of songs in the ordinary way before or after recording them in the phonograph. Apart from the danger that records run of getting damaged before their contents have been extracted from them, it is interesting and instructive to compare tunes noted down straight from the singers with notings down culled from many phonographic repetitions of the same songs. In my own case I must confess that such comparisons turn out sorely uncomplimentary to my recordings without the phonograph.

It is possible to note down from the machine difficult and very fast tunes with far greater accuracy if the speed-screw be screwed down until the record is running much below its original pitch and speed. Baffling intervals, short hurried notes, the component notes of twiddles and ornaments, etc., that are impossible to make out at the original speed, become, by this means, comparatively clear and distinguishable. (*See note to No. 12.*)

It has been suggested to me that by this method one is overapt to note down many minute details which play a practically negligible part in the complete impression of the song at full speed in actual performance. While realising that there may be much truth in this objection to the above described method I cannot say that my personal experience so far has led me to share it. I have not noticed that new and unlooked-for details revealed themselves in songs when run much below their original speed, but rather only that already noticed enticing points became as it were enlarged and graspable where before they had been tantalizingly fleeting and puzzling. My experience is, however, very limited, as I have never slowed down any records of songs but such as disclosed at their full speed a greater richness of detail than I could satisfactorily cope with at that rate.

If a truthful preservation of the dynamics of a singer's performance be desired, it is imperative that his or her mouth be kept at a practically unvarying distance from the recording trumpet whilst making the record; as, otherwise, singing alter-

natively nearer to and further from the trumpet arbitrarily introduces misleading "louds" and "softs" into the record.

In order to record the duration of pauses between all the verses of a song extending over more than one wax cylinder, it is best, when nearing the end of the run of each cylinder, not to stop the singer at the end of a verse, but to let him start a fresh verse and then break him off. The duration of the pause between this partly recorded verse and the one preceding it is thus recorded, and the interrupted (fragmentary) verse can be started afresh on the next cylinder.

I am indebted to Mr. Cecil Sharp for making me acquainted with an article on "The ethnological study of music" by Charles S. Myers, M.A., M.D., which contains in an appendix some excellent advice as to the manipulation of the phonograph. Among many usual hints are the following:

"Before a record is taken the clockwork should always be fully wound up."

"When a note of given pitch is sounded before the trumpet at the time of taking the record, and when a note of precisely the same pitch is later reproduced by that record, we can be assured that the cylinder is rotating at the same speed during reproduction as it was during the taking of the record. Accordingly, a pitch-pipe, such as is sold at the music shops, should form part of the phonographic equipment. . . . Just before any desired record is taken, this pitch-pipe is sounded before the trumpet. Of course the clockwork must not be stopped or its speed altered after the pitch-pipe has sounded."

"If the singer's voice falls obliquely on to the trumpet, a very jarring and unfaithful record will result."

"We have always to be on our guard against purely accidental deviations from strict intonation. We may detect them by procuring repeated phonographic versions of the melody at different times from the same or different individuals."

### ADVANTAGES OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

It cannot be made too widely known that the phonograph puts valuable folk-song, sea-chanty, and morris-dance collecting within the reach of all possessed of the needful leisure and enthusiasm.

Anyone who knows a folk-song when he or she hears it, and can distinguish stirring tunes from dull ones, can, even if devoid of accurate hearing and experience of the technicalities of musical notation, give invaluable help towards the preser-

vation of the rich traditional treasures of these islands by phonographing peasant and sailor songs, chanties, and dances for future notation, study, reference, and comparison. It is, however, of the utmost importance that such records be handed over for their translation into musical notation to none but collectors and musicians highly versed in the wide possibilities of musical notation, and if possible dowered with insight into, and experience of, the vast realms of irregular rhythm. The speed with which phonograph records can be taken is considerable. I took records of over seventy songs and versions of songs in two days in Lincolnshire, and that without undue haste. But the *quality* of collecting opened up by the phonograph, is, perhaps, of even greater value than the *quantity*. To my mind the very greatest boon of the gramophone and phonograph is that they record not merely the tunes and words of fine folk-songs, but give an enduring picture of the live art and *traditions* of peasant and sailor singing and fiddling; together with a record of the dialects of different districts, and of such entertaining accessories as the vocal quality, singing-habits, and other personal characteristics of singers. And a knowledge of such points is every bit as indispensable to good renderings of folk-music as is experience of the traditions of cultured music to its proper interpretation. I think that most folk-song enthusiasts who have had the good luck to hear the singing of gifted folk-singers and chantymen, must feel that much of the attractiveness of the live art lies in the execution as well as in the contents of the songs, and will surely welcome the ability of the gramophone and phonograph to retain for future ages what is otherwise but a fleeting impression. From his phonograph the collector can note down at full leisure, and with all possible care and thoroughness, repeating his records again and again, in part and in whole, until he has extracted from them a host of details that seem to him fascinating, interesting, or instructive.

The following are some of the chief practical advantages of mechanical collecting :

- 1.—Preservation of tune and words, and all details of performance for study by future generations, and for future *mechanical notation* when the needful inventions are made. (See page 152.)
- 2.—Not having to interrupt singers during their performances; except at the end of the run of each cylinder.
- 3.—The possibility of having a singer's single performance (as accurately preserved in the wax) noted down by several different musicians.
- 4.—Being able to note down leisurely and unhurriedly, and to repeat records (in part and in whole) over and over again, and at any degree of slowness.
- 5.—The possibility of comparing the details of various performances of the same song by the same singer.



The following is a summary of some of the chief details upon which phonograph records throw light :

- 1.—Pitch, key of performance, and relation of intervals one to another. Variability of folk-song scales.
- 2.—Metronome-speed of songs, and chief variations of speed throughout them.
- 3.—Precise degrees of rhythmic irregularities.
- 4.—Precise duration of pauses between verses and half-verses, etc.
- 5.—Melodic variants throughout all the different verses of a song.
- 6.—Dynamic details. (Only reliable, however, where certain precautions have been taken. See page 148.)
- 7.—Length of notes, staccatos, legatos, etc.
- 8.—Component notes of ornaments, that are hard to catch at the original speed of a performance. Portamentos, etc.
- 9.—Dialect, and its variability. Blends of vowel-sounds.
- 10.—Added meaningless syllables ; and all details of the allotment of syllables to notes.

Mechanical collecting must surely offer advantages also to those who consider a record of the "normal tune" of a song (taken down by an experienced collector able to distinguish between momentary and radical variations) more valuable than a detailed notation of the more or less slight variations occurring throughout a singer's performances of the song ; for surely the collector could determine upon the "normal tune" with greater thoroughness and insight after a leisurely, and if need be often repeated, comparison of two or more phonographed versions of a singer's renderings than he could after listening to many unpreserved performances.

But the more I hear talented traditional singers in the flesh, and study phonograph records of their singing, the stronger grows my *personal feeling* that any noting down of an *individually and creatively gifted* man's songs that does not give all possible details of all the different verses of his songs, and, in certain cases, of his different renderings at different times (*see* No. 12 for note on the value of several records of the same song), cannot claim to be a representative picture of such a man's complete art and artistic culture, but only of a portion of it ; hardly more representative of his whole artistic activity and import than is a piano arrangement of an orchestral score. On the other hand, I fully realize that the singing of less gifted individuals quite often does not repay anything more laborious than the more usual method of notation (*i.e.* one verse of the tune, with a few melodic variants, and the words written down separately, and without dialect), though the actual tunes may, as such, be well worth having.

## THE NEED OF OTHER INVENTIONS TO SUPPLEMENT THE GRAMOPHONE AND PHONOGRAPH.

The gramophone and phonograph record admirably what our ears and systems of notation are too inaccurate and clumsy to take advantage of. Personally I deeply regret having to rely on my own hearing in any delicate matter of pitch. One is so distressingly liable to think one hears what one is expecting to hear. I have caught myself noting radically different intervals in the same passage of the same phonograph record on different occasions.

Is it not regrettable, that, despite the enthusiasm over modal tunes, we have no scientific record of the average relation of the number of vibrations of the modal seventh to those of its keynote as sung by folk-singers? Collectors agree that the seventh in modal tunes is neither quite the sharp or flat seventh of the ordinary scale, but we are still wholly without exact knowledge on this subject.

Even what one does hear with fair accuracy loses in exactitude when translated into our very limited musical and verbal notations. I find it impossible to render into musical notation anything approaching the full charm of the great or slight rhythmic irregularities ever present in traditional solo singing. In the case of rhythmically erratic songs (such as No. 12) my attempts at comparative exactitude result, I must confess, in a regrettably disturbing impression to the eye; whereas the impression of the actual performance is rhythmically smooth and flowing, though quaint and wayward.

To my mind the invention of a machine is badly needed that would record on paper (as the phonograph does on wax) all sounds played or sung into it, giving the number of vibrations of each note, precise rhythmic durations of notes (by accurately proportioned line lengths—much like the slits in pianola music) and pauses, dynamics, vowel-sounds and blends, etc. Such a machine, producing a visible record on paper, together with the phonograph and gramophone preserving an audible record, would surely afford ideal means for collecting the music and speech of the known world, providing also (its notation being standardized and applicable to all tonal and rhythmic possibilities) a basis for universal comparison.

From an article on "Photographing Sound" in the *Windsor Magazine* for January, 1908, it would seem that Dr. Mârage, of Paris, has constructed an instrument that would note all details of pitch, duration, dynamics, and vowel-sounds with the needful accuracy; but whether his sound-photographs could easily be translated into a readable and universally applicable musical notation remains to be seen. Whenever such an invention does arrive, it will, of course, be able to note down from all gramophone and phonograph records that are in a good enough state of

preservation. Therefore the careful taking and *preserving* of good gramophone\* and phonograph records is doubtless the best preparation for the advent of such a mechanical recorder-on-paper. In its present absence, however, I cannot pretend that any of my notations are more than approximately correct in any respect, despite sincere efforts in the direction of accuracy. As regards rhythms, for instance, I have had to put up with the *nearest writable* form of what I actually heard.

## “NARRATIVE SONG,” AND ITS INVENTIVENESS.

In whatever ways folk-song may appeal to individual enthusiasts coming to it fresh from other planes of culture (and, surely, the breadth of its appeal is a splendid manifestation of its life-force!), whether exclusively or chiefly as pure music or literature; or for its philological, historical or local interest, etc., it seems incontestable that to the folk-singer himself it appeals first and foremost as “narrative song,” and that, for him, words and music are practically inseparable. To most folk-singers, the tune of a song in (say) its fifth verse is not merely a repetition of the tune of “verse one” sung to different words, but is, rather, *the particular music to those particular words*. I do not think this is overstating the case. There even seem to be positive traditions regarding certain variations introduced to accompany particular parts of the words of certain songs, which are (at least within my limited experience) almost as widespread and general as the normal tunes from which they differ. (See the note to No. 10 instancing this tendency in different versions of “Lord Bateman.”) As a composer will differently harmonize and score repetitions of the same theme to satisfy his craving for contrast and variety, so will the same instincts (in a lesser state of development and consciousness) lead the creatively-gifted folk-singer or chantyman to evolve more or less profuse melodic, rhythmic, and dynamic variants out of his “normal tune” to meet the emotional needs of different verses, and match their changing word-rhythms; all in accordance with his dim sense for an organic whole. It is into these small details that he puts the intimate flavour of his personality. I should not care the less to lack the modification of the Valhalla *motif* that occurs in *Götterdämmerung* (Act ii, near the end of scene 1) because the pith

\* I delight to say that the Gramophone Co. has started making records of the singing of genuine folk-singers. They have begun with Mr. Joseph Taylor, of Saxby-All-Saints, Lincolnshire, and have recorded his renderings of the following songs, which will very shortly be available: “Brigg Fair” (*Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. II, No. 7), “The Sprig of Thyme,” “Died for Love” (No. 7), “Lord Bateman” (No. 10), “Bold William Taylor” (No. 15), “Rufford Park Poachers” (No. 6), “The White Hare” (No. 8), “Georgie” (No. 9), “Creeping Jane,” “Worcester City,” “Maria Martin,” “The Gypsy’s Wedding-Day” (No. 16).

of that *motiv* may be said to be fully stated in its first appearance in *Rheingold* (Act i, opening of scene 2). In the same way, an array of "normal tunes," however lovely, cannot compensate me, personally, for the least little (preservable) manifestation of artistic creativeness and versatility on the part of gifted peasant and seafaring singers that is allowed to die with them, unrecorded for ever.

A faithful record of all the details of a song's different verses could scarcely fail to be highly advantageous to arrangers of folk-songs and chanties who appreciate these branches of art first and foremost as "narrative song," and wish to emphasize this side of them in their settings. Such arrangers cannot but feel at a loss when confronted with a folk-song or chanty of which both words and tune are fine, but of the wedding together of which there is no available record beyond the first verse.

Even if the most explicit tune-variants be given, these, however keenly they may delight his purely musical sense, can help the arranger but little in his setting unless there also be an account of exactly which syllable has fallen to each note. In the absence of such a record the arranger has to fake his own allotment of syllables to notes, and his attempts are pretty sure to differ more than triflingly from what the genuine traditional singer made out of the same material, and to lack much of the original charm and flavour.

For instance, who but a traditional singer would hit upon the following allotment of syllables and general word-treatments?

The setting of the words: "raised him *fê-rom* the groun'," in verse five of No. 2 ;

First quarter of verse two of No. 4 ;

Beginning of verse two of No. 5 ;

Beginning of verse four, and last half of verse seven, of No. 11, etc.

To-day, musicians who wish to arrange "narrative songs," can still avail themselves of the chance of hearing the performances of yet-surviving folk-singers and chantymen, but what will they do years hence, when traditional singing is as dead in Great Britain as it already is in most parts of Western Europe ? To such arrangers gramophone and phonograph records of *complete songs*, and as exact as possible notings down from these, will surely be a great boon.

## UNIFORM RECURRENCE OF IRREGULARITIES.

It is astonishing how triflingly a good singer's song will differ in, say, four different phonograph records of it. It is my experience that, in the case of singers with alert memories, very little of even the minutest details is random, but that the smallest rhythmic irregularities are repeated with no less uniformity than are regular rhythms.

Mr. George Wray, a very rhythmically irregular singer, is surprisingly uniform so much so that when listening to his own records being reproduced in the machine (which he delights to do) he will most often join in too, and find no difficulty in keeping well together with the record, as regards rhythms, twiddles, added syllables, dynamics, etc.; the two forming a weirdly "bubbly" duet. This frequent uniform repetition of irregularities, goes, to my mind, to prove that very many of them are not mere careless or momentary deviations from a normal, regular form, but radical points of enrichment, inventiveness, and individualisation, evolved in accordance with personal characteristics, and hallowed and cemented by consistent usage.

The two records of the first verse of "Merican Frigate" that are quoted in No. 13, do not bear out this general experience. I also took a third phonograph record of this first verse, which coincided closely with the second record, so that it would seem that the first verse as it appears in the first record is an instance of non-uniform irregularity. On the other hand, the three records of No. 12, and the two (or more) records I took of most interesting songs, are witnesses to the great frequency of uniformly recurring irregularities of all kinds.

## RHYTHMIC CONTINUITY BETWEEN VERSES AND HALF-VERSES.

Many singers seem to have a feeling for rhythmic continuity between one verse and another. Those who evince this sense at all often present, if anything, a more consistent continuity between verses than between half-verses. Often a tune, otherwise preponderantly regular, will have rhythmically irregular, though uniformly recurring, pauses between its verses and half-verses.

This linking together of the repetitions of tunes, as well as of the halves of tunes, into an unbroken rhythmic flow embracing the full length of each song, bespeaks some sense for a closely-knit formal whole, and seems to me a distinct advance upon mere repetitions of a tune with random gaps in between. Acquaintance with all these details (to which, of course, the phonograph stands reliable witness), might have value for arrangers of folk-music.

For instances of uniformity of duration of pauses *see* Nos. 1, 10, 11, 13, and 14, and the notes on this heading there given.

## FOLK-SONG SCALES IN THE PHONOGRAPH.

Of seventy-three tunes phonographed in Lincolnshire, forty-five are major, and twenty-eight modal. None of the latter are definitely *Æolian*, though some mainly Dorian tunes occasionally have quickly passing minor sixths. Most are in a mongrel blend of Mixolydian and Dorian. I can recall no song starting *purely* Mixolydian or Dorian that becomes during its progress *purely* Dorian or Mixolydian, though I have instances of songs starting *mainly* in the one mode and ending *mainly* in the other. No. 5 is such an one, if its last verses be taken to be mainly Dorian in feeling. Some tunes begin and end the verse in a different mode, like No. 8. But I doubt if this procedure would be found to be reliably adhered to throughout a song of any length.\* See *English Folk-Song: some Conclusions*, page 70.

Some singers change their thirds from minor to major, and their sevenths from flat to sharp, or *vice versa*, with surprising frequency and speed. Mr. Joseph Leaning (of Barton-on-Humber, North Lincolnshire) sang me one verse of a version of "The pretty maid milking her cow," of which I took two phonograph records. In one record he sang Mixolydian, with sharp sevenths in the upper octave and flat sevenths in the lower octave, while in the other record he sang the sevenths as before, but changed his thirds from minor to major ten times within the one verse.

It is, however, generally more usual to hear sevenths sung flat in the upper octave and sharp in the lower octave. (Many such sharp sevenths in the lower octave occur as auxiliary notes between repetitions of the tonic.) I have noticed the same tendency with regard to minor and major thirds. Records B and C of No. 12 have occasional major thirds in the lower octave, but invariably minor thirds in the upper octave. The second phonograph record of No. 8 shows faint traces of a similar tendency. A striking example of this custom will be found in "The Banks of the Clyde" (*Folk-Song Journal*, No. 6, page 5).

For quick changes from sharp to flat sevenths, and *vice versa*, see No. 11, and record C of No. 12.

In songs in which flat and sharp sevenths occur at random, there are sometimes striking instances of the sharp seventh being preferred in downward cadences, while the flat seventh is chosen for upward passages. This is delightfully at variance with the usages of cultured music. For instances of this, see the setting of the words "Creature my two eyes did see," in verse four of No. 10, and of the words "Creature my eyes did e'er see," in verse four of No. 11, and similar passages in

\* Since writing the above Mr. Taylor has remembered nearly all the verses of No. 8, and seemed to me, contrary to my expectations, to adhere throughout to the mixture of modes present in the notation of the song in this Journal. (June 20th, 1908.)

verses five and eight of the same song. There are also some indications of this predilection in No. 9, and in verses four and five of No. 12.

Definite flat and sharp sevenths (but not *vice versa*) often occur consecutively, so as to form chromatic passages. Mr. Leaning sang me a version of "Old friend gardener and ploughman" in which the following phrase occurs distinctly no less than five times;



and I heard the same consecutive use of the flat and sharp seventh in a version of the same song sung to me in Gloucestershire. Possibly this use of the sharp seventh, as a passing note between the flat seventh and the tonic above it, is modern.

On several occasions other chromatic intervals have been distinctly sung to me by genuine folk-singers. A Norfolk man living in North Lincolnshire (Mr. Edgar Hyldon, of Barrow Haven) sung me the following corrupt version of "I'm seventeen come Sunday," the chromatics of which came out identically in two phonograph records:



See also verse 7 of No. 11

*I cannot recollect ever having come across a downward chromatic passage of any kind amongst folk-singers.* Alternate major and minor thirds sometimes follow very closely one upon the other, though I can recall no case of their doing so *consecutively*, so as to form chromatic passages.

Major thirds sometimes occur in preponderantly Dorian tunes as leading notes to the interval of the fourth (*see* Nos. 4, 6, 14, 15, and records B and C of No. 12.) The tendency to flatten the second of the scale, noticed by Mr. Sharp (*see English Folk-Song: some Conclusions*, p. 72), is instanced once in this *Journal*; at the end of verse one of No. 7. Sharp fourths do not seem to occur to any extent in modal tunes (*see*, however, the passage marked \*\* in No. 14), though they are not so uncommon in major tunes. *See*, for instance, No. 1, and verse five of the second phonograph record of No. 13.



It is noteworthy how seldom the sixth is dwelt upon, or attacked with a jump, in modal tunes. It will be interesting to see if the phonograph will record any instances of a definite tendency to alternate major and minor sixths (thus producing a mongrel Dorian and Æolian scale) to the extent to which a like tendency obtains with regard to major and minor thirds and sharp and flat sevenths.

A study of all the more lengthy songs that I have had time to note down carefully from my phonograph records, leads me to believe that the folk-singers whose songs I have recorded have seldom shown any trustworthy tendency to sing their songs *quite purely* in any mode, or even to keep predominantly to any one mode for any length of time, or in different performances of the same songs.

Are not we collectors—when our observations are not checked by some unbiased mechanical verdict—rather apt, maybe, to credit to folk-singers a more implicit adherence to one mode at a time than is actually their habit? (Much as a former generation of collectors read, willy-nilly, into traditional tunes the art-music scales to which alone they were then accustomed). And also, does not phonographic testimony to the extreme variability of folk-singers' thirds and sevenths, and the occasional slight variability of some of their other intervals, furnish some excuse for the well-worn tiresome pronouncement that queer folk-song intervals have their origin in "singing out of tune?" Of course, good folk-singers do nothing of the kind, according to their own lights. It is merely that in their modal singing the intervals of the third and seventh are mutable and vague, although the tonic, the second, the fourth, the fifth, and in most cases the sixth, are usually strikingly definite and well adhered to.

My conception of folk-scales, after a study of them in the phonograph, may be summed up as follows: that the singers from whom I have recorded do not seem to me to have sung in three different and distinct modes (Mixolydian, Dorian, Æolian), but to have rendered their modal songs in *one single loosely-knit modal folk-song scale*, embracing within itself the combined Mixolydian, Dorian, and Æolian characteristics, and generally consisting of:

Firstly—The *tonic, second, major and minor (or mutable) third, fourth, fifth, and flat seventh*—employed to form part of the bed-rock of tunes, besides acting as passing and auxiliary notes; often attacked with a jump, and dwelt upon (sustained). The interval of the *second* seems, however, to be much less often dwelt upon in modal tunes than the other above intervals.

Secondly—The *sixth*, which is generally major, though sometimes minor (and when acting as a quickly-moving passing or auxiliary note is often alternately either, or a blend of both), and the *sharp, or mutable, seventh*; which intervals do not, as a



rule, form part of the bed-rock of tunes, but act chiefly as passing and auxiliary notes, and are not usually dwelt upon, or attacked with a jump.

The combined intervals appear as follows :



This suggestion of a combined modal folk-scale, called forth by study of the evidence furnished solely by my own batch of phonograph records, is here put forward in all tentativeness, and mainly in the hope that it will arouse comparison, and find confirmation or refutation in the general phonographic experience of other collectors.

*[The Editing Committee, in considering Mr. Grainger's theories which are based on most careful observations, wish to point out that the general experience of collectors goes to show that English singers most rarely alter their mode in singing the same song. About the value of the phonograph as an aid to collecting there can be no doubt ; whether it is sufficiently perfect as yet to be preferred as a substitute for the human ear is still a disputable point. Similar careful records and analysis of the performances of trained singers and instrumentalists would therefore be of great value in helping to determine this.]*

## ORNAMENTS.

Besides such usual twiddles and arabesques as those in the opening bar of No. 6, in bar three of No. 10 (to the word "Lord"), in bar fifteen of No. 11, the bars marked (a) and (b) in No. 16, etc., the phonograph often reveals ornamental "bleatings," such as those marked (d) in No. 16. (See also those on the word "found" in No. 8, and in No. 11, verse eight, bar three). They are always boldly attacked (often being sung rather louder than the rest of the phrases in which they occur), and are, I am convinced, not merely the quaverings of old and shaky voices, but are introduced, like other ornaments, to give point and flourish.

Folk-singers do not seem to habitually introduce their ornaments at the same points, but rather to add them at will, without any set plan.

## DYNAMICS.

The folk-singers whom I have heard will practically never sing any one passage consistently loud throughout ; nor consistently very soft throughout, except when the passage lies very low for the voice. They make much use of accents of every degree of strength, which are seldom wholly absent from any of their phrases, and jut out strikingly (particularly in the case of a singer like Mr. Wray) from the average tone of the passages in which they occur. This average tone is often *p* or *mf*, but oftenest *mp*, and is of just that degree of power which the singer can sustain without effort. May this disinclination, on the part of folk-singers, to use their full vocal strength (except for sudden short accents) be one of the reasons why they so often preserve the freshness and true intonation of their voices up to such great ages ? The accents perhaps most often fall together with the rhythmic pulse ; but quite frequently they will occur chiefly on off-beats. See, for instance, verse three, and the beginning of verse five, of No. 11.

Chantymen, are, I think, more inclined to sing whole phrases with the full strength of the voice ; doubtless because they have been accustomed to make themselves heard above wind and weather. Folk-singers get far sharper contrasts between legato and staccato effects than do most art-singers. They have, as a rule, a very big range of staccato and half-staccato effects.

## DIALECT.

Dialect, not unnaturally, is richer in everyday speech than in folk-song singing. Folk-song words mostly come to peasant singers as it were "from without." They are handed down orally from past ages, or on ballad sheets, and are often full of phrases that singers repeat parrot-like without grasping their meaning.

They, therefore, are not inclined to introduce local dialect phrases into their songs, but keep, rather, to the usual English ballad vocabulary, even in the case of modern or locally-made words. It is a case of dialect pronunciation of ordinary English phrases, seldom more. Thus, it is my experience that a Lincolnshire man who can be relied upon to say "ligg" (lie) in his daily speech, will persistently sing "lay" (lie) in his songs. Further, in talking, the people of different districts may show a tendency to pitch the voice high or low, or a predilection for up or down cadences, etc., whereas in singing, the prescribed notes of tunes do not allow a display of these characteristics.

Many of the double-vowel sounds so peculiar to Lincolnshire speech disappear in singing. A man who will say: "he rō-ed (rode) far awā-ā," will most likely sing: "he rōde far awāy." Where dialect does not actually lessen in singing, it often alters considerably. Vowels that are short in speaking, naturally become long when sung to sustained notes. Thus "būt" spoken, will likely become "bōt" or "bōt" when sung to a long note. Similar adjustments take place with all vowel sounds. Certain traditions seem to be in force, causing alterations of vowel sounds according to whether they are sung short and unaccented, or long and accented. Thus I have noticed a general tendency (not, however, amounting to a rule) to sing "ī" to long or accented notes, and "ē" to short or unaccented notes, in the case of the vowel sound in the affix "ly," or in such words as "my," "thy," etc.

In No. 11 "thē" (thy) falls twice on short light notes in verse six, while "thy" occurs on a longer, heavier note in verse seven.

In No. 12 "mē" (my) is sung to a short note in verse three, while "my" in verses one, four and five, and ("bold)-li" in verses three and four fall on longer notes.

In No. 14 ("lov-e)-li" in verse two and ("ear)-li" in verses nine and ten occur on accented notes, while ("ear)-ly" is found to lighter notes in verses nine and ten. On the other hand, in No. 5 there is no sign of this custom in the use of "my" and "mē" (my), although both are present.

From what limited collecting I have done in counties other than Lincolnshire, it is evident to me how greatly richness of dialect varies in different localities. While songs, from parts of the country comparatively poor in dialect, might lose but little of their flavour if their words were noted in ordinary standard English, many of the songs that I have heard in Lincolnshire would, on the other hand, suffer almost as much, if deprived of their local pronunciation and added syllables, as would broad Scotch songs subjected to a similar treatment. I have never come across a song sung exclusively and uniformly in dialect. Different dialectic forms, and standard English pronunciations, all appear conjointly. Singers mix "man" and "mān," "rōde" and "rō-ed," etc., together in the same breath. Of course, practically all words in the mouths of country-side singers have a slightly richer tinge than obtains in cultured English pronunciation, but it is, alas, impossible to render all such phonetic subtleties by means of any practicable system of spelling or accents. As a rule the different vowel sounds are seldom kept quite distinct one from the other, a blend of two of them being more usual. Wherever such vowel-mixtures have been especially noticeable I have tried to render them by placing the two vowels of which they seemed to me to be a blend one above the other, as  $\frac{o}{\bar{o}}$ ,  $\frac{u}{\bar{u}}$ , etc. (*See Key*.)

## ADDED MEANINGLESS SYLLABLES.

The custom of adding meaningless syllables to words, in order to avoid singing one syllable to more than one note (mentioned by Mr. Sharp in *English Folk-Songs: some Conclusions*, page 109), is very generally prevalent amongst North Lincolnshire singers. I have met few who do not indulge in the practice to some extent, while many carry it to such amusing lengths as to make the words of their songs fairly unintelligible at first hearing. In extreme cases this habit becomes quite as drastic a phonetic modifier as broad dialect pronunciation. For instance: "For to crē-ūse in the chān-ni-del of old Eng-gē-land's fame," in No. 13.

The following are the chief modes of adding meaningless syllables that have come under my notice:

- (1). Inserting "de" before "l," "n," or "m," as: "âdel" (all), "aden" (an), "thedem" (them).
- (2). Inserting "é" between words and syllables, as: "baby it é was born," "sick-é-ness," etc.
- (3). Making an extra syllable of a final "n" or "m," as: "ma-n," "sô-m" (some).
- (4). Making a separate syllable of the first consonant of double-consonants, as: "cè-lothes," "fè-rom," "dē-gé-rees" (degrees).

A customary way of treating a short note, for which there is no separate syllable in the text, is to slur it quickly upward or downward to its next note (a longer one), pronouncing that next note's syllable to both notes, as, for instance:



## THE IMPRESS OF PERSONALITY IN TRADITIONAL SINGING.

In the last letter I received from Dr. Edvard Grieg, he wrote :

“ I have always found that they are mistaken who would divide the artist from the man ; on the contrary, the two are indissolubly wedded one to the other. In the man can be found the parallels of all the artist's traits—yes, even the most minute.” (Translation).

This seems to me to be no less true of folk-music than of any other art. However predominantly communal the broad evolution of folk-songs (and chanties ?) has been, and still is, there surely can be no question of the extreme individualism of the only tangible preservable manifestations of this evolution ; *i.e.* the different versions of different singers. Even if two singers' versions of the same tune tally fairly closely in the essentials of tune and text, the emotional and typical impressions that they create may differ startlingly one from the other ; each mirroring the personality of the singer. In most cases, however, the different versions of tunes differ not inconsiderably. Read, for instance, Mr. Sharp's account of “ Brennan on the Moor,” as heard by him at a village inn. (See *English Folk-Song : some Conclusions*, p. 19).

Some singers will, of course, pass on songs in almost exactly the form first learnt (amongst my singers, Mr. George Gouldthorpe seems to be an instance of this), but many characterize, vary, corrupt, and re-create them almost beyond recognition.

Gifted folk-song and chanty singers of exceptional temperament stand out as gloriously from their fellows of less attractive emotional fibre in this, as in any other branch of art and life ; and it is to such peasant and sailor talents that collectors need to go for valuable versions of heart-stirring grip.

Whilst some singers will invest all they touch with pathos and poetry, others will instil into their renderings a rare sweep and smack of freedom ; some will specialize beauty of vocal tone and melodic curve, while others again will sacrifice these qualities for the attainment of a high degree of characterisation, lively energy, or narrative interest, etc.

Behind all this variegated mass of personal characteristics the collector, and the student of accurately noted variants, may feel the throb of the communal pulse, but each single manifestation of it is none the less highly individualistic and circumscribed by the temperamental limitations of each singer.

It is with a consciousness of the extent to which the collector is dependent upon the talent of the individuals from whom he notes, and of the big debt of thankfulness due from lovers of folk-music to all such singers as enrich the traditional art of our races, by the infusion into it of the charm of their sweet, pure, quaint, breezy, lovable personalities, that I venture to give the following sketches of the characteristics of the three men who have sung both best, and most, to me.

MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR, OF SAXBY-ALL-SAINTS, NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE,

Is bailiff on a big estate, having formerly been estate woodman and carpenter. Though his age is seventy-five (in 1908) his looks are those of middle-age, while his flowing, ringing tenor voice is well nigh as fresh as that of his son, who has repeatedly won the first prize for tenor solo at the North Lincolnshire musical competitions. He has sung in the choir of Saxby-All-Saints Church for forty-five years. He is a courteous, genial, typical English countryman, and a perfect artist in the purest possible style of folk-song singing. Though his memory for words is not uncommonly good, his mind is a seemingly unlimited storehouse of melodies, which he swiftly recalls at the merest mention of their titles; and his versions are generally distinguished by the beauty of their melodic curves and the symmetry of their construction. He relies more on purely vocal effects than almost any folk-singer I have come across. His dialect and his treatment of narrative points are not so exceptional; but his effortless high notes, sturdy rhythms, clean unmistakable intervals, and his twiddles and "bleating" ornaments (invariably executed with unflinching grace and neatness) are irresistible. He most intelligently realizes just what sort of songs collectors are after, distinguishes surprisingly between genuine traditional tunes and other ditties, and is, in every way, a marvel of helpfulness and kindliness. Nothing could be more refreshing than his hale countrified looks and the happy lilt of his cheery voice.

MR. GEORGE GOULDTHORPE

Was born at Barrow-on-Humber, North Lincolnshire. His age is sixty-eight. He was a lime-burner. His personality, looks, and art are a curious blend of sweetness and grim pathos. Though his face and figure are gaunt and sharp cornered, and his singing voice somewhat grating, he yet contrives to breathe a spirit of almost

caressing tenderness into all he does, says, or sings; even if a hint of tragic undercurrent be ever present also. A life of drudgery, ending, in old age, in want and hardship, has not shorn his manners of a degree of humble nobility and dignity, exceptional even among English peasants; nor can any situation rob him of his refreshing (unconscious) Lincolnshire independence. His child-like mind, and his unworldly nature, seemingly void of all bitterness, singularly fit him to voice the purity and sweetness of folk-art. He gives out his tunes in all possible gauntness and barrenness, for the most part in broad, even notes; eschewing the rhythmic contrasts, ornaments, twiddles, slides, and added syllables that most North Lincolnshire singers revel in. His charm lies in the simplicity of his versions, and the richness of his dialect, which he does not eliminate from his songs to the extent that most singers do, while in his every-day speech it might be hard to beat.

He and his brother, William Gouldthorpe, have their songs from their father, learning them at evening on his knees, in early childhood. It would seem to be the father (still much remembered as a great songster) who has stamped the Gouldthorpe trade-mark upon the songs; for the singing of his sons is so alike as to suggest their being contributors almost solely to the "continuity" phase of folk-song evolution (to use Mr. Sharp's phrases).

#### MR. GEORGE WRAY, OF BARTON-ON-HUMBER, NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE,

Has a worldlier, tougher, and more prosperously coloured personality. He was born at Barrow-on-Humber, and was eighty years old when he sang to me in 1906. From the age of eight to seventeen he worked in a brickyard, after which he went to sea as cook and steward, learning some of his songs aboard ship. After that he again worked at a brickyard for forty years; and, later on again, he sold coals, taking them to Barton, Barrow, Goxhill, etc., in his own ship, and also carrying them round on his back (in "scuttles"), as much as twenty tons a day. He carried coals till he was aged seventy-three, and then he "give over." Now, in his old age, he enjoys independence, and says: "And thā (they) sā (say) a poor mǎn hās'n't a chance." He used to be a great dancer. He took a prize (a fine silver pencil) for dancing, at Barton, at the age of fifty-four; performing to the accompaniment of a fiddle, which he considers "better than anything to dance to." His brother (now dead) was a left-handed fiddler, and played much at country dances in the Brigg neighbourhood, learning all his tunes by ear, as he could not read music. He considers folk-song singing to have been destroyed by the habit of singing in church and chapel choirs, and waxes hot on this subject, and on the evils resultant upon singing to the accom-

paniment of the piano. He is convinced that people might all keep their vigour as late in life as he, if they did not overfeed.

A consciousness of snug, self-earned success underlies the jaunty contentment and skittishness that tinge all his renderings. His art shares the restless energy of his life. His style is more a triumph of personal characteristics than of abstract beauty. Many of his tunes are fairly commonplace, as, for instance, No. 13; but he manages, by means of all kinds of swift touches of swagger, heaps of added meaningless syllables, queer, hollow vowel-sounds (doubtless owing to his lack of teeth), and a jovial, jogging persistency to invest his singing with a neverfailingy amusing quaintness. He uses his low voice mainly for pattering, bubbling, jerky, restless, and briskly energetic effects, only using anything approaching its full strength in quick accents, or for occasional high, long-held notes, or for sudden dramatic attacks (such as "I would give it all," in verse five of No. 11).

I have previously referred to the consistent uniformity of many of his rhythmic irregularities (*see* p. 155). He sometimes indulges in that habit, mentioned by Mr. Sharp, on p. 20 of *English Folk-Songs: some Conclusions*, of singing, after the first verse, the second half only of a tune.

He has a grand memory for the words of his songs. The sixteen songs he sang to me contain ninety-four fully and effortlessly remembered verses, and I do not doubt but that this is only a portion of his complete repertory.



## SIGNS AND ACCENTS USED IN THIS JOURNAL.

I have chosen to indicate dialect pronunciations by means of accents over vowels, rather than by "spelling out," because of the greater uniformity and phonetic exactness of the first-named method, and in the hope that it will present a less disturbing picture to the eye than a series of unfamiliar spellings.

The phonetic vowel-accents used are those of "The Century Dictionary" (which seem to me to allow the maximum retention of the standard spelling), and are as follows :

### KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a = a . . .	as in fat.	o = o . . .	as in not.
â = a . . .	„ ask.	ô = o . . .	„ note.
ä = a . . .	„ far.	ö = o . . .	„ move.
ā = a . . .	„ fate.	ô = o . . .	„ nor.
ã = a . . .	„ fare.		
â = a . . .	„ fall.	u = u . . .	„ tub.
		û = u . . .	„ pull.
e = e . . .	„ met.	ũ = u . . .	„ mute.
ê = e . . .	„ meet.	ü = German ü	„ Güte.
é = e . . .	„ her.		
i = i . . .	„ pin.	oi = oi . . .	„ oil.
ī = i . . .	„ pine.	ou = ou . . .	„ pound.

To these are added :

ṛ = burred r,

and the following duplicatory accents (introduced to permit a still further retention of the standard spelling) :

ó, and óu = ü.

óó = ö.

ây = ä.

All accents apply to the letters *beneath* them, except *r*.

The standard English pronunciation obtains in all words ordinarily spelt and printed.

Accents affect only the letters beneath or above them. The standard English pronunciation therefore obtains in *all portions of words* ordinarily spelt and printed. Thus: "hōses" (houses) should be pronounced "hōzez" (so as to rhyme with "oozes"), not like "who says;" "Tālk" should be pronounced with the "l" mute, so as to rhyme with "park," etc.

Unaccented letters *printed in italics*, forming part of words otherwise ordinarily spelt and printed, are to be sounded according to the key, *not* according to the standard English pronunciation (the standard pronunciation obtaining, however, in the ordinarily printed parts of these words).

Thus: "father" should rhyme with "lather," not with "rather."

"Wounded" ,, ,, "founded," ,, "soon dead."

"Was" ,, ,, "has," ,, "Boz."

"Talking" should sound like "tall king," not rhyme with "Dorking."

Where two vowels (accented or unaccented) are printed one above the other, a blend of both sounds is intended.

Thus:             $\begin{smallmatrix} u \\ o \end{smallmatrix}$  is to sound like a blend of the vowel-sounds in "not" and "nut."

$\begin{smallmatrix} \hat{o} \\ o \end{smallmatrix}$             "            "            "            "            "odd" and "Maud."

$\begin{smallmatrix} \bar{e} \\ \bar{a} \end{smallmatrix}$             "            "            "            "            "grade" and "greed."

The vowel sound in "gr $\begin{smallmatrix} \bar{o} \\ u \end{smallmatrix}$ nd" is to sound like a blend of the vowel sounds in "ground" and "grown."

                 ,,            ,,            "i $\begin{smallmatrix} \hat{o} \\ o \end{smallmatrix}$ ve"            do.            do.            do.            "dove" and "law."

A bracketed word following a dialect word gives the latter's standard English equivalent, as: dā-ā (day).

Encircled numbers are verse-numbers, as: (2).

Words, notes, or accidentals bracketed with a question mark are faint or indistinct in the phonograph record, as: (who) (♯) (♯)

All songs in this *Journal* that are noted down from phonograph records are marked to that effect.

## MUSICAL SIGNS.

' (above the stave) = breathing mark.

; (        „        ) = a slight gap in the rhythmic continuity, often occasioned by the taking of breath.

— = stress, or slight accent.

> = greater accent.

*sf* = very great accent.

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I wish here to heartily thank Lady Winefride Cary-Elwes for facilitating the collecting of folk-songs in North Lincolnshire by kindling enthusiasm for traditional singing within the Brigg neighbourhood, and by her splendid discovery of old singers.

PERCY GRAINGER.

CHELSEA,

*May, 1908.*

# 1.—SIX DUKES WENT A-FISHIN'.

Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE GOULDTHORPE,  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, JULY 28TH, 1906.

Sung in (starting and ending on) F#. M.M. ♩ = about 96. The notes somewhat detached, and with slight stress on nearly every beat.



(1) Six Dukes went ā - fish - in' Down by yon sē - ā - side; Wōn (one) of



them spied a dead bo - dy Lain by the wā - ter - side. (2) They



one said to ich(each) ō - ther, Thē - ese words I've heard them say; "It's the



Roy - al Duke of Grant-ham What the tide has wshed a - wāy." (3) Thā (they)



took him ūp to Ports-mōth, To a plāce where he was known; From



there ūp to Lon - don To the plāce where he was born. (4) Thāā (they)

took ȳt (out) his bow - ils, (bowels) And stretched out his feet, And they

balm - ed his bo - dy With ro - sis sē (so) sweet. (5) Six

Dukes stood be - fore 'im, Twelve rāzd (raised) him from the groun' ; Nine

Lords fol - lēr'd āf - t'r'im (after him) In thēr (their) black mourn - in' gown.

(6) Black was their mou - r - nin' And white was their wand, And sē (so)

yal - lēr was the flām - boys What they cār - ried in thēr 'and. (7) He

nō (now) lies be - twixt two tō - wers, He nō (now) lies in cold clāy, When the

Roy - al Queen of Grāt - ham Went weep - in' a - wāy.

When singing this song to me on September 4th, 1905, and on several other occasions, Mr. Gouldthorpe sang  $C\sharp$  (as in verse one of the above), in place of the  $C\sharp$ 's marked \*. However, in another phonograph record taken on July 28th, 1906, (and practically identical in all details with that here given), the  $C\sharp$ 's occur as above.

Mr. Gouldthorpe also repeatedly sang the C's as above when performing away from the phonograph. The words of verses five and six were first noted by Miss Lucy E. Broadwood, at Brigg, on May 7th, 1906.

I have not yet succeeded in finding this song anywhere except in the near neighbourhood of Brigg and Barrow-on-Humber. The pauses between most of the verses are of uniform length.—P. G.—20/6/08

## 2.—SIX DUKES WENT A-FISHIN'.

SECOND VERSION.

Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH LEANING,

AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, AUGUST 4TH, 1906.

Sung in E $\flat$ . M.M.  $\text{♩}$  = about 80.



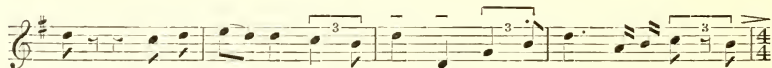
(1) There was six Dukes went a - fish - in' Down by yon riv-er



side, When they saw ā dead bo - dy Go - in' floa - ti-din' (floating) with the



tide. (2) They one sez (says) to each o - ther, As I've heard them



say: "It's thē Roy - al Duke of Grant-ham Which the tide has ē washed ā -



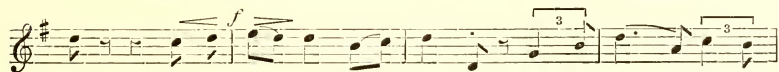
- way." (3) They took him to Ports - ē - mouth, A plāce ē where he was



known; They con - veyed hi - m up to Lon - don Thē pē - lāce where he was



born. (4) They took out his bo - wels, They stretched out his



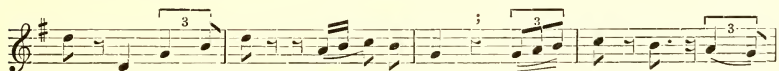
feet, They a - dor - ned his bo - dy With the ro - ses se(so)



sweet. (5) There e was six Dukes walked be - fo - re him, Six



raizd (raised) him fe - rom the groun', And te - welve Lords fol - ler'd



af - ter In their black mourn - in' gown. (6) O black was their



mou - rn - nin' And white e was their wand, And e yal - low was the



flam - boys That they car - ried in their hand. (7) Be - te -



- wixt yon two tou - wers His bo - dy's e now



(lain ?) \* When the Roy - al Queen of Grant-ham Went a - weep - in' a - way.

\* or "lays," or "lay"?

### 3.—THREE DUKES WENT A-FISHIN'.

THIRD VERSION.

Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. DEAN ROBINSON,  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, JULY 26TH, 1906.

Sung in E $\flat$ . M.M.  $\text{♩}$  = about 152. *Very jerkily.*

Three Dukes went ā - fish in' Down.....

by the sea - sā - ēd, (side) And they spied a dead

bo - dy Cōme a - rol - ling with the tide. etc.

The rest of Mr. Dean Robinson's words do not differ materially from those of the two foregoing versions, except the last verses, which run :

Then black was their mournin',  
And two coffins made sound,  
And lang was the pall  
They trailed over the groun'.

He lies in two coffins,  
And he lies in blē-ō (blue) clay,  
And the Royal Queen of Grantham  
Went weeping awāy.

P. G.

On first hearing this ballad two years ago, I was struck by its sincerity, and, believing that it deals with some historical event, I have tried to identify the event ; and here submit the results of my search for what they are worth. Of the numberless collections of broadside ballads extant, few have any kind of index, and for research work many therefore remain practically useless. The "Six Dukes" ballad may yet be found preserved in some form which will throw new light upon its historical import. Any information which readers can contribute on the subject will be gratefully welcomed.



So far as I can ascertain at present, there are, besides the traditional Lincolnshire versions here given, which we will call A, only two other recorded versions: B and C. B was contributed to *Longman's Magazine* xvii, 217 (1890) by a lady who noted it from the singing of a labourer in Suffolk, without the "very good tune" to which he sang it. This version has eight stanzas, the first and second running: (1) "Six lords went a-hunting down by the seaside, And they spied a dead body washed away by the tide. (2) Said one to the other, as I've heard them say, 'Tis the famous Duke of Bedford, by the tide washed away." The third, fourth and fifth verses, are very similar to those of A, No. 1, except that Portsmouth is "the place where he was born." The sixth verse has only one line remembered: "And the Royal Princess Mary went weeping away." The seventh verse corresponds in the main with the sixth of A, No. 1, and verse eight describes the noise of drums, trumpets and guns as they "put him in the ground." In *Longman's Magazine*, Mr. Andrew Lang invited suggestions as to who this drowned Duke could be. Later, Professor Child reprinted the ballad as a note upon "The Death of Queen Jane," observing that *one half seemed a plagiarism upon that old ballad*, and that the remainder of "The Duke of Bedford" was so "trivial" that he had not attempted to identify this Duke, "any other Duke would probably answer as well."

C, the last version, is in the *Ballad's Society's* edition of the Roxburghe Ballads, (part xv, vol. v, 1885). It was contributed by the then editor, the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth,\* as a note on the Duke of Grafton, son of Charles II. The editor states that he learnt this "very rare ballad" first "from his father, to whom it had been sung by his (sic) centenarian grandmother"; and he refers also to possessing "a rough reprinted copy, a stall version, issued so late as 1738." I regret, that through ill-health, Mr. Ebsworth was unable to answer my enquiries, or to throw more light upon his traditional ballad which is here quoted:

### THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

As two men were a-walking, down by the sea-side,  
O! the brave Duke of Grafton, they straightway espied,  
Said the one to the other, and thus they did say,  
"It is the brave Duke of Grafton that is now cast away."

They brought him to Portsmouth, his fame to make known,  
And from thence to fair London, so near to the crown.  
They pulled out his bowels, and they stretched forth his feet,  
They embalmed his body with spices so sweet.

\* Recently deceased.

All things were made ready, his funeral for to be,  
Where the royal Queen Mary came there for to see,  
Six Lords went before him, six bore him from the ground,  
Six Dukes walk'd before him in black velvet gowns.

So black was their mourning, so white were their hands !  
So yellow were their flamboys they carried in their hands !  
The drums they did rattle, the trumpets sweetly sound,  
While the muskets and cannons did thunder all around.

In Westminster-Abbey 'tis now call'd by name,  
There the great Duke of Grafton does lie in great fame ;  
In Westminster-Abbey he lies in cold day,  
Where the royal Queen Mary went weeping away.

The most important difference of version C lies in the first two verses.

After a fruitless hunt in available peerages, I one day quoted " the Six Dukes " ballad to Miss Charlotte Burne, who suggested that it might well apply to William De La Pole, Duke of Suffolk. Having followed Miss Burne's clue, through many chronicles and detailed accounts of De La Pole, I feel that it has a very strong claim to be thought the right one ; and the importance of this particular song becomes manifestly great when considered as the traditional survival of a ballad made 458 years ago.

For convenience a short summary of De La Pole's history is here given, in which points, carefully verified, are set down as explaining the ballad.

William De La Pole, 1st Duke of Suffolk, was born in that county (1396). He owned much property in Suffolk, Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire. His ancestors were merchant-princes in Hull already in 1296, and his was the first family of merchants to become founders of a great noble English house. By his marriage with the widowed Countess of Salisbury he became connected with the royal Beauforts. He fought with Bedford successfully against the French. Being sent as ambassador to arrange the marriage of Henry VI with Margaret of Anjou, he incurred the deadly hatred of many of his countrymen by restoring England's cherished foreign acquisitions of Maine and Anjou to Margaret's father. He was betrothed to Margaret as the King's proxy, and upon this Hall, Holinshed and other chroniclers based their vile accusations concerning the Queen and Suffolk, which, perpetuated by Shakespeare, have since been wholly refuted by modern and impartial historians. Suffolk became the beloved friend and adviser of Henry and Margaret, and the rival for life of the King's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. The great nobles, alarmed at his

political power and his wealth, raised vague accusations against Suffolk of his being party to Gloucester's death, and of conspiring to obtain the throne for his son (married to a royal princess, and whose son became Earl of Lincoln).

The King contrived that his friend should absent himself abroad for a few years. In the year 1450, Suffolk set out for France, on board the Duke of Exeter's ship. His enemies seized him, and without trial hurried him into a little boat, where he was beheaded with a rusty sword. His body was flung upon the sea shore near Dover, where it was found by his chaplain—according to one contemporary. The news was sent by friends to the King, who ordered the body to be brought to London, there to receive funeral honours of the most unusual magnificence. He was buried in Suffolk, "the place where he was born," and lies in Wingfield church, built by his ancestor. Stow differs from other chroniclers by stating that he was buried at Hull\*. Contemporary lampoons and songs on Suffolk exist in abundance (see *Political Poems and Songs*, ii, 222—34, and Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1792), but amongst them there is none more striking than a lengthy satire on his funeral, in which the extraordinary number of spiritual and temporal peers who assisted is turned into ridicule, and which forms a sort of spiteful parallel to the ballads here given. Suffolk's home, Wingfield Castle, still stands. Conspicuous is its noble gate-house, built by his grandfather Michael De La Pole. This is flanked by two great towers, and though Westminster Abbey may be the two-towered building mentioned in the ballad, it is not impossible that the gate-house of Wingfield Castle is intended, seeing that it would afford a natural lych-gate at the solemn home-bringing of the dead owner.

Whatever may be thought of the claims put forward so far, it is a remarkable fact that this ballad survives in traditional form amongst the simple folk of Suffolk, and North Lincolnshire (more especially in the immediate neighbourhood of Hull), where the Duke of Suffolk was beloved, and had his staunchest supporters. The adjective "royal" in the Lincolnshire version is absent from B and C. If "The Duke of Grantham" be "The Duke of Suffolk," indeed, the Lincolnshire word merely voices the popular idea that William de la Pole, allied twice by marriage ties with the royal family, was himself royal. Shakespeare may have shared the idea, for he makes Suffolk say to the captain, one of his murderers, "King Henry's blood, the honourable blood of Lancaster, must not be shed by such a jaded groom." (*Henry VI*, act iv, scene 1). The simple brevity of "The Royal Queen went weeping away,"

\* Miss Gilchrist's ancient peerage the "Catalogue of Honour" (1610) states that he was buried "in the Carthusian Friars, at Hull," and his son at Wingfield. Perhaps the body was removed later, supposing the peerage and Stow to be correct.

is as fine in its dramatic effect as is the long scene in which Shakespeare depicts her as lamenting over the head of Suffolk.

Mr. Ebsworth's version, C, remains yet to be considered. By a curious coincidence the ballad seems, in part, applicable to the Duke of Grafton also. The son of Charles II, he volunteered under Marlborough in Ireland, espousing the cause of William of Orange against his uncle James. In 1690 he was with four regiments who waded in a marsh "up to their arm-pits" to storm the walls of Cork. He was there shot, and carried into the city, where, after a fortnight, he died. "His bowels were buried" in Ireland, and his body was taken to London and buried at Euston in Suffolk, the property of his wife, heiress to Lord Arlington. In the Ebsworth version it is left uncertain whether "the Duke" is washed up dead by the sea or not, whereas versions A and B are explicit. "Queen Mary" would correctly apply to James' daughter, crowned in 1689. In version C she is "The Royal Princess Mary," and in A "The Royal Queen of Grantham" who I think may be "Queen Margaret." It is worth mentioning that Michael de la Pole had in the year 1354 "demesne lands of Grafton" amongst other property in Yorkshire. The illiterate country singer will invariably substitute local names for names which convey nothing to his mind. A Sussex man would have sung of "the Duke of Norfolk" or "the Duke of Horsham," most probably; so a "Duke" and even a "Queen" of Grantham need not surprise us; nor need we assume that "Grantham" is a corruption of "Grafton." In Child's *Ballads* three traditional versions of "The Death of Queen Jane" have verses very similar to the fifth and sixth verses of "The Six Dukes," A, No. 1, and to the last verse of "The Duke of Grafton;" and "The Royal King Henry came weeping away" appears in the ballad. It is possible that our Lincolnshire and Suffolk ballad may be the oldest of all, that it was adapted by ballad-makers at the time of Jane Seymour's death, and that possibly it was again adapted to record the death of the Duke of Grafton. The language of the ballad is certainly far older than the time of William and Mary.

Mr. Gouldthorpe's fifth and sixth verses appeared with dramatic suddenness. He had many times sung the song without them, asserting that the ballad was complete. The excitement of singing in the folk-song competition at Brigg must have set his sub-conscious memory to work, and on the concert platform he quite naturally included the forgotten stanzas, to his own utter amazement, for he had not thought of them for forty years, he was sure! It is noteworthy that Mr. Gouldthorpe had no idea of what "a flamboy" means. He had learnt his song from his father who lived within six miles of Hull.—L. E. B.

Since the foregoing was written I have found the following broadside in the British Museum [1876, f. 1], which was licensed 1690. I give the first three stanzas and the fifth; the fourth [beginning "Besides the whole nation did seem"] and the sixth and last [beginning "His brave Noble Men with King William"] are incomplete, owing to the broadside being torn, but they are in high-flown seventeenth-century language utterly unlike that of the versions A and B.

*The Noble Funeral of the Renowned Champion the Duke of Grafton who was slain at the Siege of Cork, and Royally Interred in Westminster Abbey. To the Tune of, Fond Boy: or, Loves a sweet Passion. (Printed for Charles Bates at the Sun and Bible in Py-Corner).*

1. As two men was walking down by the sea-side,  
And the rare (*sic*) D. of Grafton was shot in his side  
They stepped unto him, and thus they did say,  
Oh the rare D of Grafton is now cast away :  
They sent him to Portsmouth, with Royal Renown,  
And from thence to fair London, being near the crown.
2. (*sic*) they divided his bowels, and laid at his feet,  
Whilst they imbalmed his body with spices so sweet,  
Six weeks together they kept him from the clay,  
While the Nobles appointed his Funeral day,  
Twelve Lords went before him, six bore him to th' ground  
While the Drums and the trumpets did solemnly sound.
3. in Westminster-Abbey its now call'd by name,  
the Rare Duke of Grafton was bury'd in Fame.  
they sighed and sobbed, and spent their whole day,  
While our Gracious Queen Mary came weeping away.  
When the rare Duke of Grafton lay deep in the clay,  
then his souldiers went wandering every way.  
. . . . .
5. But Death, that grim King now hath took him away,  
(And left us in sorrow and sadness this day)  
And sent him a while for to lye in the dust,  
till Angels shall place him with Saints 'mongest  
then let the brave Actions and Deeds be extol'd  
Of the stout Duke of Grafton that Champion bold.  
. . . . .

L. E. B.

# 4.—THE "RAINBOW."

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE R. ORTON,

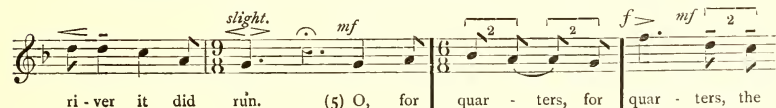
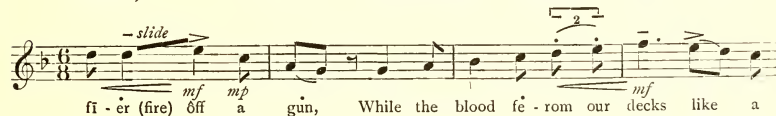
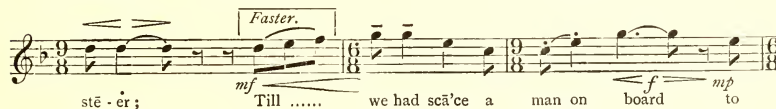
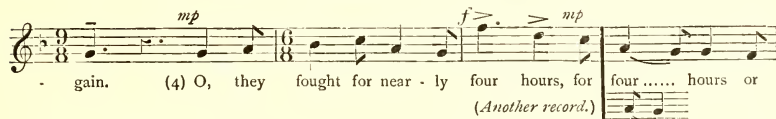
Photographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, AUG. 4TH, 1906.

Sung in F  $\sharp$ . M.M.  $\text{♩}$  about 92. *The first verse sung with a certain lazy ease.*

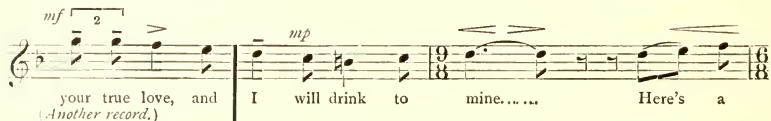
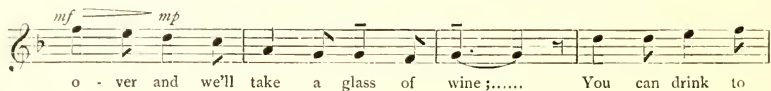
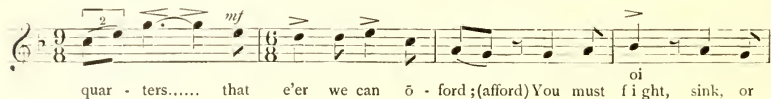
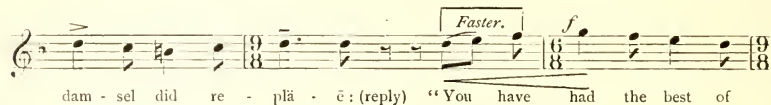
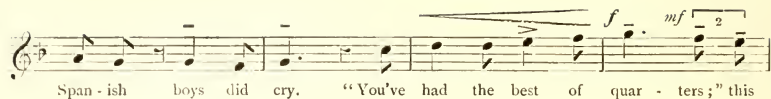
(1) O as we were a - sail - in' down by the Span - ish  
 shore, Where the drums they did beat and the large can-nons did  
 roar ; There we spied a lōf - ty ar - my go  
 bear - in' o - ver the main, O, which caus - es us to  
 hoist up ou - er top - most sail a - gain. (2) Our  
 cap - tain says ; " be rea - dy, O ; " he says ; " mē(my) boys, stand  
 true..... To face the Span - ish ar - my we late - ly did pur -  
 - sö ; (pursue) O to face the Span - ish ar - my lay 'long the o - cean  
 wide, And with - out a good pro - tec - tion, boys, we'll take the first broad -

*mp*, *f*, *mf*, *slide*, *slight*, *mf*, *f*, *mf*, *mp*



(Another record.)







When singing to me at Barrow Haven on July 27th, 1906, Mr. Orton almost invariably sang B $\flat$  (instead of A as in the above) as the initial note of the third bar of the tune. Mr. Orton is a fine singer, and he instilled a rare spirit of freedom and breeziness into his rendering of this song. He is a Norfolk man (born at Beeston, Market Dereham), and learnt "The Rainbow" from a Mr. Tom King, also a Norfolk man, at Hull.

See *Traditional Tunes*, p. 99, and "As we were a-sailing" in *A Sailor's Garland*, p. 292. Compare this tune, and tunes Nos. 5 and 6, with the following airs in *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8; Nos. 21 (both versions), 28, 31, and 36. Also with *Petrie Collection*, No. 516. More particularly compare Nos. 4, 5, and 6 of this *Journal* with Nos. 36, 31, and 28 of *Journal* No. 8, respectively. This family group of tunes seems to me to show particularly interesting processes and stages of variation.—P. G.

Versions of this ballad have been noted in Dorsetshire by Mr. H. E. D. Hammond, to variants of the familiar major tune "The Banks of Sweet Dundee."—L. E. B.

I noted down in Somerset—also in August, 1906—a version of this ballad to a major form of the tune given above. The words of this version are more or less like Mr. Orton's, except that it contains an additional verse at the end. In the first stanza I noted down "Admiral's Ship" for "Lofty Army" (Mr. Kidson gives "Lofty Enemies"); in the fifth verse the vessel is styled *The Britannio*, and in the last *The Union*—there is no mention of the *Rainbow*.—C. J. S.

A version of the words was noted in Sussex from Mr. Verrall to the same tune as the "Jolly Thresherman" (see *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 198)—R. V. W.

As Mr. Grainger points out, I gave a Yorkshire version of his song in my *Traditional Tunes*, 1891. Since these tunes I have heard a complete version from a Worcestershire man, and found other copies in print—as "The Female Captain, a new song." There is a ballad-sheet copy (no printer's name) in my collection. In this the name of the ship is *The Union*, and the enemy is the French. In Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, Vol. ii, p. 176, there is a Scottish version called "The Bold Damosel." I also find a copy in a little book, *The American Songster* (1538), called "The Female Warrior," where the name of the ship is, again, *The Union*.—

F. K.

# 5.—THE NORTH-COUNTRY MAID.

SECOND VERSION OF THE TUNE OF NO. 4.

Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH LEANING,  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, AUG. 4TH, 1906.

Sung in F, & in D. M.M.  $\text{♩} = \text{about } 96.$

*mp* *p* *slight.* *mp* *p* *clingingly.* *mp*

(1) O my love she was born in the North Coun - try wide, Where  
'ills and lof - ty moun - tains sur - round - ed e - ve - ry side; She's  
teeth as white as i - vo - ry, she's eyes as black as a sloe, And she's  
wound - ed my poor heart then where e - ver she go. (2) My  
par - ents se - pa - rat - ed me so far from my dear, Which  
caus - ed me to sigh and shed me - de - nē (many) a tear; For in  
sleep - ing I do mourn and in wak - in' I do cry, And it's

all for the sake of mē (my) dar - ling I die. (3) My hand..

..... is scarce a - ble my pen for to 'old,..... To

write (c) my lôve let - ters and priz - es of gold. (4) Go and

sad - dle me my horse that I mǎy go ride O - ver

'ills and lof - ty moun - tains sur - rōnd - ed e - ve - ry side ; O - ver

'ills and lof - ty moun - tains I wan - der a - dend (and) I roam In re -

quest of mē (my) Pol - ly, mē own coun - try's lôve.

I often find it very hard to determine upon the exact pitch of the interval of the third in Mr. Leaning's singing, in this and in other of his songs. Nevertheless the B's marked (♯?) sound to me distinctly higher than the minor third.

Mr. Leaning sang this song with great lilt, and in parts with striking expressiveness. It is noteworthy, that for his most pathetic moments ("darling, I die," in verse two, and "mē own country's lôve" in verse four) he has chosen the sharp third, while the minor third is used with a merry swing in the same verses (for the words:

“wakin’ I do cry,” and “wander adend I roam.”) He gets charming contrasts between half-staccato passages and phrases sung with clinging tone.

For a variant of the same song, entitled “Oh, my love, she was born in the North Country wide,” see *Petrie Collection*, No. 516. See notes to No. 4.—P. G.

The words of the last half of the first verse appear in a number of traditional ballads; and also in “Bristol City,” which was not claimed as traditional by the editors who included it in *English County Songs*, but which has since 1893 been found in greatly varying forms, not only on broadsides of the 17th century and onwards, but also in so many different shapes, amongst illiterate singers, that its claim to be considered “traditional” is really fairly strong after all.—L. E. B.

## 6.—RUFFORD PARK POACHERS.

THIRD VERSION OF THE TUNE OF NO. 4.

Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR,  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, AUG. 4TH, 1906.

Sung in F $\sharp$  M.M. — about 160. *With well-sustained rich vocal tone.*

(1) They ..... say that for - ty gal lant poach - ers there was .. ,

mess ; They 'ad of - ten been at - tac - ted when the nũm - ber it was

less. (CHORUS.) So poach - er bold, as... I ún - fold, keep up your gal-lant

heart, And think a - bout those poa - chẽ - rs bold, that

night at Rö-fut (Kufford) Park. (2) A. buck or doe, be -

lieve it so, a pheas-ant or an 'are Was sent on earth for ....

ev-'ry one quite e-qual for to share. (CHORUS.) So poach-er bold, as.....

I ün-fold, keep üp your gal-lant heart, And think a-bout those

poa-chè-rs bold, that night in Rö-fut Park.

- (3) The keepers they begun the fight  
 With stones and with their flails,  
 But when the poachers they started to fight  
 They quickly turned their tails.

The next verse, of which Mr. Taylor cannot remember the form, tells of a head-keeper, named Roberts, being killed. Mr. Taylor says the song is founded on fact. See notes to No. 4.—P. G.

*Cf.* the tune of "The Jolly Thresherman," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 198; and also "The Northamptonshire Poacher," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, No. 3, p. 118, the tune of which is like the above, though the words have only the subject of poaching in common. "The Painful Plough" is commonly sung to variants of a similar tune, which is also known as "The Manchester Angel."—

L. E. B.

The bars of  $\frac{5}{8}$ -time are probably due to an exaggerated accent being put on the third note of a bar of  $\frac{3}{4}$ -time. The bars of  $\frac{3}{4}$ -time are clearly uniform in design with these, and the whole tune points to a perfectly regular original in  $\frac{3}{4}$ -time.—

J. A. F. M.

# 7.—I WISH MY BABY IT WAS BORN.

(DIED FOR LOVE.)

Collected by Miss Lucy E. Broadwood and Percy Grainger,  
at Brigg, May 7th, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR,  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, JULY 28TH, 1906.

The below phonographed (July 28th, 1906) and noted by Percy Grainger.

Sung in E. M.M. ♩ = about 160. With great lilt.

(1) I wish my ba - by it e was born, Ly - in'

smil - in' on ..... its fath - er's knee, A-dend (and)

I was dead and in my grave,..... And green..... grass

grow - in' all o - ver me. (2) Dig me ..... my

grave long, wide and deep, Put a mar - bil stone at my

head and feet;..... But a tur - tle white dove..... put

o - ver a book For to let the world know that I died..... for love.

For references to other versions, words and tunes, see "In Jessie's City," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 8, p. 159, and notes. The ballad, in widely varying forms,

seems one of the most popular amongst country singers. The above Dorian air has some likeness to "The song of Agincourt."—L. E. B.

*Cf.* the tunes of "Henry Martin" and "Brimbledon Fair," in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, Nos. 30 and 78.—C. J. S.

The first four bars of this beautiful tune are curiously like the opening phrase of the tune to Psalm lxxx in the Scottish Psalter of 1635 (a tune which the modern editor of the Psalter, the Rev. Dr. Livingston, says cannot be traced in any earlier psalter, and is presumably of Scottish origin). *Cf.* also with Dr. Vaughan Williams' Northumbrian "Psalm-tune" *Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10, p. 45.—A. G. G.

*Cf.* the first verse with one in "Waly, Waly," Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, No. 158.—F. K.

## 8.—THE WHITE HARE.

*Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.*

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR,  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, JULY 28TH, 1906.

Sung in D. M.M. ♩ = about 88. *With much swing, and even tone.*

*mf* *slide.* (♯?)

They..... went to the place where the white hare used to

*Another record.*

lie, They un - cou - pel - ed (uncoupled) their beag - les and be -

- gin - nin' for to try; They un - cou - pel - ed their

beag - les and they bâte (beat) the bush - es round, Bût ne - ver was a



In a second phonograph record the notes marked \* sound very like F♯.

Mr. Taylor sometimes sings D♯ or D♭ in place of the note marked \*. He could remember no other verses.\* See *Traditional Tunes*, p. 140.—P. G.

The modal uniformity, which is usually characteristic of Mixolydian-Dorian tunes, seems in this case to be lacking. The first phrases are pure Dorian, and the remaining ones equally pure Mixolydian—nothing could be more characteristic of the latter mode than the pause and rhythmical point on the flattened-seventh, which occurs on the word “found.” Consequently this strikes me as a clear instance of a folk-air that modulates, though without change of tonal-centre (akin to the modulation of tonic-minor to tonic-major in modern music). It is a pity that Mr. Taylor could only remember a single verse. It is just possible that if he could have continued his song he might have modified his tune in the later verses. I have so often found that a singer will sing the first verse of a song differently from the others; this is usually, although not invariably, because he has not got thoroughly into his stride.—C. J. S.

Since I wrote the above, Mr. Taylor has recalled six verses of the song closely resembling the words in *Traditional Tunes*, and has had a record made of it by the Gramophone Co. He seemed to me to keep throughout to the plan of the above; i.e., invariably singing minor thirds in the upper octave, and major thirds in the last six bars, and mostly minor thirds in the lower octave throughout the rest of the tune. The truth of this impression will, I expect, soon be able to be put to the test, as the Gramophone Co.'s record of the song will very shortly be available.—P. G.—20,608.]



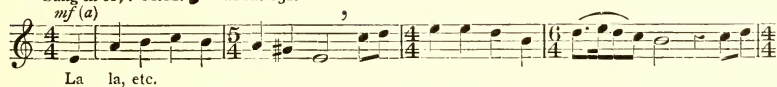
# 9.—GEORGIE.

(GEORDIE.)

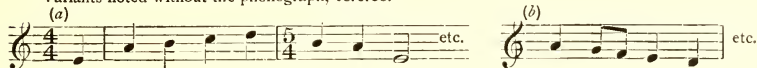
Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR,  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, AUG. 4TH, 1906.

Sung in A $\flat$ . M.M.  $\text{♩}$  = about 132.



Variants noted without the phonograph, 18.6.08.



Mr. Taylor could remember no words to this.\* Versions and notes are in *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, p. 164; Vol. ii, No. 6, pp. 27, 208; Vol. iii, No. 11, p. 70; and *Traditional Tunes*, p. 25.—P. G.

[\* Since I wrote the above Mr. Taylor has remembered the words, and his singing of the whole song has been recorded by the Gramophone Co.—P. G.—20/6/08.]

Cf. the tune with that of "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, No. 3, p. 125, which, again, has a likeness to the traditional air for "How shall I your true love know?"—L. E. B.

There is so close an analogy between (complete) bar two and bar six, that I suspect the  $\frac{5}{4}$ -rhythm to be due to a pause on the third note, and the whole to be referred to a regular original in common time.—J. A. F. M.

The above tune is a close variant of tunes heard by me (1) at Mitcham Fair (sung by a coster-boy), 1907, and (2) at Acle (Norfolk), 1908.—R. V. W.

Christie in his *Traditional Ballad Airs* prints three different Scottish versions of "Geordie": (a) "The Lady o' Gight," (b) "Geordie," (c) "Will ye go to the Hielans, Geordie?" Of these tunes, b (a variant of a), in common with Mr. Sharp's, Dr. Vaughan Williams', and Mr. Hammond's Æolian variants printed in the *Journal* (see references above), lacks the sixth note of its modal scale. All these Æolian tunes appear to me to be Scottish in origin, an impression which their gapped scale

tends to confirm, the sixth degree being so often missing in Scottish, Æolian or Dorian tunes. (The absence of the sixth renders the mode more or less ambiguous). Mr. Grainger's tune, which exhibits a similar, though not complete, avoidance of the sixth, strikes me as decidedly Scottish in character, and has some resemblance to the "Lady o' Gight," though the latter is in  $\frac{3}{4}$ -time.—A. G. G.

# 10.—LORD BATEMAN.

Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR,  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, JULY 28TH, 1906.

Sung in B (ending on F  $\sharp$ ). M.M.  $\text{♩}$  = about 138. *With even and beautifully sustained tone.*

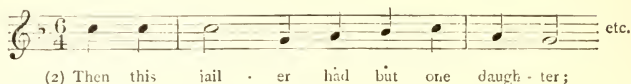
(1) Lord Bate - man was a - den (an) no - ble Lord, A  
no - ble Lord ..... of some high dē - gē ree ; (degree) He shipped him -  
- se - delf (self) on ..... board of a ship, Sō - m (some) for - eign  
cōun - tē - ry he would gō see. (2) He sail - ed  
east and he sail - ed west, Ûn - til he came to pē - roud Tur -  
- key, Where he was ta - ken and put in pri - sun Ûn - til his ē

The  
identical  
(No. 1)  
No  
song  
no  
ca  
t

life..... it ē grēō (grew) quite wea - ry. (3) And in this  
pri - sun there grēō (grew) a tree, It grēō so large ..... and it grēō so  
strong; Where he was chē - ned (chained) a - round the mid - dle Un - til his ē  
life .. ..... it ē was al - most gone. (4) His  
jail - or 'ad bŭt one hōn - ly (only) daugh - ter, The fair - est  
(pp) mp  
crea - ture my two eyes did see; She stole the keys of her fath - er's  
frolisomely  
pri - sun, And said Lord Bate - - mun she would set free.

The pauses preceding verses two and three are of uniform length. I have noted but three well-remembered versions of "Lord Bateman." In these three I have noticed that the first quarter of the verse beginning: "His jailor had but one only daughter" [verse four of the above] is in each case sung to a melodic phrase more or less closely resembling that which accompanies these words in the above version.

Thus a version of "Lord Bateman" sung to me by Mr. Joseph Leaning (of B<sup>or</sup>on-Humber, North Lincolnshire), opens its second verse as follows :



while all his other six verses start on the following lines :



Mr. Wray's singing of these particular words (*see* No. 11, verse four) also tallies fairly closely with the beginning of Mr. Taylor's fourth verse ; in any case his treatment of the word "daughter" is identical with that of the two other versions, and the general trend of the whole quarter verse in the three versions is much the same.

It thus seems that there may be some special tradition bearing upon this particular spot in the ballad. It would be interesting to know if other collectors have noticed a similar treatment of this particular quarter verse.

Can the name of "Bateman" have any connection with the name "Baadsmand," "Batsman" (meaning boat's-man), so familiar in Scandinavian folk-ballads? I cannot recollect any ballads about "liden Baadsmand" having a plot at all akin to that of our "Lord Bateman."—P. G.

Child, who deals exhaustively with the ballad of "Lord Bateman" under the head of "Young Beichan" (in *English and Scottish Ballads*), states that Scandinavian, Italian and Spanish ballads preserve a story essentially the same. The names "Her Peder den Rige" and "Ellensborg" (Ellen) are found in nearly all the Scandinavian versions. For other tunes *see* "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," illustrated by Cruikshank, 1839 (Cruikshank learnt his tune from a street singer) ; also *Sussex Songs*, Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs* ("Lord Beichan"), *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, *Songs of Northern England*, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, *Traditional Tunes*, *English County Songs*, Child's *Ballads* (*see* above) and *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, No. 5, p. 240.—L. E. B.

The ornamental figure at the beginning of the penultimate bar of this song is identical with the first four notes of the fourth bar of the preceding song, "Geordie" (No. 9), and may be a personal peculiarity of Mr. Taylor's.

Note also the three notes to the words "creature may" in the last verse of this song, the first three notes of the second bar of "Geordie," and again, the first three notes of the penultimate bar of "The White Hare" (No. 8). I have elsewhere called attention to this very characteristic use of the passing note in folk-songs. When the folk-singer wishes to connect a note with its fourth below, he will usually employ the note which is nearest to the one that he is singing and which, therefore, he has clearest in mind. But, as a general rule, he will keep in his scale and take the nearest *diatonic* note. Now, in all three of these cases, Mr. Taylor sang the *chromatic* note. Indeed, in this song and in "Geordie" these are the only occasions in which he employs a chromatic note at all. Is this also an individual peculiarity?—C. J. S.

## II.—LORD BATEMAN.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE WRAY, OF BARTON-ON-HUMBER, LINCOLNSHIRE,

Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

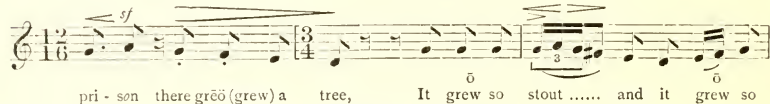
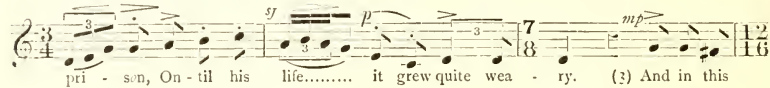
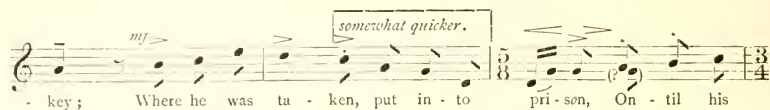
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, AUG. 4TH, 1904

Sung in (F, F $\sharp$ ) (ending on (C, C $\sharp$ )). M.M.  $\text{♩}$  = about 112. *The time somewhat irregular and jerky.*

(1) Lord Bate - man was ā - den (a) no - ble lord, Ā

no - ble lord..... of high de - gree; He shipped him - self on board of

ē ship, Some for - eign coun - tē - ries he would go sec. (2) He sail ed



crea - ture my eyes dār(dide'er?) see; She stōle the keys from her fa - ther's

pi - di - low, (pillow) And sād(said) Lord Bate - man should be set

free; She stōle the keys from her fa - ther's pid - di - low, And sād Lord

Bate - man should be set free. (5) 'Have you got hous - es, have you got

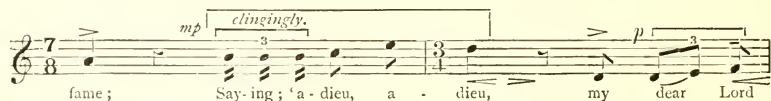
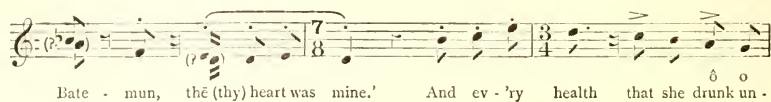
land, Or does North - um - ber - land be - long to you?' "I would give it

all to that fair young la - dy That out of pri - sun would set me

free; I would give it all to that fair young la - dy That out of

pri - sun would set me free." (6) Then she took him to her - ér(her) fa - ther's

pā - lace, And gave to hi - m thē best of wine, And ev - 'ry





fō - ēr - teen days, When for seven long years ē well known to me, She fetch ed

*slightly faster.*

ūp all her gay clo - thing And crossed the seas to Lord Bate - man; She fetch - ed

ūp all her gay clo - thing And crossed the seas to Lord Bate - mun.

\* These three notes sound almost like a laugh, as indeed do many of the other twiddles (for instance, those on the word "life," in verse two).

As in Mr. Wray's singing generally, the accented notes are surprisingly louder than the other notes of the phrases in which they occur.

It is noteworthy how almost invariably the initial note of a verse falls just five quavers later than the entry of the last note of the preceding phrase. There are only two convincing exceptions throughout the nine verses (ends of verses three and eight), for the gap at the end of verse seven is occasioned by the first wax cylinder coming to an end. The same length of pause is also consistently adhered to between most half-verses and repetitions of half-verses. Mr. Wray's performance of the above is full of queer charm and effective contrasts. The first phrase of verse four is rendered with a delightful suggestion of secrecy; the words "I would give it all," in verse five, with a dramatic intensity rare in folk-singers; while the slight lingering on the words "young lady" at the end of verse five, and on the syllables "to him," in verse six, gives them point and tenderness. Note, also, the quite special phrase coined to convey the lady's leave-taking in verse seven; the smooth plaintive start of this half-verse contrasts charmingly with its half-spoken, pattering (yet pathetic) close. The chromatics (*e*, *f*, *f*<sup>♯</sup>, *g*) here, are very distinct in the record. I have, however, heard Mr. Wray sing this passage to quite different intervals. He seems to sing this song very differently at different times.

The second half of the tune differs in the first verse from all the remaining verses (which follow a quite different melodic plan), with the exception of the second half of verse seven, which somewhat resembles that of verse one.

It is not rare to find two distinctly different versions of the same tune sung during one performance of a widely-known song.—P. G.

*Cf.* this version of the tune with the air of “The Banks of Sweet Primroses.”—  
L. E. B.

Both versions may also be compared with Mr. Kidson’s “Nightingale” tune in *Traditional Tunes*.—A. G. G.

## 12.—LORD MELBOURNE.

(THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.)

*Thrice phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.*

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE WRAY,  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, JULY 28TH, 1906.

Phonograph record A

Sung in (A?, ? A?) FAST. M.M. ♩ = about 176. *Jerkily, and with restless great energy.*

*p* (a) *slightly slower.*

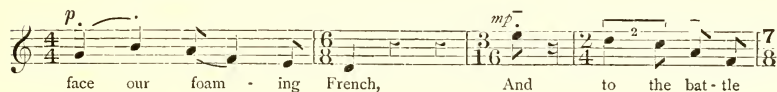
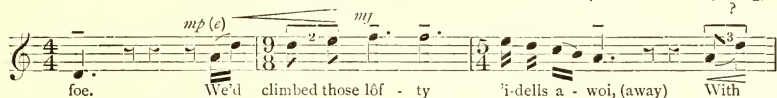
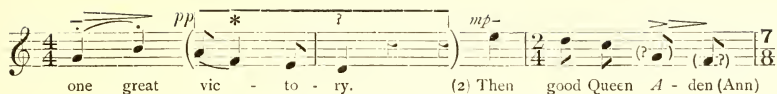
(1) I am an Eng-lish mán born by birth, Lord Mel-bourne is my

(b) name. In Dev-on-shē-ér I first drew bē-reath, Thát

(c) place of no-ble fame. I was be-lóved..... by

á-del (all) my..... men, My kings and pri-den-cis (princes) líke -

oi wise; I nev-er fā-deld (failed) in a-ny-thing Bót (but)





*slightly slower.*  
 ball; ..... As..... soon as I..... got up a -  
 - gain..... My head in camp did fall. (5) Now  
 on a bed... of sick - e - ness lie, I am re - signed to  
 die. You gen - 'rals all..... and cham - pi - ons  
 bold, stand true as we - dell (well) as I. Stand to your men, take  
*slightly slower.* *slight.*  
 the - dem (them) on board, And fight with cò - rage  
 bold..... I've led my me - den (men) through smoke and  
 fire, Bôt (but) now... to death must yield.  
 Sià - dend (stand) to your men, take the - dem on board, And

fight with cò - rage bold..... I've led my me - den  
 through smoke and fi - er, Bòt now..... to death must yield.  
*This last verse is then repeated, but its second half is sung once only.*

*Record C.* (Sung in G.) *Record C.*

*Record B.* (Sung in F#.) *Record C.*

*Record B.* *Record C.*

*Records B and C.*

*Record B.* *Record C.*

The following repeats of portions of verses occur :

In record B : last quarter of (1), last half of (3), last half of (4). (6) is incomplete.

In record C: last half of (4). (5) is sung without any repetition, and after its last note Mr. Wray adds (in speaking voice) "must yield."

In record C a distinct  $F\sharp$  is heard in place of those notes marked \*, and a questionable  $F\sharp$  in place of those marked \*\*. There are also occasional  $F\sharp$ 's in record B, occurring, like those in record C, in the lower octave, but never in the higher. Otherwise the three records resemble one another closely in all important points.

The order of taking the records was as follows: B, A, C. They were all made on the same day. Thus Mr. Wray's pure Dorian performance (record A) occurred between the two in mongrel scales.

These three records are an instance of the gain occasionally to be had of taking several records of the complete song. Thus, had I taken but record A, I should have had no indication of Mr. Wray's tendency (twice out of thrice), to sing the song in a blended Mixolydian and Dorian scale, whereas, had I taken records B and C, but not A, I should have lacked an instance of his having once sung the song in the Dorian mode throughout. Without record B there would be no account of his habit of occasionally repeating the last quarter of a verse, while record C alone contains the spoken repetition of the last few words of the song, so characteristic of folk-singers in general, and Mr. Wray in particular.

I am well aware that many of the minute rhythmic irregularities of the above (such as the  $\frac{3}{16}$ -bars) are mere wayward and theoretically unimportant lengthenings and shortenings of rhythms fundamentally regular. Nevertheless their presence added to the extreme quaintness of Mr. Wray's rendering, and I feel there may be value in as literal as possible a translation into musical notation of all his details. To compass this I screwed down the speed regulator of the phonograph until the record sounded an octave below its original pitch, and, accordingly, at half its original tempo. Thus, the metronome rate that had originally fitted to the crochets now beat to the quavers. At this degree of slowness it was far easier to arrive at a clearer consciousness of the pitch and duration of many of the quick notes of the song.

Thus a note to which the metronome beat a tick and a half was determinable as having the duration of three semiquavers; three notes of even length to which the metronome beat two ticks (the second tick falling midway between the second and third note), being quaver triplets, etc., etc.

Despite all this care, however, I fear that the rhythms of the above can lay claim to only approximate exactitude.

At verse four: "my head in camp did fall" (note that Lord Melbourne is still alive in verse five!), is an amusing corruption of "my aide-de-camp did fall," as collected by Miss Lucy Broadwood (see "The Duke of Marlborough," *Folk-Song Journal*,



No. 4, p. 157). No doubt the rhythmic stock of the above version has originally been as regular as that of Mr. Burstow's (both variants of the same tune), Mr. Wray's song being an instance of a rhapsodic mode of performance grafted upon an underlying regular rhythmic structure. The first impression from Mr. Wray's singing of "Lord Melbourne" is that of a half-extemporized recitation. Nevertheless a comparison of the three phonograph records shows that he repeats his irregularities with great uniformity in different performances. —P. G.

Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has noted a Dorian variant of the tune in Worcestershire, where the singer called the hero "Lord Marlborough." The Worcestershire air is very much like the Mixolydian tune noted by me in Sussex, except for the Dorian minor third. The version in Barrett's *English Folk-Songs* (see "Marlboro'") which the editor states "is preserved in the Eastern Counties," is a curious blend of the Sussex air and the Lincolnshire air, the second half of the tune having the minor third, and several characteristics in common with Mr. Wray's second strain—L. E. B.

### 13—'MERICAN FRIGATE; OR, PAUL JONES.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE WRAY,

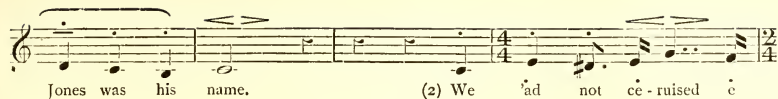
Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

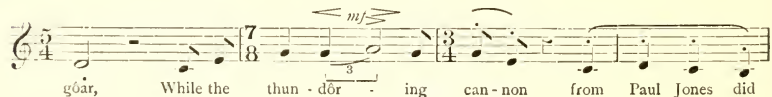
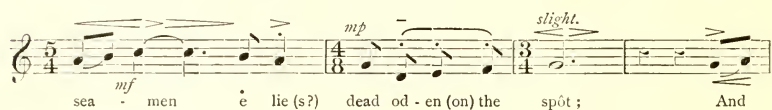
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, JULY 28TH, 1906.

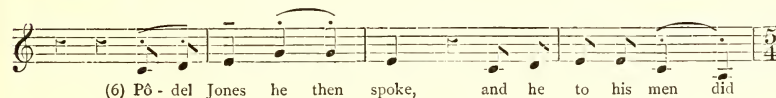
Sung in B. FAST. M.M. ♩ = about 192. *Energetic and patterning.*

(1) O, it's a 'Mer - i - con fri - gate cal - led "Rich - ard" by  
name, Mount - ed guns for - ty - fô - wër (four) fë - rom New Yo - rk she  
came For to crë - üse (cruise) in the chan - ni - del (channel) of  
Old Eng - ge - land's fame, With a no - ble cō - nänd - er, Paul









say : " Let ev - ě - ry me-den (man) stănd the best of his  
oi play." For broad - side per broad - side ě we  
fought on the main, Like trĕö (true) bŭck - skin  
'ors - es we re - turned it a - gain. (7) The (ě?)  
"Ze - pĕ - rus" wove roun' ou - ěr ship for to  
rake, Which ě made the proud hearts of thĕ  
Eng - lish to wake. (or; ache?) The shot flew so  
'öt bŏ - ez, (boys) we could not stand it long; When the



brave Brit - ish col - ors from the Eng - lish came down.



(8) "It's e now, my brave boys, we have ta - ken a rich



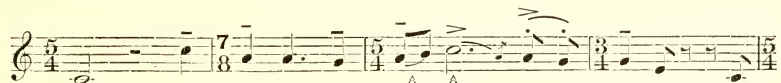
prize;            A        large   for - ty       -    fô - wôr,            a        twen - ty       like -



- wise. \*\*\* (Please?) help these poor moth-ers that have rea-son to



weep            For the            love    of    their    sons,            ā            un - fāth - om



deep. \*\*\* (Please?) help these poor moth - ers..... that have rea - son to



weep      For the      <sup>ô</sup>love      of      <sup>ô</sup>their      sons      â      <sup>ô</sup>un - fath - om      deep."

2nd phonograph record of verse 1.



It's a 'Mer - i - con fri - gate cal - led "Rich - ard" by

name; mount-ed guns for-ty fô-wôr,... from

New York she came for to crê-ôse in the

chan-nil ..... of Old Eng-ge-land's fame, with a

no-ble cô-mând-er, Paul Jones was his name.

Note the invariable entry of the first note of each verse six crotchets later than the entry of the last note of the preceding verse throughout this otherwise somewhat rhythmically irregular song. These lengths between verses correspond surprisingly exactly to the metronome ticks at 192. The same uniformity is not present in the gaps between half-verses.

\* On other occasions Mr. Wray sang "four (or; five) glasses so hot" instead of "four glasses to one."

\*\* I cannot quite make out these two words in the phonograph record. I believe "Come answer" is what Mr. Wray sang, though I originally took them to be "Cô-mând, sîr."

\*\*\* This word is not audible in the record. Usually Mr. Wray sings: "We must help these poor mothers, etc." Is "buckskin 'orses" (in verse six) a corruption of "buccaneers?"—P. G.

John Paul, the terror of our coasts, was born near Kirkcudbright in 1747. His father was head-gardener, and he for a time was under-gardener, to Lord Selkirk. Being dismissed, he went to sea, became ultimately master of a vessel, and, taking the name of "Paul Jones," he enlisted under the Revolutionary flag when the rupture between Great Britain and America took place. His knowledge of the British, but more especially the Scottish coasts, enabled him to retaliate successfully upon the English for the wrongs inflicted upon America. The foregoing ballad relates one of

his most remarkable adventures. In the autumn of 1779 he fell in with a British convoy from the Baltic, under the escort of the *Serapis* (forty-four guns), and the *Countess of Scarborough* (twenty-two guns). Paul Jones' squadron consisted of *Old Richard* (forty guns), the *Alliance* (forty guns), the *Pallas* (thirty-two guns), and the *Vengeance* (twelve guns). The result was one of the most memorable naval actions on record. The convoy took refuge under the guns of Scarborough Castle, and the *Old Richard* and the *Serapis*, fastened together by Paul Jones with his own hands, lay at action in a calm sea, by moonlight, from 7.30 in the evening till nearly midnight. Finally, Paul Jones took command of the *Serapis*, and having abandoned the disabled *Old Richard*, he sailed away, leaving her to sink next day, with many wounded on board. Paul Jones' own narrative describes how, a bullet having destroyed one of the pumps, the carpenter was seized with panic.

Many honours were conferred upon Paul by the French Government and America. He also commanded a Russian squadron in the Black Sea against the Turks in 1788. He died in Paris, 1792, at the age of fifty-three. The Americans, considering Paul Jones the virtual founder of the United States navy, lately sought for his body in Paris, found it, and conveyed it to America, where it was received with enthusiasm. He was the first sea captain who compelled the British flag to strike to the stars and stripes. He was a thorough seaman, and of ferocious courage, but odiously vain, and of detestable moral character. There is an account of his exploits in *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads* (Edinburgh, 1869), together with a ballad fairly similar to the above, but without verses six and seven. In verse four the alternative "five glasses we run" of the book version makes more sense, probably meaning "five glasses were run." ["A sea-man's *watch-glass* is half-an-hour. We say a ship fought three glasses." See Webster's Dictionary]. The above tune is one of the commonest of our ballad-airs.—L. E. B.

I have noted this ballad many times in Somerset and elsewhere. The words of one of my variants tally very closely with Mr. Wray's set, except that the "Serapis" verse ("Sea-press" in my version) comes two verses earlier. "Buck-skin 'orses" is, perhaps, a corruption of "British Heroes."

Cf. a Mixolydian version in *Songs of the West*, No. 108, and note thereto.—C. J. S.

As the form "buckskin heroes" occurs in other versions it is possible that Mr. Grainger's derivation from "buccaneers" is really the correct one, and "British Heroes" a confusion which has crept in. The ballad is written from Paul Jones' side of the fight, and so the "heroes" were not British but American. Moreover, they *were* buccaneers (*i.e.* pirates) if they were not "buckskins."—A. G. G.

# 14.—BOLD WILLIAM TAYLOR.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE GOULDTHORPE,

Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, JULY 28TH, 1906.

Sung in G. M.M. — between 108 & 120. *The time very even, and with lilt.*

*p* *mf* *f* *p* *mp* *sf* *mf* *mf* *sf* *mf* *mp*

(1) I'll sing you a song ā - bout two lōv - ers, O, from Lich-fied-eld (field)

town thā (they) cāme; O the yōung... mān's nāme was Will-yum Tāy-lor, The

mā - a - den's nāme was Sa - rah Grāy. (2) Now for..... a sol - dier

Will-yum's list - ed, For... a sol - dier he 'as gōne, he's

gōne and left sweet lōv - e - li (lovely) Sāl - ly For tē (to) sigh a - den (and)

foēr (for) to mourn. (3) Sāl - ly's pa - rents thā - ē (they) con-trolled 'er,

Filled 'er heart full of grief and woe, And then at last she

vow - ed ān' said For a sol - dier she would go. (4) She





dressed her-self in mán's ap - pà - ril, Mán's ap - pà - ri - del  
 She put on, And for to seek bold Will - yum Tay - lor, And  
 for tè (to) seek hi-m she 'as gône. (5) Wôn (one) dăy... as she wás  
 ex - er - cis - in', Ex - er - cis - in' a - mongst the rest, With a  
 sil - ver chē - an (chain) húng down her wă - ast - coat And  
 there he spied her... milk white breast. (6) And  
 then... the cap - tain he stepped up to her, Asked her what hăd  
 brought her there. "I've côme tè seek my own trē - ô (true) lỏv - er,  
 He has proved to..... me so vêre." (severe) (7) "If you've

cōme... tē seek yēr own true lōv - er, Prāy tell tō

me his nāme." "His nāme it is bold Will - yum Tay - lor,

O from Lē - ich - fie - deld tōwn he cāme." (8) "If his

nāme it is bold Will - yum Tay - lor, And he has proved tō

you so vērē; He's got mār - ri - ed to an Ir - ish lā - dy,

He got mār - ri - ed the o - ther yēcr. (year) (9) If you rise ear - li

in the morn - in', Ear - ly by the break of dāy, There

you shall spy bold Will - yum Tāy - lor Walk - in' with this

lā - dy gāy." (10) Then she rose ear - li in the morn - in',

Ear - ly by the brēk (break) of dāy, And there she spied bold

Will - yum Tay - lor, Walk - in' with this lā - dy gāy. (11) And

then she called for a brāce of pis - tils, A

brāce of pis - tils at her cō - mānd, And there she shot bold

Will - yum Tay - lor, With his bride at his right 'ānd. (12) And

then the cāp - ten was well plē - ez - ed, (pleased)

Wās well plē - ē - zed what she had dōne, And there he māde her a

u gret (great) cō - mānd - er A - board ship o - ver all his men.

\* This C $\sharp$  is very distinct in the record, as is also that in Mr. Taylor's version (see \* in following song). It is curious that they both should have happened to sing this note sharp.

\*\* These intervals are also very clear in the phonograph, though they are doubtless but an upward slurring of F—C.



For a major variant, within the same compass, but in the key of G, see "Oh, no John," *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 94; and for a Dorian version, see "The Dis-dainful Lady," in Miss Bulne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 652.—C. J. S.

## 15—BOLD WILLIAM TAYLOR.

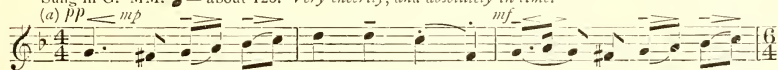
SECOND VERSION.

First noted by Miss Lucy E. Broadwood and Percy Grainger,  
at Brigg, May 7th, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR,  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE.

The version below, phonographed on July 28th, 1906, and noted by Percy Grainger.

Sung in G. M.M. ♩ = about 126. Very cheerily, and absolutely in time.



Wil - liam Tay - lor he has list - ed, For..... a sol - dier

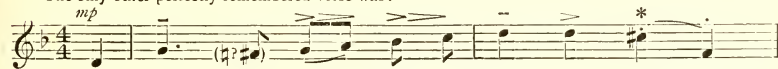


he has gone, He has gone..... left his own treō (true) lov - er



For to sigh a - den (and) for to mourn.

The only other perfectly remembered verse was:



And then she called for a brace of pis - tils (pistols)



Which was brought at her cō - mānd; So she fired 'nd (and) shot bold



Wil - liam Tay - lor ē With his bride at his right hand.

Variants from fragments of other verses.



Mr. Hammond has a Dorset variant of this tune (attached to "Madam, I am come to court you") which, like Mr. Sharp's, has a Dorian ending, though the sixth degree of the Dorian mode is absent from its scale. Both Mr. Hammond's variant and Mr. Sharp's, here printed, have points of close resemblance to the old Welsh Dorian melody printed in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Hymn Book, under the title of "Llanilar." The Mixolydian form of "William Taylor" is the only one I have noted myself.—A. G. G.

[Since phonographing the above Mr. Taylor has remembered all the missing verses, and the complete ballad has been recorded by the Gramophone Co.—P. G.—20/6/08.]

## 16.—THE GIPSY'S WEDDING DAY.

Phonographed and noted by Percy Grainger.

SUNG BY MR. JOSEPH TAYLOR.  
AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE, JULY 28TH, 1906

Sung in (D, E $\flat$ ) M.M.  $\text{♩}$  = about 92. *Rhythmic and swinging.*

(1) My..... fa - ther is the King..... of the

gip - sies, that is trē - ū, (true) My mo - ther she learn - ed me some

cāmp - ing for tē (to) do. They put a pack u - pon mē (my) bāck, they

all did ē wish me well; ..... So I set off for Lōn - don some



- (2) As I was awalking a fair Lóndon street  
A hàn'sóme young squi-re I chànc-ed for to meet ;  
He view-ed my brown cheeks and he lik-ed them so well ;  
He said : " mē (my) little gipsy gē-rl, can you mē fortune tell ? "
- (3) " O, yes," I returned, " give me hold of your hând ;  
For you have got riches, you've houses ànd you've lánd.  
Bút all those pretty maidens you múst put them to wòn (one) side,  
For I'm the little gipsy girl that is to be your bride."
- (4) N<sup>ō</sup><sub>ow</sub>, once I was a gipsy gē-rl, but now a squi-re's bride ;  
I've servants for to wait on me, and in mē carriage ride.  
The bells they shàll ring merrily and sweet music plā-ē (play),  
And crown the glad tidings of the gipsy's wedding day.

This song is very generally sung in Lincolnshire.—P. G.

This is much the same as the broadside of five verses, "The Little Gipsy Lass," printed by Jackson and Son, Birmingham. The tune has been noted elsewhere, and to other words; and I doubt its being "country-made," or of any great age.—L. E. B.

I have noted down this song once in Devonshire and twice in Somerset, and have always felt doubtful about its folk-origin.—C. J. S.

I also have noted this tune in almost precisely the same form to other words—"A Sailor's Song." It does not appear to be of any greater antiquity than "A-Nutting we will go," another tune of the same character, and neither of them have the appearance of genuine folk-airs.—A. G. G.

# 17.—SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

(THE KNIGHT AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.)

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM ROBERTS,

Noted by Percy Grainger.

AT BURRINGHAM-ON-TRENT, LINCOLNSHIRE, JULY 30TH, 1906.

(1) It's of a shep-herd's daugh-ter Kep' sheep on yon-ders 'ill; A  
 squi re's son came ri-den' (riding) by, And he fāan (fain) would have his will.  
 you and I, you and I, he fāan would have his will.

*Variants. (a)*

(2)

- (2) "He tōk (took) me by the lilywhite hand,  
 And by the silken sleeve;  
 And he g<sup>u</sup>ently laid me on the ground  
 Before I gave him lēave."
- (3) "Since you have had your will o' me,  
 Prā-ā (pray) tell to me your n<sup>a</sup>ame,  
 That when my bā-āby it is born  
 I can call it by the sā-ame."
- (4) "Sometimes they call me Jack," said he,  
 "Sometimes they call me John,  
 But when I'm in the fair king's c<sup>o</sup>urt  
 Mā (my) nāme is Sweet Willyūm."

See *Traditional Tunes*, p. 19, and notes.—P. G.



This is a fragment of the ballad "The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter" (see *Child's Ballads*).

Cf. the tune of "King Henry, my Son," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10, p. 43.  
—L. E. B.

Besides "Earl Richard" (*Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 28), I have noted down three versions of this ballad in the West Country. The folk-words, as distinguished from the printed ones, are very beautiful. The refrain in all my variants is very characteristic—as in Mr. Roberts's air. There are several points of similarity—notably in the rhythm of the refrain—between this Lincolnshire air and the old tune "My Dog and I," or "Bobbing Joan" (*Chappell's Popular Music*, i, 291).—C. J. S.

An interesting form of the tune. It is to be hoped that some other version of the song may yet throw light upon the "You and I" of the refrain, which appears to be a corruption.—A. G. G.

### 18.—THE MERRY KING.

(or : IT'S A MERRY KING OF OLD ENGLAND.)

SUNG BY MR. ALFRED HUNT,

AT WIMLEDON, LONDON, AUGUST, 1905.

Noted by Percy Grainger.



- (1) It's a merry king of Old England  
That stole my love away ;  
And it's I in Old England  
No longer can't stay.  
I'll swim the wide ocean  
All on my bare breast,  
For to find out my true love  
Whom I do love best.

- (2) And it's when I have found her  
To my own heart delight,  
I will be as true to her  
By day as by night.  
I will be as true to her  
As a true turtle dove,  
Nor I never shall, no, I never will  
Prove false to my love.
- (3) For it's meeting is a pleasure  
And parting is a pain,\*  
And an onconstant lover  
Is worse than a thief.  
For a thief will but rob you  
And take all you have ;  
And an onconstant lover  
Will bring you to the grave.
- (4) The grave it will rot you,  
And will bring you to dust ;  
And there is not one, in twenty  
Young men, girls can trust.  
They will kiss you, they will court you,  
Poor girls to deceive ;  
And there's not one, in twenty  
Young men, girls can believe.
- (5) In the middle of the ocean  
There shall grow a myrtle tree,  
The green leaves shall wither  
And the branches shall die,  
The green leaves shall wither  
And the branches shall die,  
If ever I prove false to her,  
To the girl that love me.

\* Grief ?

- (6) The bells they shall ring  
 And the music shall play,  
 And all sorts of music  
 As ever can be found.  
 The bells they shall ring,  
 And the drum make a noise,  
 For to welcome my kind love  
 With abundance of joy.

Mr. Hunt is a laborer, and hails from Kirdford, in West Sussex.

See *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, pp. 205 and 208. The opening words of the second of these songs, "The *Americans*," etc., would seem to be a corruption of the first words of the above, "It's a *merry king*," etc.—P. G.

"The Merry King" possibly may be Edward IV, whose "Princely wooing of the faire maid of London," beginning "Fair Angel of England" (*Roxburghe Collection*, No. i, p. 58, and *Bagford Collection*, No. ii, p. 105), shows him in the light of an imperious lover, prepared to carry off "the faire maid" at all costs. The ballad of King Edward actually is connected through its tune-title with a ballad by Laurence Price (*circa* 1656). This is in the *Roxburghe Collection*, No. iii, p. 130, and is called "Love's Fierce desire and hope of Recovery. A true and brief description of two resolved Lovers, etc. To an excellent new Tune (its own) or, 'Fair Angel of England.'" Laurence Price's ballad is a dialogue in two parts. The man addresses Celia in seven dull stanzas, the first of which begins: "Now the tyrant hath stolen my dearest away," but which have nothing else in common with the traditional words. Celia then replies "to her faithful friend" in eight stanzas, beginning "Thy presence, dear friend, I have well understood." Other stanzas which have points of likeness with the traditional follow, and are here given, as below:

- (2) "'Tis neither the Tyger, the Wolf, nor the Bear,  
 Nor shall Nylus' crocodile put me in fear.  
 I'll swim through the ocean upon my bare breast  
 To find out my Darling whom I love the best.
- (3) And when I have found him, with double delight,  
 I'll comfort him kindly, by day and by night;  
 And I'll be more faithful than the Turtle Dove,  
 Which never at all did prove false to her Love.

- (6) The Satyrs shall pipe, and the Syrens shall sing,  
The wood-nymphs with musick shall make the grove ring:  
The Horn it shall sound, and the Hounds make a noise,  
To fill my Love's heart with ten thousand rare joys."

The above words are more like those in *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. i, No. 4, pp. 205 and 208, than "The Merry King" version, as "The Inconstant Lover" words are not included. Price directed other ballads of his writing to be sung to the tune "The Tyrant hath stolen." In Playford's *Musical Companion*, or *Catch as Catch Can* (1667 and 1673), there is a song of four verses, set for four voices by J. Playford, which begins "Though the Tyrant hath ravish'd my dearest away." The first stanza (about Mopsa and Celia) is much like Price's first verse, but the whole song is really different. The air is here given, as it is obviously a variant of the traditional tunes, but weaker than the best of them. We have probably yet to find the original source of all the known versions. There is another air in Playford's *Musical Companion* which has a strong likeness to them. This is "The Waitts" by Mr. Jer. Savile, beginning "Fa la la la." A curious likeness may be noticed between all these tunes (see also those quoted by A. G. G.), and the Sussex tune "Twankydllo" which is linked closely with the air of "The Goose and the Gander" (see Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*).—L. E. B.

# THOUGH THE TYRANT HATH RAVISH'D MY DEAREST AWAY.

FROM J. PLAYFORD'S *Musical Companion*, 1667 AND 1673.



## THE WAITTS.

FROM THE *Musical Companion*, 1667 AND 1673.



The words of this song appear to have been mixed up with those of the "Cuckoo"—a maiden's lament over an inconstant lover. Verse five is a confusion of two different verses and sentiments. The "myrtle-tree" verse should run :

"In the middle of the ocean shall grow a myrtle-tree  
Ere I prove false to the girl that loves me."

The myrtle-tree (an emblem of love), growing in the ocean, is in folk-songs a symbol of the impossible event which is to put a period to the lover's fidelity. On the other hand, an apple-tree in the ocean occurs in the trooper's jeering reply to the "fair maid," who asks when he will return to marry her. The sycamore tree, with which the myrtle has somehow been confused in Hunt's song, seems to be a type of inconstancy :

"Come, all you pretty fair maids, wherever you be,  
And never set your love on a sycamore tree ;  
For the green leaves will wither, the root will decay,  
Oh, I am forsaken, oh woe, well-a-day !"

There is perhaps a hint of a similar symbolism in the Elizabethan willow-song :

"A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree."

Is it possible that an old pronunciation, "*sigh*-camore," suggested this idea, or that "syc" suggested sickliness? I have so far been unable to discover why the sycamore should meet with contumely in folk-ballads. Evelyn complains of the early fall of its leaves, which, he says, "turn to mucilage" on the ground, and are unpleasant to tread upon ; but it is not a short-lived tree. Perhaps the bad odour in which it appears in folk-song is merely the outcome of British contempt for an alien immigrant (it\* was of recent importation in Shakespeare's time), as contrasted with the "jolly oak" of native birth.

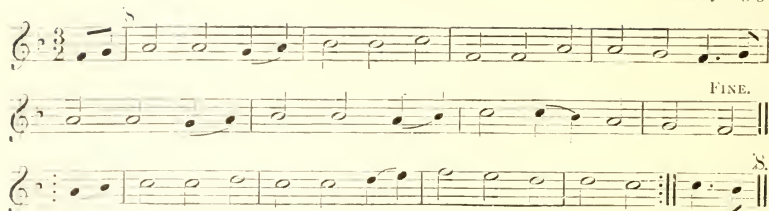
The tune here given is puzzling, as it seems to be made up of well-known phrases belonging to various others. The first half is like the old Welsh hymn-tune, "Rhâd Râs," and the second like the old Welsh "O Gariad,"—another hymn-tune which I have heard in North Wales. The whole tune has also a general resemblance to an Irish tune which I have noted to "Pretty Susan, the Pride of Kildare." The two other variants in the *Journal* may also be compared with the tunes subjoined.—

A. G. G.

\* The sycamore-maple, *Acer pseudo-platanus*.

# RHÂD RÂS.

*Alaw Ffrengig.*



From the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Hymn Book, Carnarvon, 1897, where it is called "Alaw Ffrengig" (French Air?)

# O GARIAD.

*Old (?) Traditional Welsh Hymn Tune.*



See Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, No. 47; *A Garland of Country Song*, No. 1 (and Rev. S. Baring-Gould's note thereto); *Folk-Songs from Dorset*, p. 24, etc., etc. I have variants taken down in Sussex, Gloucestershire, and elsewhere. My Sussex version is almost exactly the same as Mr. Grainger's in both tune and words, except that the latter begin with "The Americans stole, etc," and end—as all my other versions do—with the two well-known "Cuckoo" verses. I have never heard "Myrtle Tree" but always "Sycamore Tree" (corrupted into "A Sailor so Free" in Barrett's version). The corruption of "The Merry King" into "The Americans" reminds me of "American Corn" which I once heard for "Merry I incoln" in the opening line of "Little Sir Hugh" (see *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 68).—C. J. S.

# 19.—STORM ALONG.

WIND'US (WINDLASS) CHANTY.

Collected and noted by H. E. Piggott

and Percy Grainger.

*Slowly and intensely.*

SOLO. (a)

*mf*

(1) Old Storm - y's dead { and or, a - den } in his ..... grave.

*Clingingly and without accent.*

CHORUS.

*intensely.*

SOLO. (c)

A, ā, ā, Mis - ter Storm - a - long. Storm - y's dead and

*slide.* *Boldly.* *f* *3* *(d)* *(echo-like.)* *pp*

in his grave. { With mē or, To mē way ā - yō } storm a - long.

*Variants.*

(a)

(1a) Oh, Storm-y's dead and in his grave. A, ā, ā, Mis-ter Storm - a - long.

(2a)

(4a)

(5a)

(b)

(b)

(b)



Mr. Perring has been a deep-sea sailor to most shores of the world, in the capacity of chantyman; often merely singing for the others while they did the actual work. He tells tales of sea-captains vying with each other in their efforts to secure for their own ships any renowned chantyman, sure that his enlivening presence would stir their crews to unwonted briskness. It is a strange thought that these wayward, listless outpourings have thus had their hard commercial value.

Mr. Perring explained that, as the length of a chanty depends upon the duration of the shipboard work to which it is sung, only a few of its verses are fixed and wide-spread, the remainder being made up on the spur of the moment. Thus the words are often devoid of any real plot or story, each verse frequently painting a separate picture of its own, or lightly recalling some striking situation of the sailing days. He says he has always been in the habit of extemporizing the bulk of his verses. Therefore it is not surprising that two performances by him of the same chanty differ widely as to text, and considerably as to musical variants.

Thus, on January 18th, 1908, he sang the words of "Storm Along" as follows:

- (1) As above.
- (2) Old Stormy here and Stormy there.  
Stormy here and Stormy there.
- (3) Our captain said: "We shall sail to-day."  
Our captain said: "We sail to-day."
- (4) To Indiā that's far away.  
{ To Indiā that's far away. }  
{ or: What we don't see ev'ry day. }
- (5) And a place we don't see every day.  
A place, etc.
- (6) Old Stormy said, in the Biscay Bay. (twice).



while on January 25th, 1908, they ran :

- (1a) Oh, Stormy's dead and in his grave.  
Stormy's dead, etc.
- (2a) We'll dig his grave with a golden spade. (twice)
- (3a) And lower him down with a silver thread. (twice)
- (4a) Oh, storm to-day and storm no more.  
Storm to-day, etc.
- (5a) Until we reach our native shore. (twice)
- (6a) I wish I was old Stormy's son. (twice)
- (7a) I'd build a ship five thousand ton. (twice)
- (8a) I'd build a ship to go round Cape Horn. (twice)

On this occasion (January 25th, 1908) the second chorus lacked the dynamic contrasts above noted, but was sung either loud or soft throughout.

Mr. Perring has a strong rich voice, capable of extreme modulation. He sings with a nasal drawl, sliding up to his high notes and down to his low notes with searching intensity. He invests chanties (and these, to my mind, have as great an emotional charm as country folk-songs), with a strange blend of sea-born weirdness and human tenderness. I long to make phonograph records of his performances, with all their wayward, random impulsiveness, and profuse melodic, rhythmic, and dynamic variations. I do not expect that his irregularities will show anything like the consistent uniformity so noticeable in records of folk-songs. Mr. Perring has a briny fragrance about his personality, and is a bold figure to behold in his jersey, vehemently swinging his arms and clenched fists to the lilt of his extra impassioned deliveries. He seems to me one of the most creatively gifted, fiery-spirited traditional singers I have yet heard. (See *A Sailor's Garland*, edited by John Masefield, p. 306).—P. G.

Cf. "Storm Along" in Tozer's *Sailor's Songs or Chanties*.—L. E. B.

See "Old Stormy," in L. A. Smith's *Music of the Waters*, p. 16.—C. J. S.

There is a variant nearly the same as Tozer's in the *Yachting Monthly*, for October, 1906, and two others—one considerably different—are included in W. J. Alden's article in *Harper's Magazine*, 1882. "Storm Along," "Tom's gone to Hilo," and "Lowlands" are all chanties which strike me as negro in character, if not in origin.  
—A. G. G.

## 20.—STORMY.

(PUMPING CHANTY.)

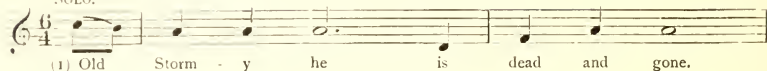
SECOND VERSION OF NO. 19.

COLLECTED AND SUNG BY  
MR. CHARLES ROSHER.

Noted by Percy Grainger, July 24th, 1906.

*Slow and heavy.*

SOLO.

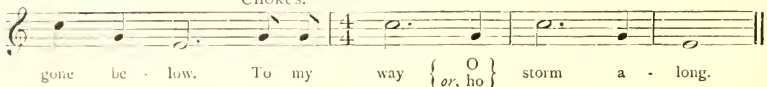


CHORUS.

SOLO.



CHORUS.



- (2) We'll dig his grave with a golden spade,  
We'll lower him down with a silver chain.

Mr. Rosher has collected a rich store of fine sea-chanties, learning to sing them in real sailor fashion when at sea. By his kind permission Nos. 20, 21, 23, 25 are included in this *Journal*.

See the *Standard* of November 17th, 1906.—P. G.

"Old Stormy" seems to be a purely mythical character, and this chanty has apparently originated during work at the pumps in heavy weather, in a desire to placate and lay the spirit of the storm by a mournful eulogy of his virtues and a description of his honoured burial, (on the folk-charm principle of suggesting or imitating the thing which one wishes to happen). He is "that good old man," as the fairies are, conciliatingly, the "good folk," but this American (negro?) form seems to convey a mild remonstrance against his conduct :

"Old Stormy, he was a bully old man,  
To me way, you Storm Along!  
Old Stormy, he was a bully old man,  
Fi-i, Massa Storm Along!"

This chanty, may, as has been suggested, be of negro birth, and have been originally an African rather than a nautical myth, though quite in keeping with sailor superstitions.—A. G. G.

## 21.—LOWLANDS.

(or : DOLLAR AND A HALF A DAY.)

(WINDLASS CHANTY.)

COLLECTED AND SUNG BY

MR. CHARLES ROSHER.

CHORUS.

Noted by Percy Grainger, July 24th, 1906.

*Slow. SOLO.*



A dol - lar and a half is a poor man's pay. Low - lands,

*SOLO.*



low - lands .. a - way, my John. A dol - lar and a half, it won't

*CHORUS.*



clear my way. My dol - lar ..... and a half a day.

*Cf. "Across the Western Ocean," Folk-Song Journal, Vol. ii, No. 9, p. 248.—*

*L. E. B.*

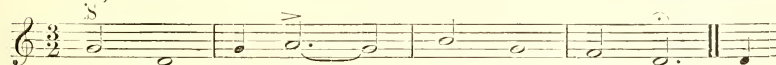
For a minor variant of the above chanty, see Tozer's *Sailor Songs*." The same minor version is given in *Music of the Waters*, and in W. J. Alden's article in *Harper's Magazine* (see note to "Santa Anna"), but an apparently older modal form is printed in the *Yachting Monthly*: its transcriber says it is one of the most peculiarly characteristic of all the chanties, but very difficult to write down in staff notation.

## LOWLANDS.

(A WINDLASS CHANTY, 1862.)

*Slow, ad libitum.*

—American Chanty.



Low - lands, Low - lands, ..... a - way, my John. O,

*ad lib.* *rall.*



my old mo - ther she wrote to me, My dol - lar and a half a



day; She wrote to me to come back from sea.

N.B. The soloist starts the first verse, as above, with the *Chorus* of the chanty.

Mr. Alden calls this perhaps the wildest and most mournful of all sailor songs. Much care, he says, has been given to "Lowlands" by chanty-men, and it has often been improved; and he speaks of the wonderful shading given to this song by the subtle and delicate variations of time and expression made by chanty-men of genius. In their late (?) form, the words run:

"I dreamt a dream the other night,

*Chorus:* Lowlands, lowlands, hurrah, my John,

I dreamt I saw my own true love,

*Chorus:* My lowlands aray."

The writer in the *Yachting Monthly* says: "Years ago a merchant seaman was never a 'Jack' tar, as his naval brother, but a 'John.' A crew of men was often spoken of as 'the Johns,' particularly in Liverpool; hence the use of the term ('my John') in chanties."

The "Lowlands" refrain is perhaps an echo of the old "Golden Vanity" song, or its precursor. The broadside copy of this,\* referring to Sir Walter Raleigh, was directed to be sung to the tune of "Sailing in the Lowlands" (Christie's traditional version preserves this refrain†), which tune would thus appear to belong to a still earlier sea-song.

There is also an American plantation-song with the refrain "In the Louisiana lowlands, low."—A. G. G.

\* 17th Century.

† "Sailing low in the lowlands, low in the sea,  
Sailing low in the lowlands low."

# 22.—DOLLAR AND A 'ÄLF A DAY.

(CAPSTAN CHANTY.)

SECOND VERSION OF NO. 21.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN PERRING,

Collected and noted by H. E. Piggott and Percy Grainger.

AT DARTMOUTH, JANUARY 18TH, 1908.

SOLO. *Slow*,  
(a) *mp*

(1) Five dol - lars a day is a white - man's pay. Way.....

*clingingly.*

CHORUS. (b) *Faster.*

SOLO. *Slow*,  
*mp*

*slidingly.*

Five dol - lars a day..... is a

*mf*; CHORUS. (c)

white man's pay. My..... dol - lar..... and a 'älf a day.

*Variants.*

(a)

(b)

(c)

- (2) But a dollar and a half is a nigger's pay. (twice)
- (3) The nigger works both night and day. (twice)
- (4) But the white man, he works but a day. (twice)

Mr. Perring said this is a "typical" Negro chanty, sung by black sailors in the East Indian trade, in complaint at their being harder worked and lower-waged than white seamen. When singing this chanty to Mr. Piggott on January 25th, 1908,

Mr. Perring's tune was practically identical with that of No. 21, except the first chorus, which ran :



See verses three, four, five, and six of "Roll the Cotton Down," in *A Sailor's Garland*, p. 311.—P. G.

Another negro chanty, "Tapiocum," (learnt on shipboard by a friend from the singing of an old coloured seaman), is of a more cheerful cast. It describes the happy darkies hauling in the cargo "on de lebbly" (levy = river embankment or wharf), with a gay chorus of

"Working on de cotton-boat, ten bob a day, oh,  
Pompey, can yo prick upon de banjo"? etc.

A. G. G.

### 23.—SANTA ANNA.

(WINDLASS CHANTY).

Noted by Percy Grainger, July 24th, 1906.

COLLECTED AND SUNG BY  
MR. CHARLES ROSHER.

SOLO. *Slow and mournful.* CHORUS. SOLO.

San - tā An - na's dead and gone. A - way, San - te An - né. O

CHORUS. *slacken.*

San - te An - né is gone be - low. All on the plains of Mex - i - co.

## 24.—SANTA ANNA.

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. ROYSTON CLIFFORD.

Collected and noted by Hon. Everard Feilding, London, June 19th, 1908.

SOLO. *Rather slow.* CHORUS.

Far a - way there's a land they say. Heave a - way, San - tē An - na.

SOLO. CHORUS.

San - tē An - na won the day. On the banks and plains of Mex - i - co.

Mr. Clifford sometimes reverses the order of succession of the first and second half of the tune. He remembers no other verse but the following, which he says is the last verse :

Thought I heard the chief mate say :  
 By the banks, etc.  
 One more pull and then belay.  
 Heave away, etc.

—P. G.

*Cf.* "Clear the track, let the Bulgine run," *Folk-Song Journal*, Vol. iii, No. 10, p. 31, and "On the plains of Mexico," *Tozer's Sailors Songs or Chanties*.—L. E. B.

The last phrase of the tune is nearly the same as that of "As I walked out" in *Songs from Dorset*, p. 8.—C. J. S.

For other very similar versions of "Santa Anna" ("The Plains of Mexico") see an article on "Sailor Songs" by W. J. Alden in *Harper's Magazine*, 1882, and another, "The Sea Chanty," by an anonymous writer in the *Yachting Monthly*, October, 1906. Mr. Alden says that the predominance of Santa Anna's name in sailor songs is probably due to Southern negroes, who still sing songs of which the name of the Mexican general is the burden. The variant he notes is in F minor, with sharpened seventh, but the *Yachting Monthly* form is Dorian, as Mr. Grainger's (which is very near it), also appears to be, though the sixth degree is absent from his tune.

There is a marked correspondence of rhythm and accent between the American chanties "Santa Anna" and "Let the Bulgine run" on the one hand, and various

forms of the old English sailor song, "The Coast of Barbaree," on the other, which suggests that the two American chanties are possibly sung to an old "Coast of Barbaree" tune. Compare the first refrain of the English song:

- (a) "Blow *high*, blow *low*, and so sailed we,"  
or (b) "With *hey*, with *ho*, for and a nonny no,"

with the corresponding negro refrain in "Clear the track, let the Bulgine run:":

"Ah, *ha*! Ah, *ho*! Are you most done?"

and again this form:

(c) "From the coast of Barbary-a,"

with

"Hurrah, you Santy An-na,"

and then compare the second refrain:

(d) "Alóngst the coast of Bárbary"  
with "All ón the plains of México."

---

(a) First refrain from the printed version entitled "The Salcombe Sailor's Flaunt."

(b) Ditto from another, "The Sailor's Onely Delight."

(c) Ditto from the fragment in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

(d) Second refrain of version b.

Some "Coast of Barbaree" tune may possibly yet come to light in England to confirm this suggestion as to the derivation of the above American chanty-tunes. I have already pointed out the resemblance of "Clear the track" to traditional versions of "Shule Agra."—A. G. G.

When the history of the Sailor's Chanties comes to be written a great many difficult problems will have to be faced. For instance, it will have to be asked how it comes about that so many are, obviously, of American origin. Also, how it is that so many seem to centre round Mexico, or have place-names belonging to that quarter of the American Continent. Also, why we do not find any English, or other European coast or port included in the random rhymes which are strung together in chanties. Miss Gilchrist's note is of considerable interest, but I doubt very much the "Coast of Barbaree's" connection with the American chanties. It seems exceedingly strange that among the great number of chanties lately noted there are none that we can confidently assign to a period as early as the 18th century.



I am drawing a sharp line between the working chanty and the sea-song. Even such an item as "Outward Bound" ("To Liverpool Docks we bade Adieu"), is a sea-song and not a working chanty, though frequently mis-named as of the latter class.—F. K.

## 25.—TOM'S GONE TO ILO.

(PUMPING CHANTY.)

Noted by Percy Grainger, April 3rd, 1907.

COLLECTED AND SUNG BY  
MR. CHARLES ROSHER.

SOLO. *Slow.* ; CHORUS. ; SOLO.

(1) Tom has gone, and I'll go too. A-way, haul ē I-lo. O

CHORUS.

Tom has gone and I'll go too. Tom's gone to I-lo.

(2) Tom he was my dearest friend. (twice)

(3) Tom has gone to Dixie's land. (twice)

Mr. Rosher says that the verses from "Storm Along," "We'll dig his grave, etc.," and "We'll lower him down, etc.," often got worked into this chanty.

See "Tommy's gone to Hilo," in *A Sailor's Garland*, p. 317.—P. G.

*Cf.* the version in Tozer's *Sailor's Songs or Chanties*, and L. Smith's *Music of the Waters*.—L. E. B.

*Cf.* also "John's gone to Hilo," a version sung in 1863 ("The Sea-Shanty," *Yachting Monthly*, October, 1906). When used as a halyard (pulling) chanty, the rhythm of the refrain is different, as in the version quoted without music in "The Chantey Man" (*Harper's Magazine*, but date unknown to me), where the united pull on the rope comes as indicated:

"Tommy's gone and I'll go, too,

*Chorus:* A-way, ey, oh,

Tommy's gone to Timbuctoo,

*Chorus:* Tom's gone to Hilo."

This accentuation also fits the "setting-sail" version given by Tozer.—A. G. G.

# 26.—TOM'S GONE TO ILO.

(CAPSTAN CHANTY.)

SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. JOHN PERRING,

AT DARTMOUTH, JANUARY 18TH, 1908.

Collected and noted by H. E. Piggott and Percy Grainger.

SOLO. *Slower.* CHORUS.

(Way?) { I . lo. }  
or, Hi . lo. (b)

Tom's gane (gone) { to I . lo. }  
or, Hi . lo. (b)

Variants, (a) (b)

- (1) Tom is gane (gone) and I'll go too. (twice)
- (2) Tom is gane, what shall I do? (twice)
- (3) He's gane away across the sea. (twice)
- (4) When he comes back he'll marry me. (twice)
- (5) And he'll no longer go to sea,  
But stay at home along with me.

This is one of the most interesting and characteristic variants I have seen, and strikes me as distinctly negro in flavour. The avoidance of the leading-note is worth noting. Gapped scales—with one or sometimes two notes missing—are noticeable amongst other negro melodies, such as the plantation-hymns of the Jubilee singers. This fact has led to the assumption that such negro tunes are of Scottish extraction.—A. G. G.

# 27.—SHALLOW BROWN.

(HAULING CHANTY.)

SUNG BY MR. JOHN PERRING,

Collected & noted by H. E. Piggott & Percy Grainger. AT DARTMOUTH, JAN. 18TH AND 25TH, 1908.

*Slowly, plaintively, & dramatically.*

CHORUS.

SOLO. (a)

(1) Shal - low Brown, you're going to leave me. Shal - low,.....

SOLO. (b)

Shal-low Brown. Shal - low Brown, you're going to leave me.

CHORUS. (c)

Shal - low,..... Shal - low Brown.

Variants. (a)

(3) Shal - low Brown, you're going to leave me.

(b)

(3) Shal - low Brown, you're going to leave me.

(c)

(3) Shal - low Brown, you're going to leave me.

- (2) Shallow Brown, don't ne'er deceive me. (twice)
- (3) You're going away across the ocean. (twice)
- (4) But you'll ever be my heart's devotion. (twice)
- (5) For your return my heart is burning. (twice)
- (6) When you return, we'll then get married. (twice)
- (7) I'll not regret I ever tarried. (twice) etc.

This is supposed to be sung to Shallow Brown, as his ship is weighing anchor, by a woman standing on the quay, Mr. Perring said. He did not know why Brown was called "Shallow ;"—"unless it was that he was shallow in his heart."—P. G.

The tune "Shallow Brown" in Tozer's *Sailor's Songs* should be compared. Tozer's words are different.—L. E. B.

See "Shallow Brown" and "Sally Brown," with which the above has some affinity, in L. Smith's *Music of the Waters*, p. 48.—C. J. S.

W. J. Alden, in his "Harper" article already mentioned, gives a version practically identical with Tozer's tune. Tozer describes it as a pumping-chanty, but Alden as one of the four-line pulling-songs with two choruses—an advance in the direction of the windlass song, as the most primitive type of hauling-chanty has but one chorus.—A. G. G.

## OBITUARY.

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### FRANK JAMES SAWYER.

BORN JUNE 19TH, 1857: DIED APRIL 29TH, 1908

It is with great regret that we record the death of another distinguished member of our Society, Dr. F. J. Sawyer, who passed away at Brighton, his birthplace and home, after a rapid illness. From 1877 to the present year he held the post of organist at St. Patrick's Church, Hove, which has always been distinguished for its beautiful musical services; and by the founding of the Brighton and Hove Choral and Orchestral Society, and other musical associations, he did most valuable work in his native town. His compositions are sound and earnest. He was for many years one of the professors at the Royal College of Music, London, and had a great reputation as teacher, there, and in many other quarters. As a lecturer Dr. Sawyer was particularly successful; his humour and geniality, added to his thorough knowledge, making the most abstruse subject interesting.

His uncle, the late Mr. F. E. Sawyer, F.S.A., was an enthusiastic collector of Sussex traditional songs (*see* his paper, "Sussex Songs and Music," read before the British Archæological Association, August, 1886). Dr. Sawyer was in the habit of helping him with the musical part of collecting and lecturing, and became himself a collector in his spare moments. Our British national and folk-songs often formed the subject of his lectures, and he had arranged to read a paper at Hove, on April 30th, upon "Folk-Songs from Sussex Villages," when, on the previous day, death summoned him. Dr. Sawyer's high character and lovable disposition endeared him to a wide circle of sincere friends.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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### JOURNAL OF THE FOLK-SONG SOCIETY.

#### VOLUME I.

- No. 1.—*Inaugural Address*, February 2nd, 1899, SIR C. HUBERT PARRY; *Modal Survivals in Folk-Song*, E. F. JACQUES; *Folk-Song Collecting*, KATE LEE; *Miscellaneous Contributions of British Songs, etc.* (Out of print).
- No. 2.—*Folk-Song Survivals in Jewish Worship*, REV. F. COHEN; *Sailors' Songs*, FRANK KIDSON; *Miscellaneous English Songs, etc.*
- No. 3.—*Sussex Songs*, collected by W. PERCY MERRICK.
- No. 4.—*Sussex and Surrey Songs, etc.*, collected by LUCY BROADWOOD.
- No. 5.—*Songs from Yorkshire, etc., etc.*, collected by FRANK KIDSON, C. CARR MOSELEY, W. PERCY MERRICK, etc. (Out of print).

#### VOLUME II.

- No. 6.—*Songs from Somersetshire and North Devon*, collected by CECIL SHARP.
- No. 7.—*The Ballad Sheet and Garland*, F. KIDSON; *Miscellaneous Contributions of British Songs, Ballads and Carols, etc.*
- No. 8.—*Songs from Seven English Counties*, collected by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, MUS. DOC.
- No. 9.—*British Songs*, collected by ANNIE G. GILCHRIST and FRANK KIDSON, etc.

#### VOLUME III.

- No. 10.—*Songs from County Waterford*, collected by LUCY BROADWOOD; *Miscellaneous Contributions from the Northern Border, the South of England, etc.*, collected by SYDNEY NICHOLSON, E. SWEETING, MUS. DOC., etc. Subject Index and Indexes to Vols. I and II.

No. 11.—*Dorsetshire Songs*, collected by H. E. D. HAMMOND.

Applications from members for back numbers of the *Journal* should be made to the Hon. Secretary, 19, Berners Street, W. The Committee hope to reprint Nos. 1 and 5. The price of Nos. 3 and 4 is 5s. 2d. each (post free). Other numbers cost 3s. 2d. each (post free).

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*English Traditional Songs and Carols*, collected and edited, with annotations and piano accompaniment, by LUCY E. BROADWOOD. (Thirty-nine songs; forthcoming in August or September). Boosey and Co., 295, Regent Street, W. (2s. 6d. net). *A cheap edition in both notations, tunes and words only, to follow.*





# Journal of the Folk-Song Society.

No. 13.

Being the Fourth and Final Part of Vol. III.

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## INTRODUCTION.

AT the suggestion of Miss Broadwood, then Secretary of the Society, I undertook the systematic collection of Folk-Songs in Hampshire in the summer of 1905, and I have continued my quest during four seasons. Miss Broadwood described Hampshire as a very promising county and the event has not belied her prediction. My budget now numbers nearly eleven hundred songs, and by the end of 1907, the date to which this *Journal* extends, I had collected nine hundred. Of the latter number I discarded one hundred and seventy and sent to the Society seven hundred and thirty.

Among these there are probably not more than four hundred distinct songs, because many variants are included in the number. To "John Barleycorn," for example, I have recorded five distinct tunes, two of them excellent, one good, and two inferior, and to "The Shooting of his Dear," one beautiful and one ordinary tune. Where the text is striking, as in the case of "Young Edwin" or "The Cruel Ship-carpenter," or where it is ancient, like that of a ballad, one never refuses to hear the song from a new singer, because there is always the chance of recovering a fresh and exquisite melody. It might have been supposed that the tune of "Barbara Allen," which was known from song-books before the work of collection began, was *the* tune to that text, but there are several tunes to it in my collection and I have recently discovered one which competent critics consider more beautiful than the one that is so familiar. Other collectors will confirm my experience.

Of novelties, that is of folk-songs probably printed for the first time, this *Journal* contains about twelve. Examples are "Beautiful Nancy," "Abroad as I was Walking," "Through the Groves," "The Highwayman" and "The Unfortunate Tailor"; while "Moorfields," "Fare ye well, lovely Nancy," "The Lowlands of Holland," "Claudy Banks," "Sing Ivy," and "In London, fair City" may fairly be described as rarities.

With regard to the modes in which the tunes were sung, about a third of the present selection are Major tunes, less than a third are Dorian, less than a fifth Æolian, and less than a sixth Mixolydian. The modal tunes were chiefly collected in the heart of the county in the district between the Basingstoke and the Alton lines of railway; the New Forest yielded only two Dorian tunes. My musical colleagues inform me that most of the tunes they have noted are Major tunes. Hampshire would therefore appear to be less rich in modal tunes than the counties farther west.

In conclusion I offer my best thanks to my singers, but for whose kindness my collection could not have been formed, and to my musical colleagues, Mr. Gamblin, of Winchester, Mr. H. Balfour Gardiner and Mr. Guyer, of Southampton, for the extreme care with which they have noted the tunes. Not less am I indebted to Dr. R. Vaughan Williams for his great kindness in verifying certain tunes which presented modal or other problems and to the Editorial Committee of the Society for equipping this selection of songs with illustrative notes.

GEORGE B. GARDINER.

MELROSE,  
*June, 1909.*

# 1.—WHEN THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW.

(SHEPHERD'S SONG.)

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD (ÆT. 78),  
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

Shep - herds are the clev - er - est lads that ev - er trod Eng - land's  
ground, They will call all at some ale - house and val - ue not one  
crown, They'll call for liq - uors mer - ri - ly and pay be - fore they  
go, They will work in the fields where storm-y winds do blow.

*Variants.*

Shepherds are the cleverest lads that ever trod England's ground,  
They will call all at some alehouse and value not one crown,  
They'll call for liquors merrily and pay before they go,  
They will work in the fields where stormy winds do blow.

Come, all you galliant shepherds, that has got galliant tongues,  
That do go out in the morning and never fear a storm,  
We never will be faint-hearted, we'll fear no frost or snow,  
We will work in the fields where stormy winds do blow.

A shepherd looked out all on the hill which made his heart to ache,  
To see the sheep with their tongues out just ready to complete,  
He looked up with courage bold, and up the hill did go  
For to drive them to fold when cold, stormy winds do blow.

And after he had folded them, returned back again  
Amongst some jovial company, and there he did remain  
A-drinking of strong liquor, boys, which was our heart's delight,  
While our sheep lays asleep full safely all this night.

The following text was obtained from the station-master at Cliddesden, by Basingstoke, Hants, in September, 1907.—G. B. G.

Come, all you brisk young shepherds, wherever you do march,  
On a cold and rimy morning did you ever feel the smart,  
Did you ever feel the smart, my boys, through ilgo, frost or snow  
And drive your sheep to the fold, when the cold stormy winds do blow.

As I walked over Mount Star plain, the frost did cut my feet,  
My ewes and lambs hung out their tongues and round me they did weep,  
Then I took up my courage bold and over the hills did go  
And drove my sheep to the fold, when the cold stormy winds did blow.

So now we have folded them and returned safe back again,  
Into some jovial company I am boldly entered in,  
A drinking of strong liquor, my boys, it is my heart's delight,  
And I have left my flock a-sleeping all through the cold, stormy night.

Young shepherds are the briskest young youths, that ever treads England's ground,  
They are so tender-hearted that they values not a crown,  
They values not a crown, my boys, through ilgo, frost or snow,  
And drives their sheep to the fold, when the cold stormy winds do blow.

This tune is distinct from that of "We Shepherds are the best of men" in *English County Songs*. It is practically the tune of "The Marigold," *Songs of the West*, p. 226, a tune which is pretty much "The Miller of the Dee" taken slowly. I have heard this tune sung to a variety of texts: (1) "Maria Marten," by Mr. George Digweed, of Micheldever, Hants; (2) "Job," a carol, by Mr. Richard Read, Bishop's Sutton, by Alresford, Hants; (3) "It's of a brisk young sailor bold," by Mr. George Blake, St. Denys, Southampton; (4) "Young Johnson," by Mr. James Rampton, Whitchurch, Hants; (5) "The Lowlands of Holland," in two forms, which appear in this *Journal*, and (6) "Claudy Banks" (*see this Journal*), the tune here assuming a serpentine form.—G. B. G.

It is, of course, a member of the "Lazarus" family.—J. A. F. M.

## 2.—WHEN THE STORMY WINDS DO BLOW.

(YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.)

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, *Jan.*, 1909.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. MOSES MILLS, (83),  
PRESTON CANDOVER, BY ALRESFORD, HANTS.

(a)

Ye gen - tle - men of Eng - e - land, that lives at home at ease, But

lit - tle do you think, or know the dan - gers of the seas, But,



This tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. iii, p. 104, and from Hadow's *Songs of the British Islands*, p. 6. It recalls the "Lazarus" tune and begins like "John Anderson, my Jo, John." Is it not possible that the tune may have been coloured by the hymn-tune "I heard the voice of Jesus say"? Parallel instances will be found in my notes.—G. B. G.

This appears to me to be a fragment, not of "Ye Gentlemen of England," but of the *old* sea-ballad "The Bay of Biscay, O"—a song apparently modelled upon the former. Dr. Gardiner's tune has points of resemblance to Christie's "Bay of Biscay" tune (see *Traditional Ballad Airs*), traced back through "aged relatives" to 1780, and his verse appears to belong to the same ballad, which Christie took down from the recitation of an old woman in Banffshire. (See Appendix to Vol. i of *Traditional Ballad Airs*). It opens:

"Ye gentlemen of England that stay at home at ease,  
 Ye little know the dangers that we have on the seas,  
 For when we get our orders, we're all obliged to go  
 Across the stormy main,\* let the wind blow high or low.  
 On the second day of April from Spithead we did sail,  
 With the *Ramsay* in our company, and had a pleasant gale;  
 We sailed down the Channel to the Bay of Biscay, O,  
 And sailing on a storm came on, and the wind began to blow."

The ballad proceeds to describe a disastrous storm, in which the captain was crushed out of life:

"And he lay  
 'Till next day,  
 Then we overboard him threw."

and ends with the arrival of the disabled ship at Gibraltar.

"Now no pine,  
 So drink wine,  
 And drink a long farewell to the Bay of Biscay, O."

\* "Over the main To proud Spain" preserves the rhyme in Dr. Gardiner's version

It is, I think, evident from these quotations (*cf.* "There *she* lay All that day," etc.) that this was the identical song which Incedon the singer transmitted from recollection to John Davy, the composer of the modern "Bay of Biscay"; moreover, that the sailors whom Incedon heard singing this *old* "Bay of Biscay" were singing their ballad to the "Stormy Winds" tune proper to the original "Gentlemen of England" upon which this old "Biscay" ballad is modelled. *Cf.* the chorus of Davy's tune with that of the tune "Ye Gentlemen of England"—a fine traditional version of which is given, to "The Valiant Lady," in Miss Broadwood's *English Traditional Songs and Carols*.—A. G. G.

It is possible that both the original "Bay of Biscay" and "Ye Gentlemen of England," in their primitive states may have been variants of the same song. J. W. Callcott's glee has, of course, nothing in common.—F. K.

With regard to Dr. Gardiner's reference to Dykes' hymn-tune, is it not probable that Dykes' tune was influenced by "John Anderson," the beginning of which is similar to the above tune? Moreover "John Anderson" is a well-known tune which Dykes would have been likely to have known. Similar suggestions of well-known folk-songs appear in other of his hymn-tunes which may account for the real vitality which, in spite of obvious artistic defects, the best of his tunes undoubtedly possess.  
—R. V. W.

This air is a curious blend of the old tune "Paul's Steeple" (*see* Playford's *Dancing Master*, etc.) and a modal air to "Admiral Benbow," beginning "Come, all you seamen bold," noted by myself many years ago in Sussex. It should be compared with the major tune "When the stormy winds do blow" or "You Gentlemen of England" in Chappell's *Popular Music*. Probably the air called "When the stormy winds do blow," which was used so largely for a variety of ballads during the 17th century, was a major tune of which the melody to "The valiant Lady" (*see English Traditional Songs and Carols* and notes in the Appendix), is a good traditional survival. Dr. Vaughan Williams has noted a version to "The valiant Lady" words which is almost identical with my tune. In the Roxburghe Ballads (II, 543) there is a ballad called "Neptune's Raging Fury, or the Gallant Seaman's Sufferings." This has fourteen verses, the first of which runs as does the first in Chappell's *Popular Music*, and is almost identical with the traditional verse here given, except that Spain is not mentioned. The Roxburghe ballad dates *circa* 1635. There is a short version of the words, three verses long, on a broadside by E. Hodges (late Pitt's), *Seven Dials*.—L. E. B.



### 3.—OH, MY OLD FATHER WAS A GOOD OLD MAN.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD, (ÆT. 78),  
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

Oh, my old fa-ther was a good old man, He sent me to scr-vice  
when I was young. My mis-sus and I nev-er could a-gree, Be-  
cause my mas-ter would love me, To my Fal-lal-lid-dle-lal-le day.

This tune is similar to *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 156, and very similar to Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 48, and to the next tune (No. 4).—G. B. G.

This tune is a variant of Chappell's fine old air "O rare Turpin" ("Turpin Hero"). See his *Popular Music*, also Moffat and Kidson's *Minstrelsy of England*. Chappell's air would be Dorian also but for the absence from the melody of the sixth degree.

—A. G. G.

This is certainly the case. I have a couple of traditional versions of "O rare Turpin" from Scarboro' which are much the same.—F. K.

See also "The Little Cobbler" in *Folk-Song Airs*, Book I.—C. J. S.

### 4.—THE COBBLER.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., June 23rd, 1906.  
MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY STANSBRIDGE, (ÆT. 58),  
LYNDHURST, HANTS.

*Very quickly.*

A sto-ry a sto-ry to you I will tell con-cern-ing of a but-cher in  
Lon-don did dwell. This but-cher was poss-essed of a beau-ti-ful wife And the  
cobb-ler he loved her so dear as his life To my fol-le did-dle-li-do lid-dle fol-le day.

The first tune is slightly similar to *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 156, and very similar to Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 48.—G. B. G.

This is a Mixolydian variant of the preceding tune "Oh, my father was a good old man." (*See note*).—A. G. G.

#### SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE SMITH, (AET. 77),  
FAREHAM, HANTS.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., July 25th, 1906.

*Very quietly.*

A sto - ry a sto - ry to you I will tell Con - cern - ing of a but - cher, in  
Lon - don did dwell, The but - cher was possessed of a pret - ty lit - tle wife And the  
cobb - ler he loved her as dear as his life, With my Too - ral loo - ral li - do  
too - ral loo - ral dee Too - ral loo - ral li - do too - ral loo - ral dee.

This tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 156. The refrain resembles the Scottish air, "Cockie Bendie," to which Lady Nairne wrote the words, "Bonny ran the burnie down."—G. B. G.

This tune seems to be a variant of the Scottish air "Cawdor Fair," known in England as one of the tunes commonly sung to "Sing a Song of Sixpence." See Rimbault's *Nursery Rhymes*, etc.—A. G. G.

#### CAWDOR FAIR.

FROM SMITH'S *Scottish Minstrel*.

# 5.—JOHN BARLEYCORN.

FIRST VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD, (ÆT. 78),  
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.

(a) (b)

There was three men come from the North The vic-'try for to try Then

these three men did vow and de-clare John Bar-ley-corn should die To my

rite lol le rol lol lid-dle for le rol Kite fol le rol li day.

variants. (a) (b) (c)

or or or

This tune is distinct from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 134, Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, p. 14, Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West*, No. 14, *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 81, and from the other versions in my collection. It is a variant of Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 58.—G. B. G.

The old Yorkshire carol-tune "Here we come a-wassailing" seems to be another form of this version.—A. G. G.

"I will sing you one, oh" and "Bingo" are sometimes sung to a tune very similar to the above. In the Roxburghe Ballads there is "A pleasant new ballad to sing both Even and Morne, of the bloody murder of Sir John Barleycorne. To the tune "Shall I lye beyond thee." This has thirty-four verses. Chappell states that the oldest known copy of the ballad is of the reign of James I. Since then versions have appeared in profusion, on ballad-sheets and in chap-books, up to the present day. Such printed two separate versions, one beginning "John Barleycorn is a hero bold" and the other "There was three knights came from the north." It is a popular error that Burns composed the well-known ballad. He merely trimmed it and re-wrote it—for the worse. For a traditional version of twelve stanzas see Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*. For further notes see *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 82.—L. E. B.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., Southampton,  
DORIAN

16th June, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY KING, (AET. 75),  
LYNDHURST, HANTS.

*Briskly.*

There was three Kings come from the North, Come from the North so  
high, They all did make a sol - emn vow, John  
Bar - ley - corn should die, With my fol le did-dle rite fol le day.

This tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 81, Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 134, Barrett's *English Folk-Songs*, p. 14, Baring-Gould's *Songs of the West* (new ed.), No. 14, Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 58, and from the other versions in my collection.—G. B. G.

There is a version of "John Barleycorn" in Ford's *Vagabond Songs of Scotland*, but to a modern and evidently "composed" tune.—A. G. G.

*Cf.* the words with the broadside printed by Such.—L. E. B.

The following additional text was noted from Mr. George Smith (aet. 77), Fareham, Hants, July 25th, 1906, to a tune which from considerations of space is not printed here.

There was three men come from the East,  
Who sold both corn and rye,  
They made a solemn vow, my boys,  
John Barleycorn should die.

*Chorus*—To my rite fol lol diddle lol le day,  
Rite fol lol li dee.

They ploughed the ground and sowed it,  
Put clots upon his head,  
And made a solemn vow, my boys,  
John Barleycorn was dead.  
*Chorus.*

And he bid in till midsummer,  
When rain from the sky did fall,  
John Barleycorn he rose,  
And quite surprised them all.  
*Chorus.*

In comes the jolliest flesher  
 And cuts him flesh from bone,  
 The miller served him worse than that  
 For he ground him between two stones.  
 Chorus.

Next in comes the poker  
 And pokes him with his fork,  
 And the carter served him worse than that,  
 For he tied him on his cart.  
 Chorus.

Here's brandy in a bottle  
 And cider in a can,  
 John Barleycorn in that brown jug  
 Will floor the jolliest man.  
 Chorus.

## 6.—THE BAFFLED KNIGHT.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM BONE, (ÆT. 67),

MEDSTEAD, BY ALTON.

5th Verse.

When she came to her fa - ther's house, The house that's walled all  
 round,..... oh, She did go in and shut the door, And  
 shut me out be - hind, ... oh, Rite fal - lal - lid - dle - lal - le - day.

(7th verse.) "When you met with me, kind Sir,  
 You thought you had met with a fool, oh,  
 So take your bible under your arm  
 And run along to school, oh."  
 Rite fol, etc.

(The other verses are omitted.)

This tune is distinct from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 8. For the text and copious notes see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.—G. B. G.

Cf. the tune with "The Nightingale" (My love was drowned in the *Nightingale*) in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, also with "Tarry Trowsers" (2nd version) in this number of the *Journal*.—A. G. G.

For notes on this ballad, which is connected with "The Shepherd's Son" or "Blow the Winds, I ho!" see *Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 6, pp. 18-20. The air is similar to one to which the ballad of "The Cruel Mother" or "Aloney-o!" is sometimes sung.—L. E. B.

## 7. IN LONDON FAIR CITY.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams  
DORIAN—MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM BONE, (ÆT. 67),  
MEDSTEAD, BY ALTON, HANTS, JAN., 1909.



In Lon - don fair ci - ty a dam - sel did dwell, She was  
court - ed by a sail - or and he lov - ed her well And he  
prom - ised for to mar - ry her, if he ev - er did re - turn, By the  
marks on his for - tune, all on him did stand.

In London fair city a damsel did dwell,  
She was courted by a sailor, and he loved her well  
And he promised for to marry her if he ever did return,  
By the marks on his fortune, all on him did stand.

As he was a-sailing along so brave,  
Those winds and those waves began for to rise,  
The storm it was a-rising and the billows loud did roar,  
Which tossed this young sailor all on the sea-shore.

As she was a-walking down by the sea-sung (*sic*),  
She saw her drowned sailor lie dead on the ground  
And, when she came near to him, he put her to a stand,  
She knew 'twas her true Love by the marks on his hand.

She kissed him, she hugged him, she called him her dear,  
Ten thousand times over she kisséd him there,  
Saying : " I'm very well contented, Love, to lie by your side,  
My green grave shall be instead of a new married life."

As she was a-walking down by the seaside  
And wringing of her tender hands, so bitterly did cry,  
Saying : " My joys are all ended, my sorrows are all fled,"  
In a few moments after this young damsel died.

In Robin Hood's churchyard this couple was buried  
And all for a memorandum a tombstone was laid,  
Come, all you constant lovyers, that here do pass by,  
See this unfortunate couple how happy they do lie.

The following text was obtained in 1906 from Mr. George Cooper, Southampton Workhouse.

In Scarborough town a young damsel did dwell,  
She was courted by a seaman and he lovéd her well  
And he promised for to marry her if he should return,  
But mark what misfortunes all on him did frown.

His ship was got ready and fitted for sea  
And the wind it blew West with a pleasant fine gale  
And, as they were sailing to their great surprise,  
A storm from the East began for to rise.

The wind it blew high and the billows did roar  
And tossed those poor sailors all on the sea-shore.  
Twenty-five of them they took to their boat  
And short of provisions they all went afloat.

And it fell to her Love's lot for him to be one  
And he lost his dear life in the watery pond.

. . . . .

When those sad news it reachéd her ears,  
She fell wringing of her tender hands and tearing her hair ;  
Crying : " Oh, you, cruel waves, tossed my true Love on shore,  
That I might behold his sweet features once more."

And as she was walking down Robin Hood's Bay,  
She saw a poor sailor lying dead by the way  
And as she drew near him in amazement did stand,  
For she knew it was her true Love by the mark on his hand.

She kissed him and loved him and called him her dear,  
And loved and kissed him many times o'er,  
Saying : " Love, I am willing for to die by your side."  
In a few moments she fainted and died.

In Scarborough churchyard this young couple were laid,  
The lines were on their headstone what those two had said,  
" Farewell to all pleasures, since life it is fled,  
We've a grave now instead of our new marriage bed."

The above tune is distinct from Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 112. It is slightly similar to "Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth" in this *Journal*.—G. B. G.

All copies of this ballad, which I have only heard (never seen in print), tend to show that it tells of a real incident that occurred at the picturesque village of Robin Hood's Bay—locally called merely "Bay" or "Bay Town." I have heard it sung as "In Scarborough," similar to the second copy of Dr. Gardiner's words, but I believe the original is as I have it in my *Traditional Tunes*, "On Stowbrow"—Stowbrow being a high hill overlooking Robin Hood's Bay, upon which there are many scattered farmsteads.—F. K.

Compare the words with those of "The Drowned Lover" in *Songs of the West*, No. 32, and in my Somerset Collection, No. 32.—C. J. S.

I have a version of this ballad "The Drowned Sailor, or Lover," communicated by Mrs. Macartney who noted it from Bill Moat, a Whitby fisherman, in 1907. The singer told her that the song describes a real event, recorded on a tombstone in the old disused churchyard at Robin Hood's Bay which is close to Whitby. The inscription is now almost illegible. Mr. Moat's version begins "In Stoupbrow (Stowbrow) a damsel did dwell," and describes the girl's walk "from Stoupbrow to Bay." His tune is almost identical with that noted by Mr. Kidson (see *Traditional Songs*), and is widely used throughout England for the ballad "The Golden Glove." Mr. H. E. D. Hammond has noted a version in Dorsetshire to a "William and Dinah" type of tune.—L. E. B.

## 8.—JOSEPH WAS AN OLD MAN.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester.

SUNG BY MRS. DAVEY, (CIRCA 60),  
ALRESFORD, HANTS, NOV., 1907.

Jo - seph was an old man and an old man was he, He  
mar - ried his cou - sin the Queen of Gal - il - ee.

Variants noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.



For texts of this carol see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, No. 54.  
—G. B. G.

This carol is a well-known one, and occurs in most penny carol-books sold in Leeds. A version of the tune appears in Bramley and Stainer's collection, and in earlier books. It is generally called "The Cherry Tree Carol," from the chief incident in the story.—F. K.

The "Cherry Tree" portion of the carol (which is one of the few carols printed by Child in his *Popular Ballads*) is founded upon the Pseudo-Matthew's Gospel, chapter xx. The incident also occurs in No. viii of the "Ancient Mysteries" printed by Hone. (Mystery viii is No. 15 of the pageants produced by the Grey Friars at Coventry). The earliest printed tune which I have seen for this carol is the one given in Sandys' *Christmas Carols*, 1833. Like several other tunes in the same collection, it appears to be wrongly noted. (I think it should be barred in triple, not common, time). The same tune re-appears in Husk's *Songs of the Nativity*; a solution of the wrong notation is there attempted, but still in common time. Dr. Gardiner's tune seems to be a fragment of the traditional tune to "A Virgin most pure" in Davies Gilbert's *Ancient Carols*, 1823, and, as a variant, corresponds with the refrain of this.—A. G. G.

The carol is still sung in Gloucestershire. The words are printed on the "Divine Mirth" broadsides by Evans and Pitts.—C. J. S.

### 9.—GOD BLESS THE MASTER.

(FROM MORN TO MORN.)

SUNG BY MR. DANIEL WIGG, (ÆT. 84),

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

PRESTON CANDOVER, BY ALRESFORD, HANTS, JAN., 1909.

God bless the mas - ter of this house And send him long to  
reign ; Where - e'er he walks, where - e'er he rides, Lord Je - sus be his  
guide, Lord Je - sus be his guide.

## CAROL.

God bless the master of this house  
And send him long to reign ;  
Where'er he walks, where'er he rides,  
Lord Jesus be his guide, Lord Jesus be his guide.

God bless the mistress of this house,  
With a gold chain round her breast ;  
Amongst her friends and kindered,  
God send her soul to rest, God send her soul to rest.

From morn to morn, remember thou,  
When first our Christ was born,  
He was crucified between two thieves,  
And crownèd with the thorn, and crownèd with the thorn.

From morn to morn, remember thou,  
When Christ laid on the rood,  
'Twas for our sins and wickedness  
Christ shed His precious blood, Christ shed His precious blood.

From morn to morn, remember thou,  
As Christ was wropped in clay,  
He was put into some sepulchre,  
Where never no man lay, where never no man lay.

God bless the ruler of this house,  
And send him long to reign ;  
And many a merry Christmas  
We may live to see again, we may live to see again.

Now I've said my carol,  
Which I intend to do,  
God bless us all both great and small  
And send us a happy new year.

*Cf.* the Sussex "Mummer's Carol" (*Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 7, p. 128, also *English Traditional Songs and Carols*) for another form of the same tune. This is evidently the carol-air "arranged" by Arthur Sullivan to form his tune "Noel" (to the Christmas hymn "It came upon the midnight clear.") Sullivan's copy (presumably a traditional one) may, however, have been nearer to his own tune than these forms. A West Sussex variant very like Dr. Gardiner's tune was recently sent to me by the Rev. H. Peckham, Nutley, Uckfield. In the accompanying verses the mistress of the house is said to have "freedom on her breast"—a puzzling corruption. It may be pointed out that the verse about "righteous Joseph," with which this carol sometimes begins, has no real connection with it, but belongs properly to the carol beginning "When righteous Joseph wedded was To Israel's Hebrew Maid"—a carol which deals with the Annunciation, Joseph's doubt, and his re-assurance, during sleep, by "God's angel." Both carols seem to have been sung to the same tune, ("Oh, mortal man" is probably the older of the two). Although at first sight there

appears little connection between Sandys' tune to "Righteous Joseph" and Dr. Gardiner's "God bless the Master," on examination Sandys' "Righteous Joseph" will, I think, show itself to be an eight-line and more elaborate form of Dr. Gardiner's tune. Mr. H. Balfour Gardiner's tune (*Journal*, Vol. ii, No. 7, p. 130) should also be compared with Sandys' version. All these tunes are evidently connected with each other.—A. G. G.

SECOND VERSION. (OH, MORTAL MAN.)

Communicated by the Rev. H. Peckham.

FORMERLY SUNG AT ALDINGBOURNE, SUSSEX.

God bless the mas - ter of this house With great pros - per - i -  
 - ty And whe-ther he walk or whe-ther he ride Lord Je - sus be his  
 guide And Lord Je - - - sus be his guide.

WHEN RIGHTEOUS JOSEPH.

SANDYS' *Christmas Carols*, 1833.

When righ - teous Jo - seph wed - ded was To Is - rael's  
 He - brew maid, A..... glo - rious An - gel from Heaven came Who  
 to the Vir - gin said, Hail, bless - ed Ma - ry,  
 full of grace, The Lord re - mains with thee Thou shalt con -  
 - ceive and bear a Son, Our..... Sa - viour for to be.



layers for the water with which mortar is mixed (*i.e.* diluted?). *De l'eau* is the derivation suggested in the dictionary, but I think a connection with "dilute" seems more likely for both words.—A. G. G.

*Cf.* the tune of "Sheepshearing Song" (*English County Songs*). The air in various forms is a great favourite in Sussex, Hampshire and Wiltshire.—L. E. B.

## 11.—BEAUTIFUL NANCY.

*Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester.*

*DORIAN.*

SUNG BY MRS. MUNDAY, (CIRCA 60),

AXFORD, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, OCT., 1907.

(a) (b)

As beau - ti - ful Nan - cy... was a - walk - ing one day, She  
met a young sail - or up - on the high - way. Said  
he "My pret - ty fair maid, where are you a - go - ing, Where  
are you a - go - ing tell me pret - ty maid."

*Variants noted by*  
R. Vaughan Williams,  
Jan., 1909.

(a) (b) (c)

As beautiful Nancy was a-walking one day,  
She met a young sailor upon the highway;  
Said he, "My pretty, fair maid, where are you a-going,  
Where are you a-going, tell me, pretty maid."

"I am searching for young Jamie, young Jamie, my dear,  
I have not a-seen him for more than nine year,  
But a man that lives absent, a maid I will live and die,"  
But little did she think it was young Jamie so nigh!

Then Jamie he stood, as long as he could forbear,  
And straightway he made himself beknown to his dear,  
She denied lords and squires for young Jamie, her dear,  
And now she's possessed of nine hundred a year.

A text of this song in eight verses is given in Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*, p. 56. I have recorded other tunes to this text distinct from the present.—G. B. G.

The tune has some resemblance to "Glenlogie" in *Songs of the North*.—A. G. G.  
And also to "Sweet Kitty" in my Somerset Collection (No. 5).—C. J. S.

## 12.—YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester, and R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

ÆOLIAN. SUNG BY MRS. HOPKINS (ÆT. 25), AXFORD, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, OCT., 1907.

Come, all you wild young peo - ple, and lis - ten to... my  
song, While I will un-fold con - cern - ing gold, that guides so ma - ny  
wrong, Young Em - ma was a ser - vant maid and loved a sail - or  
bold, He ploughed the main much gold to gain for his Love, as we've been told.

Come, all you wild young people, and listen to my song,  
While I will unfold concerning gold, that guides so many wrong.  
Young Emma was a servant maid and loved a sailor bold,  
He ploughed the main much gold to gain, for his Love as we've been told.

As Emma she did daily mourn since Edwin first did roam,  
When seven years were past and gone, then Edwin hailed his home.  
He went unto young Emma's house to her much gold to show,  
What he had gained upon the main, above the Lowlands Low.

Her father kept a public inn, it stood down by the sea,  
Says Emma, "You can enter in and there this night can be;  
I'll meet you in the morning, don't let my parents know  
Your name it is young Edwin that ploughed the Lowlands Low"

As Emma she lay sleeping, she had a frightful dream,  
She dreamt her Love stood weeping and blood pourd in a stream;  
She rose up in the morning and to her friends did go,  
Because she loved him dearly that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

" Oh, mother, where's the stranger come here last night to lay ? "  
 " Oh, he is dead, no tales can tell," her father he did say.  
 " Then father, cruel father, you will die a public show,  
 For murdering of my Edwin, that ploughed the Lowlands Low."

Says Emma, " I will wander down by the stormy seas,  
 Where Edwin he lies under who once did brave the breeze.  
 The shells that in the ocean are rolling to and fro  
 Reminds me of my Edwin that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

The fishes of the ocean swim o'er my lover's breast,  
 His body rolls in motion, I hope his soul's at rest.  
 How cruel was my parents to prove his overthrow,  
 And take the gold from one so bold that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

As many a day she passed away and tried to ease her mind,  
 Crying, " Oh, my friends, my Love is gone and I, poor girl, behind."  
 Her friends were broken-hearted, to Bedlam forced to go,  
 Their shrieks were for young Edwin that ploughed the Lowlands Low.

This tune has a distant resemblance to *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 124, and it is slightly similar to two variants in my collection. It is a very curious fact that the father of the singer gave this to me as a major tune, while the singer herself sang it in the *Æolian* mode. I have another tune to this text, which is almost identical with *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 255.—G. B. G.

The words are very frequently met with on ballad-sheets by all printers.—F. K.

### 13.—YONDER SITS A FAIR YOUNG DAMSEL.

*Noted by R. Vaughan Williams from a phonographic record.*

SUNG BY MRS. RANDALL (AET. 55), AT ELLISFIELD, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS,

JAN., 1909.

DORIAN.

2nd Verse.



(First verse.)

Yonder sits a fair young damsel,  
 Who she is I do not know,  
 But I will go and court her for her beauty,  
 Let her answer be " Yes " or " No."

The phonographic record noted is that of the second verse, as the first verse was indistinctly sung by Mrs. Randall. The words of the latter half of the verse were not clear enough to be noted.

This tune is distinct from "Twenty, Eighteen," *English County Songs*, p. 90, from *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 94, and from two other tunes to this text, which I have recorded. It is slightly similar to Mrs. Hall's "Tarry Trowsers" in this *Journal*.—G. B. G.

This tune may be compared with the traditional Welsh air "Llanilar," in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Hymn-book, Carnarvon, 1897.—A. G. G.

### LLANILAR.

DORIAN.

WELSH AIR.



Compare the tune with that of "Bold William Taylor," *Folk-Song Journal*, No. ii, p. 214.—C. J. S.

### 14. ROBIN HOOD AND THE THREE SQUIRES.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams from a phonographic record.

SUNG BY MRS. GOODYEAR (ÆT. 75),

MIXOLYDIAN.

AXFORD, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, Jan., 1909.

Bold Rob - in Hood rang - ed the for - est all round, The  
 for - est all round rang - ed he ..... And the first that he met was a  
 gay la - dy Come weep - ing a - long the high - way, .....



Bold Robin Hood rangèd the forest all round,  
The forest all round ranged he,  
And the first that he met was a gay lady,  
Come weeping along the highway.

"Oh, why do you weep, my gay lady?  
Oh, why do you weep?" said he.  
"Oh, why do you weep, my gay lady?  
I pray thee come tell unto me.

Oh, do you weep for gold or fame,  
Or do you weep for me  
Or do you weep for anything else  
Belonging to anybody?"

"I don't weep for gold or fame,  
Nor I don't weep for thee;  
Nor I don't weep for anything else  
Belonging to anybody?"

"Then why do you weep, my gay lady?  
Why do you weep?" said he.  
"Oh, why do you weep, my gay lady?  
I pray thee come tell unto me."

"Oh, I do weep for my three sons,  
For they are condemned to die."  
"Oh, what have they done?" said bold Robin Hood,  
"Oh, what have they done?" said he.

"What parish church have they robbed?" said bold Robin Hood,  
"Or what parish priest have they slain?  
Did they ever force a maid against her will,  
Or with other men's wives have they lain?"

Oh, what have they done," said bold Robin Hood,  
"Oh, what have they done?" said he.  
"They have stole sixteen of the king's white deer,  
To-morrow they are condemned to die."

"Go your way home, my gay lady,  
Go your way home," said he.  
"Oh, go your way home, my gay lady,  
To-morrow I set them quite free."

"What men are all those?" said bold Robin Hood,  
"What men are all those?" said he.  
"They are all of them mine and none of them thine,  
They are come for the squires all three."

"Go and take them, go and take them," says the master sheriff,  
"Go and take them all," said he;  
"Never no more in fair Nottingham town  
Shall borrow three more of me."

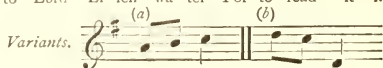
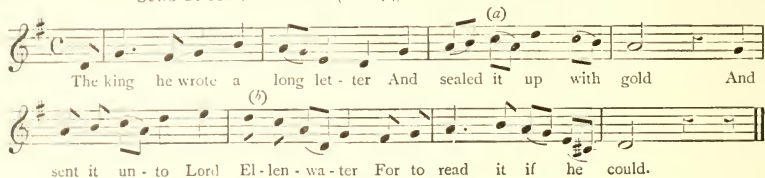
For texts of this ballad see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.—G. B. G.  
Cf. "The Outlandish Knight," *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 282, 1st version, for a major  
version of the tune, from Yorkshire.—A. G. G.

# 15.—LORD DERWENTWATER.

(LORD ELLENWATER.)

*Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester, and R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.*

SUNG BY MRS. GOODYEAR (AET. 74), AXFORD, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, AUG., 1907.



The king he wrote a long letter,  
And sealed it up with gold,  
And sent it unto Lord Ellenwater,  
For to read it if he could.

The first three lines Lord Ellenwater read,  
It made his heart to revive;  
And the next three lines Lord Ellenwater read,  
The tears fell from his eyes.

He called for his stable groom,  
To saddle his milk-white steed,  
That up to London I might go,  
For I am sure there never was more need.

He put one foot all in his stirrup,  
Another across his steed,  
Three drops of blood fell from his nose,  
As he mounted his milk-white steed

"That token's enough," Lord Ellenwater said,  
"That I never no more shall return,

· · · · ·

Here to you, my gay lady,  
Which is my wedded wife,  
· · · · · an estate  
To maintain you all the days of your life.

Here is fifty thousand pounds in one pocket,  
To be given away to the poor,  
Fifty thousand in the other pocket,  
Shall be strewed from door to door."

There stands the old grim man  
With the shining axe all in his hand,  
Saying, "Come, you, along here, Lord Ellenwater  
For your life is at my command."

The people all amazed stood  
And well enough they may  
For he jumped three times upon his legs  
After they had cut off his head.

For texts of this ballad see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. In Sussex the ballad is known as "Lord Allanwater." See the song competition of the *West Sussex Gazette*. My singer said "Lord Ellenwater."—G. B. G.

The ballad here given must not be confused with Surtees' own composition beginning "Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall" which he communicated to Hogg, under the title of "Lord Derwentwater's Goodnight." Nor has it anything in common with another imitation of an old ballad, by Allan Cunningham (see Cromek's *Remains*). James Ratcliffe, earl of Derwentwater, was suspected of concerting a rising in the North of England on behalf of the Pretender. He was executed in 1716. It is interesting to note that his name has been changed by Hampshire and Sussex singers to Ellenwater and Allenwater, for a large part of his Northumbrian estates were in and around Allendale, through which the river Allen runs. A Cumberland singer would naturally sing "Derwent-water," but a Northumbrian might conclude that "Allen-water" was most correct. In Buchan's MSS. the name appears as "Lord Arnwaters."—L. E. B.

The ballad by Allan Cunningham in Cromek's *Remains* is reprinted by Hogg in his *Jacobite Relics* under the title of "Derwentwater." It is possible that Cunningham's song was founded upon an existent ballad. The tune which is given to it in the *Jacobite Relics* seems old, and there is some resemblance in the first part to the one given above.—A. G. G.

I have collected this ballad (as "Lord Ellenwater") to a very fine Æolian tune, in Cambridgeshire. —R. V. W.

# 16.—PRETTY NANCY.

NO. 16. R. F. C. H. W. G. G.

SUNG BY MR. DANIEL WIGG (AET. 84),  
PRESTON CANDOVER, BY ALRESFORD, HANTS, JAN., 1909.

Pret-ty Nan-cy of Yar-mouth, she dwells in the street, She was court-ed by  
Wm. he be-longs to the fleet. When the trum-pet it sound-ed, to the  
wars he must go, It filled her poor bo-som with sor-row and woe.

Var.

Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth, she dwells in the street,  
She was courted by William, he belongs to the fleet.  
When the trumpet it sounded, to the wars we must go,  
It filled her poor bosom with sorrow and woe.

"Oh, William, dear William, this will break my heart,  
Since you and I, Love, for ever must part,  
You're a-going to those wars, Love, where cannon loud roar,  
Where I never, no never, shall see you any more."

"Oh, Nancy, dear Nancy," these words he did say,  
"Our ship she lies anchored and I must away."  
As he kissed her red rose cheeks, from his eyes tears did fall,  
When he bid his dear Nancy adieu and farewell.

Then our bold captain, he showed us a mark,  
The mark, that he showed us, it appeared in the dark.  
It came roaring like thunder and the lightning flash flew,  
All on the salt seas, where the stormy winds blow.

This is a kind letter I'm going to write,  
To Nancy, my charming, my joy and delight,  
It is to inform you what we undergo  
All on the salt seas, where the stormy winds blow.

Then up speaks our captain, a well speaking man,  
"Come, all my bold heroes, here's to old England,  
For the soldiers they will skip, my boys, at the sound of the drum,  
While t we poor sailors meets a watery tomb."

This tune is distinct from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, Vol. ii, p. 282. It is slightly similar to *a* and *b* in *Journal*, Vol. iii, pp. 101 and 102 and to the tune of "In London Fair City" in this volume, and it is similar to No. 78 of *Folk-Songs from Somerset* and to another tune I have recorded with this text.—G. B. G.

## 17.—NELSON.

*Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.*  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. DANIEL WIGG (AET. 84),  
PRESTON CANDOVER, BY ALRESFORD, HANTS.

Bold Bri-tain's long ex-pect-ed good news from our fleet, Com-  
mand-ed by Lord Nel-son the French for to meet, Till at  
length the news came o-ver through the coun-ter-ie was spread, That the  
French was de-feat-ed and Nel-son was dead.

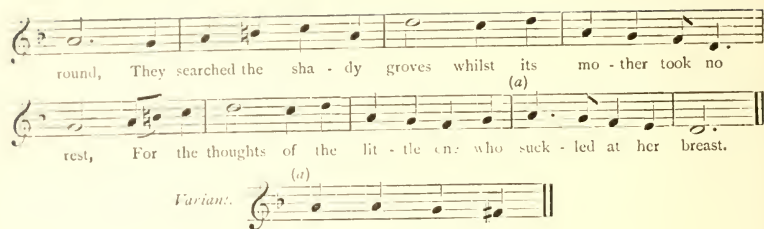
The rest of the words are not worth printing.

## 18.—THE LITTLE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

*Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner.*  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. CHARLES TAYLOR (AET. 67),  
KINGSLERE WORKHOUSE, HANTS, MAY, 1907.

It is of a lit-tle boy in the mea-dows went to  
play, When three Gyp-sies be-trayed him and stole him a-  
way, Long time my child was miss-ing and could not be  
found, They searched the sha-dy groves and the mead-ows all



The rest of the words are not worth printing.

I have two other tunes to this text, one distinct from the present, the other slightly similar to it.—G. B. G.

“The Pretty Ploughboy” ballad is often sung to variants of this tune. The verse given here is a paraphrase of the first verse of “The Lost Lady Found.”—L. E. B.

I have collected a variant of this ballad in Somerset.—C. J. S.

## 19.—SING IVY.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner.  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM MASON (ÆT. 60),  
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER, NOV., 1906.



*Variants.*



My father gave me an acre of land,  
Sing ovy, sing ivy,  
My father gave me an acre of land,  
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,  
Sing ovy, sing ivy,  
I harrowed it with a bramble bush,  
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I sowed it with two peppering corns,  
Sing ovy, sing ivy,  
I sowed it with two pepper corns,  
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I rolled it with a rolling-pin,  
Sing ovy, sing ivy,  
I rolled it with a rolling-pin,  
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I reaped it with my little pen-knife,  
Sing ovy, sing ivy,  
I reaped it with my little pen-knife,  
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I stowed it in a mouse's hole,  
Sing ovy, sing ivy,  
I stowed it in a mouse's hole,  
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I threshed it out with two beanstalks,  
Sing ovy, sing ivy,  
I threshed it out with two beanstalks,  
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

I sent my rats to market with that,  
Sing ovy, sing ivy,  
I sent my rats to market with that,  
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

My team o' rats came rattling back,  
Sing ovy, sing ivy,  
My team o' rats came rattling back  
With fifty bright guineas and an empty sack,  
A bunch of green holly and ivy.

The above tune is distinct from those in *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 83, and Vol. ii, pp. 212 and 213. For notes on the song see the foregoing references, and *Journal*, Vol. iii, pp. 12-16.—G. B. G.

For a version of this, with a tune evidently traditional, see *Children's Songs of Long Ago* (Kidson and Moffat), p. 48.—F. K.

This air has certain peculiarities not commonly met with in English traditional melody, but usual in Gaelic music. I have noted a Western Highland tune the first half of which has points of strong likeness to the above.—L. E. B.

## 20. - THE TREE IN THE VALLEY.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM MASON (AET. CO), EASTON, BY WINCHESTER

With the Q. Pithers Guitars and J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M.

*1st verse only.* All the other verses begin here.

Down in yon - ders green mea - dow there grows a fine tree And  
 on the tree there was a limb, As fine a limb as  
 ev - er you see And the limb on the tree and the tree in the ground  
 Down in yon - ders green mea - dow there grows a fine tree.

*Thi. bar repeated as often as required. (a)*

*Variant.*  
 (a) *\*Sometimes as this.*

tree in the ground. *Notes always as above.*

Down in yonders green meadow there grows a fine tree  
 And on that tree there was a limb,  
 As fine a limb as ever you see  
 And the limb on the tree and the tree in the ground,  
 Down in yonders green meadow there grows a fine tree.

And on that limb there was a twig,  
 As fine a twig as ever you see  
 And the twig on the limb and the limb on the tree and the tree in the ground,  
 Down in yonders green meadow there grows a fine tree.

And on that twig there was a nest, etc.

And in that nest there was an egg, etc.

And on that egg there was a shell, etc.

And in that shell there were some bones, etc.

And on these bones there was some flesh, etc.

(The rest is wanting,)



The melodies given in *English County Songs*, p. 174, and in the first edition of *Songs of the West*, p. 220, are distinct from the present melody.—G. B. G.

I am glad to see a form of this interesting cumulative song—found in several other European countries—included in the *Journal*. In *Songs of the West* (1st edition—the song is omitted from the later issue) reference is given to a Breton version, “Ar parc caer.” A very curious traditional carol, at least four hundred years old, “Over yonder’s a park that is newly begun”—which there may another time be occasion to discuss in the *Journal*—is framed upon a similar enumerative formula, (see *Notes and Queries*, 10 S. iv, September 2nd, 1905). There is also a French form, with a very polite ending, in *La Mère L’Oie*—a book of French nursery-rhymes. This is called “Le Bois joli” and begins:

Au quatre coins de Paris  
Devinez ce qu’il y a ;  
Il y a un bois,  
Un petit bois joli, Mesdames,  
Il y a un bois,  
Un petit bois joli, il y a.

It ends with a message, found within the yolk of the egg :

Et dedans ce petit jaune  
Il y a écrit  
Votre serviteur, Mesdames,  
Il y a écrit  
Votre serviteur je suis !

This version does not “pile up” the objects named, as our English forms do, but merely proceeds from one to another with the formula of repetition shown in the first verse. There is also a Danish form, very like ours, with tune, in a collection called *Danmarks Melodier* :

Langt udi Skoven laa et lille Bjerg—  
Aldrig saa jeg saa dejligt et Bjerg —  
Bjeiget ligger langt udi Skoven.

[Long out in the wood there lay a little hill,  
Never saw I so fair a hill—  
The hill lies long out in the wood.]

Then “On the little hill there stood a tree,” etc. The song is marked in this collection as a “Folkesang” with the descriptive title of a “Sang-Remse,” equivalent to “Song-Rigmarole”—a very good name for this class of folk-songs!

—A. G. G.

# LANGT UDI SKOVEN.

(DANISH FOLK-SONG.)

FROM *Danmarks Melodier*.

1. Langt u - di Sko ven laa et lil - le Bjerg, Al - drig saa jeg saa dej - ligt et Bjerg,  
 2. Paa det lil - le Bjerg der stod et lil - le Træ Al - drig saa jeg saa dej - ligt et Træ,

*Verses 2 and following.*

Træ - et paa Bjerg-en, Bjerg-et lig - ger langt..... u - di Sko - ven.

A version of this has lately been noted in Switzerland (Canton Bern). It begins "Dert unde-n-i-der Ou Dert steit e Birliboum" (see *Kinderlied und Kinderspiel im Kanton Bern*, G. Züricher). This begins with the tree, and ends with the pip within the core. A Welsh version of great beauty, both of melody and text, has been recently noted. Mrs. Davies, Hon. Sec. of the Welsh Folk-Song Society, when singing it to me pointed out that the Welsh words, which in the main follow our more commonplace English version, entirely conform to the highly complicated Celtic rules for verse, including assonance, and the proper sequence of consonants, etc. This is a striking fact, and suggests that possibly the Breton and Welsh forms of the song are the oldest.—L. E. B.

\* See "Ar y bryn daeth pren" ("On the hill there came a tree"). *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society*, Vol. i, No. 1.

## 21. —WE'RE ALL JOLLY FELLOWS THAT FOLLOW THE PLOUGH.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.

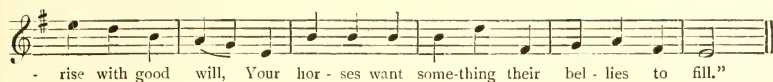
DORIAN

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD (ÆT. 78),

EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

*Bri kly.* (a)

Twas ear - ly one morn - ing at the break of the day, The cocks were a -  
 (v)  
 - crow - ing, the far - mer did say, "Come a - rise, my good fel - lows, Come, a -



*Variants. Jan. 1909.*



'Twas early one morning at the break of the day,  
The cocks were a-crowing, the farmer did say,  
"Come, arise, my brave fellows, come, arise with good will,  
Your horses wants something their bellies to fill."

When four o'clock comes, then up we do rise  
And into the stable so merrily flies  
A-rubbing and scrubbing our horses, I vow,  
And we're all jolly fellows, that follows the plough.

When six o'clock beats, at breakfast we meet,  
Here's beefsteak and pork, boys, so hearty we eat :  
With a piece in our pocket I'll swear and I'll vow,  
We're all jolly fellows, that follows the plough.

We harnessed our horses and away we did go,  
Tripped over the plain, boys, as nimble as does,  
Tripped over the plain, boys, as nimble as does  
And see which was first a straight furrow could hoe.

Our master came round some time in the day,  
Saying, "What have you been at this long summer's day,  
You've not ploughed your acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,  
And you're lazy fellows, that follows the plough."

Our head-man looked round and he looked very sly,  
"What's that you've been saying? You tells a big lie.  
We've all ploughed our acre, I'll swear and I'll vow,  
And we're all jolly fellows, that follows the plough."

Our master he laughed and he smiled at the joke,  
"It's past two o'clock, boys, it's time to unyoke,  
Unharness your horses and rub them down well,  
I'll give you a mug of my best brown ale."

This tune is very similar to *English County Songs*, p. 65 (foot): to "Henry Martin" in *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 30; to "Robbie and Granny" in *Miscellanea* of the Edinburgh Rymour Club II, p. 29; to "White Copper Alley" in this *Journal* and to two tunes in my collection. This text is very commonly sung to the "Villikins" tune.—G. B. G.

This tune has also some resemblance to a Lancashire "Robin and Gronny" tune I have noted in Southport, though my tune is more modern in character.—A. G. G.

It has also a suggestion of one of the versions of "Derry Down."—F. K.

Compare *Songs of the West*, No. 63.—C. J. S.

Evidently a variant of the Dorian tune noted by me in Surrey to "The Blind Beggar of Bethlem Green" (*Journal*, Vol. i, p. 202).—L. E. B.

## 22.—THE KNIGHT AND THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD (ÆT. 78),  
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

*Briefly.*

'Tis of a shep-herd's daugh-ter, Kept sheep all on a hill,  
The squire's son came rid-ing by And sware he'd have his will.  
CHORUS.  
Rite fal le riddle fal de ri-do Rite fal le day.

'Tis of a shepherd's daughter,  
Kept sheep all on a hill,  
The squire's son came riding by,  
And sware he'd have his will.

Chorus—Rite fal le riddle fal de rido  
Rite fal le day.

"Some they call me Jack, sweetheart,  
And some they call me John,  
And when I'm in King George's train,  
They call me Sweet William."  
Chorus.

He put his feet into the stirrup  
And across the horse did stride,  
She hooked her crook into the bridle,  
And she run by the horse's side.  
Chorus.

The first three miles she walked,  
The next three miles she run,  
And when she came to the broad water side  
She fell on her breast and swum.  
Chorus.

He mounted on his milk-white steed  
And she on her dapper grey,  
He hung the bugle round his neck,  
And then they rode away.  
Chorus.

The very first town that they came to  
 They bought the wedding ring  
 And the very next town that they came to  
 They set the bells to ring.  
 Chorus.

The tune is distinct from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 184, and from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 28. It bears a distant resemblance to Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 16, and it is similar to *Musical Times*, January, 1907, p. 17. For texts see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Parts of the text resemble "The False Lover won back," also in Child's Collection.

—G. B. G.

There is a copy of "The Knight and Shepherd's Daughter" in my *Traditional Tunes*, and the tune much resembles this.—F. K.

This tune belongs to a type which is very commonly found in the Western Highlands of Scotland. Patrick Macdonald and Fraser noted several versions in the 18th Century, and I have noted Highland variants myself lately. It appears to be a favourite type also in Ireland (see the *Petrie Collection* and *Old Irish Folk-Music and Songs*, P. W. Joyce, 1909, Nos. 658, 783, 819, etc.) It seems usually taken at quick march time.—L. E. B.

### 23.—THE GREEN BED.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.  
 DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD (ÆT. 79),  
 EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

A sto - ry a sto - ry, a sto - ry was one Con -  
 - cern - ing of a sail - or whose name it was John, He had  
 been a long voyage and had late - ly come on shore, For his  
 mon - ey was good, but his rig - ging was tore.

A story, a story, a story was one  
Concerning of a sailor whose name it was John,  
He'd been a long voyage and lately come on shore,  
For his money was good, but his rigging was tore.

Johnny called at an alehouse where he had been before.

Saying, "You're welcome in, young Johnny, you're welcome in," said he,  
"For last night my daughter, Molly, was dreaming of thee."

"Where is your daughter Molly? Come fetch her unto me."  
"My daughter Molly's busy, John, and cannot come to thee.  
My daughter Molly's busy, John, and cannot come to you,  
So kindly I'll invite you with one pot or two."

Johnny being tirèd, he hung down his head,  
He callèd for a candle to light him up to bed.  
"Our beds were all engaged, John, and will be for a week,  
I would have you to seek a nice lodging to sleep."

He callèd for the landlord his reckoning to pay,

"Here's four and forty shillings, John, you owes me as a owe,"  
Then out of his pocket pulled handfuls of gold.

At the jangling of this money then downstairs she flew,

She huddled him, she cuddled him, as she had done before,  
Saying, "The green beds are empty, and Johnny might sleep there."

"No, sooner than I'd lay in your green bed, I know,  
I would rather lay myself down in the street,  
If I hadn't got no money, out of doors I'd been turned,  
So it's you and your green bed might go and be burned."

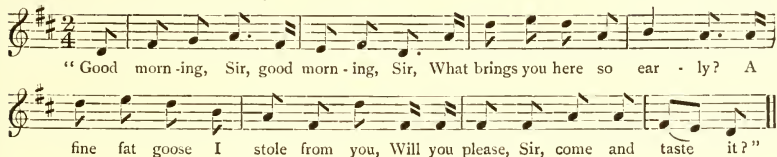
"Come, all you young sailors, that sails on the main,  
That do get your living by cold storms of rain;  
And, when you have got it, pray lay it up in store,  
For the fear that your companions should turn you out of doors.

The above tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 48, from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 250, from *Songs of the West*, p. 186, and from another tune in my collection to the same text. It is similar to a tune I have collected to the words, "It's of a Pretty Ploughboy."—G. B. G.

## 24.—GOOD MORNING, SIR.

SUNG BY MRS. RIMLETT (ÆT. 81),  
SOUTHAMPTON.

Noted by F. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., June 27th, 1906.



Good morning, sir, good morning, sir!  
What brings you here so early?  
A fine fat goose I stole from you,  
Will you, please, sir, come and taste it?  
Will you, please, sir, come and taste it?

I didn't go away to stay away,  
I didn't go away to leave you.  
Oh, my goose, my very fine goose,  
I'll come and take you with me,  
I'll come and take you with me.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

Cf. with the old Scottish air “Get up and bar the door, O,” whose earlier name seems to have been “The Barley Raking.” I append an Aberdeenshire version sent me by the Rev. J. K. Maconachie as remembered from his childhood:

### THE LAMMAS TIME.



A. G. G.

“Barbara Allen” is sometimes sung to a variant of this tune.—L. E. B.

See also *Songs of the West*, No. 85.—C. J. S.

## 25.—THE JOLLY HIGHWAYMAN.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L. R. A. M., June 23rd, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY STANSBRIDGE (ÆT. 58),

MIXOLYDIAN.

LYNDHURST, HANTS.

It's ot a jol - ly high - way-man, like - wise a no - ted rov - er, I  
drove my par - ents al - most wild when I first went a - rov - ing, I  
rob - bed lords, I rob - bed dukes in a ve - ry rak - ish man - ner Not  
on - ly to main tain my - self, like - wise my a - ged mo - ther.

It's of a jolly highwayman, likewise a noted rover,  
I drove my parents almost wild when I first went a-roving,  
I robbed lords, I robbed dukes in a very rakish manner,  
Not only to maintain myself, likewise my aged mother.

The very first man that I did rob, it being a lord of honour,  
I did abuse that mighty lord in a very rakish manner.  
"Deliver your money, my lord," said I, "without any more desire,  
For, if you don't, it's my desire with powder and shot to fire."

I put a pistol to his breast, which made him for to shiver,  
Ten thousand guineas all in bright gold to me he did deliver,  
Besides a gold repeater watch to me he did surrender,  
I thought I had a noble prize to me he did deliver.

The very next man that I did rob was down in Kelpin's garden,  
And not long after he was robbed, in Newgate I was fastened.  
To hear the turnkeys and the locks and bolts at six o'clock in the morning  
Glad was I, resolved to die, so fare you well, companions.

The third verse was derived from Mr. George Blake, father-in-law of Mr. Stansbridge.—G. B. G.

This tune has some resemblance to that of "The Kilties in the Crimea," a long popular street-song in Scotland. See Ford's *Vagabond Songs*, where the tune is said to have been composed by the author of the words, John Lorimer. It certainly does not appear to be modern, and probably was merely adapted from some older song—perhaps "The Jolly Highwayman." One strain of Dr. Gardiner's tune has



perhaps been lost, as the second half is merely a repetition of the first. Both tunes may also be compared with "The Old Man can't keep his Wife at Home" in *Songs of the West* (New edition).—A. G. G.

Cf. this tune with "Sing Ivy" in this *Journal*. It seems Celtic rather than English.—L. E. B.

## 26.—THROUGH THE GROVES.

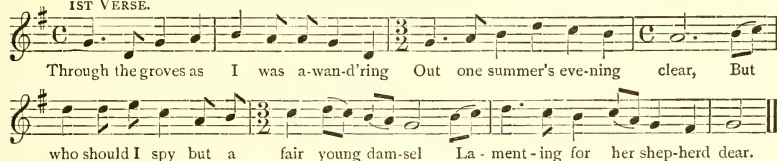
Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M.,

and R. Vaughan Williams, June 21st, 1906, and Jan. 1909.

SUNG BY MR. E. SHERGOLD (AET. 75),

SOUTHAMPTON.

1ST VERSE.



Through the groves as I was a-wan-d'ring Out one summer's eve-ning clear, But  
who should I spy but a fair young dam-sel La-ment-ing for her shep-herd dear.

OTHER VERSES.



I boldly stepped up unto her, And she blushed as I drew near;  
I says, "Fair maid, what is your trouble, Or what makes you so lamenting here?" (a)

Variant, 

Through the groves as I was a-wandering  
Out one summer's evening clear,  
But who should I spy but a fair young damsel  
Lamenting for her shepherd dear.

I boldly stepped up unto her,  
And she blushed as I drew near;  
I says, "Fair maid, what is your trouble,  
Or what makes you so lamenting here?"

She says, "Young man, if you will believe me,  
My trouble is more than I can bear.  
For my true Love is gone, is gone and left me,  
Across the seas I know not where.

Who is my shepherd I love so dearly,  
 How can I love him any more ?  
 For he's gone, he's gone, he's gone and he's left me,  
 I never shall see him again, I fear."

'Twas down in yonder flowery garden,  
 Where the river runs so bright and clear ;  
 That her cheeks was like two blooming roses  
 Upon the tree that bud and bear

A version of this melody has been printed in Yorkshire and is known as "The Holmfirth Anthem." Is "The Holmfirth Anthem" based on this folk-tune or is this folk-tune an echo of the "anthem?" The singer of this tune, an inmate of Southampton Workhouse, belonged to Amesbury, Wilts. The "anthem" is very popular in the North of England. To this text I have recorded a second tune similar to this.—G. B. G.

"The Holmfirth Anthem" is certainly originally a folk-song. It is probable that it was merely arranged for four voices by Perkins, who lived in that district and was so musical that he called one of his sons "Mendelssohn Perkins." I once met a man who knew him.—F. K.

## 27.—THE LOSS OF THE "RAMILLIES."

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., June 21st, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. FREDERICK WHITE (AET. 68), SOUTHAMPTON.

The musical notation is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

It was on one day, one cer - tain day, When the  
 Ram - il - lies at her an - chor lay, That ve - ry night a  
 gale came on And our ship from her an - chor - age a - way did run.

It was on one day, one certain day,  
 When the *Ramillies* at her anchor lay,  
 That very night a gale came on,  
 And our ship from her anchorage away did run.

The rain pouring down in terrible drops,  
 The sea broke over our fore top,  
 Our yards and canvas neatly spread.  
 We were thinking to weather the Old Ram's Head.

Our bo'sun cries, " My good fellows all,  
 Listen unto me while I blow my call,  
 Launch out your boats, your lives for to save,  
 For the seas this night will be our grave."

Then overboard our boats we tossed,  
 Some got in, but soon were lost,  
 There were some in one place, some in another,  
 The watch down below, they all were smothered.

When this sad news to Plymouth came,  
 That the *Ramillies* was lost and all of her men,  
 Excepting two that told the tale,  
 How that ship behaved in that dreadful gale.

Come, all you pretty maidens, and weep along with me,  
 For the loss of your true lovers and the *Ramillies*,  
 All Plymouth town it flowed with tears,  
 When they heard the news of that sad affair.

The *Ramillies*, man-of-war, was wrecked in 1760 between Bolt Head and Prawle Point in South Devon and 734 men perished. There is an inlet named *Ramillies Cove* after the ill-fated ship.—G. B. G.

I have another ballad on this event, published by Catnach and entitled "The Fatal *Ramillies*." In this the number of men lost is 720.—F. K.

See "The Wreck of the *Industry*," *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 246, for a close variant of the tune. Christie's tune to "The Sailing Trade" (see *Traditional Ballad Airs*) was sung, he says, to a ballad "My Love was lost on the *Ramillies*."—A. G. G.

## 28.—CLAUDY BANKS.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., *Jan.*, 1909.  
 ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. FREDERICK WHITE (ÆT. 68),  
 SOUTHAMPTON.

(a)

As I roved out one eve - ning all in the month of  
 May, Down by the banks of Claud - y I care - less - ly did

stray, There I be-held a young maid in sor-row did com-  
 - plain, La-ment-ing of her true Love who had crossed the ra-ging  
 main. I - o - - - I - o..... he is my dar-ling  
 boy, He is the dar-ling of my heart up-on the walls of Troy.  
 Variants.

As I roved out one evening all in the month of May,  
 Down by the Banks of Claudy I carelessly did stray.  
 There I beheld a young maid in sorrow did complain,  
 Lamenting of her true Love, who had crossed the raging main.

Io, Io, he is my darling boy,  
 He is the darling of my heart upon the walls of Troy.

I stepped up unto her and gave her a great surprise.  
 I own she did not know me, for I was in disguise.  
 I said, " My pretty fair maid, my joy and heart's delight,  
 How far do you mean to wander this dark and dreary night ? "  
 Io, etc.

It's on the Banks of Claudy I wish you would me show  
 Take on a fair young maid who has nowhere to go,  
 For I am in search of a young man, young Johnny is his name,  
 And on the Banks of Claudy I hear he does remain."  
 Io, etc.

" This is the Banks of Claudy, on them you now do stand,  
 Do not believe young Johnny, for he's a false young man.  
 Do not believe young Johnny, he will not meet you here,  
 Through the green woods you may tarry, no danger you may fear."  
 Io, etc.

" Oh, if my Johnny was here to-night, he would keep me from all harm,  
 But he's on the field of battle and in his uniform.  
 He's on the field of battle, all danger does defy,  
 Like the royal king of honour upon the walls of Troy.  
 Io, etc.

It's six long months, and better, since my Johnny left the shore  
To cross the raging ocean where thundering billows roar,  
To cross the raging ocean for honour and for fame."  
"I heard the ship was wrecked upon the coasts of Spain."  
Io, etc.

As soon as she heard this, she fell in deep despair,  
A-wringing of her lily-white hands and a-tearing of her hair,  
Saying, "If my Johnny's drowned, no other man I'll take,  
Through lonesome woods and valleys will I wander for his sake."  
Io, etc.

As soon as he heard this, no longer could he stand;  
He flew into her arms, saying, "Betsy, I'm the man."  
Saying, "Betsy, I'm the young man who caused your grief and pain,  
And since we've met on Claudy's fair Banks, we never will part again."  
Io, etc.

The tune is distinct from Nos. 422, 423 and 756 in the *Petrie Collection*, from Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii, pp. 70 and 72, from Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, pp. 88 and 89, from Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland* (ed. 1904), p. 317, and from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 19. Is it not a form of the *Marigold* tune?—G. B. G.

See also Bunting, 1840, p. 33.—F. K.

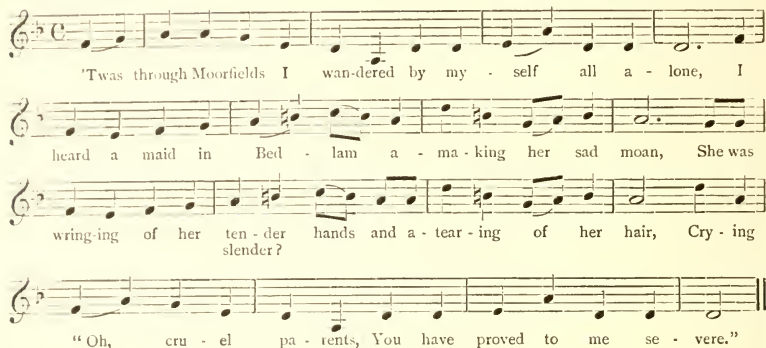
This tune has some resemblance to the older forms of the rollicking tune known as "The Gentleman Soldier" or "The Sentry Box." One of these older forms is given without title in Levey's *Dance Music of Ireland*, and another as "Monday Morning" in *Alawon fy Ngwled*, a Welsh collection; in neither case are any words attached.—A. G. G.

This is evidently one of the variants of a very favourite tune in  $\frac{6}{8}$  time, which in common time is still more familiar to collectors throughout Great Britain and Ireland (see "Gilderoy," "Lazarus," "Maria Marten," etc.) The  $\frac{6}{8}$  tune usually appears in the form printed in *Journal*, Vol. iii, p. 41 (see "Sally Gray," "Tam Glen" and annotations thereon).—L. E. B.

## 29.—THROUGH MOORFIELDS.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., June 7th, 1906.  
DORIAN

SUNG BY MR. MOSES BLAKE (ÆT. 80),  
EMERY DOWN, LYNDBURST, HANTS.



'Twas through Moorfields I wan-dered by my - self all a - lone, I  
heard a maid in Bed - lam a - ma - king her sad moan, She was  
wring-ing of her ten - der slender? hands and a - tear - ing of her hair, Cry - ing  
"Oh, cru - el pa - rents, You have proved to me se - vere."

'Twas through Moorfields I rambled by myself all alone;  
I heard a maid in Bedlam a-making her sad moan.  
She was wringing of her tender hands, and a-tearing of her hair,  
Crying, "Oh, cruel parents, you have proved to me severe."

It's all through my own true Love, a prentice boy you know,  
And he was sent to the seas which hath proved my overthrow.  
With his long lamentation, which makes me to complain,  
Crying, "Oh, shall I ever see my own true love again?"

'Twas early next morning this young sailor came on shore,  
He walked and he talked down longside by Bedlam door;  
Where he give to the young porter a large piece of gold,  
Saying, "Show to me my wife, she's the joys of my soul."

Then he took her from her strawy bed and sat her on his knee,  
Saying, "I am the young man that was sent to the seas by thee;"  
Saying, "I am the young man and from all sorrows fled,"  
Crying, "Adieu unto these chains and this cold strawy bed."

The melody in the *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 146, is distinct from the one given above.

—G. B. G.

The tune is a variant of "Erin's Lovely Home."—C. J. S.

Cf. "The Jolly Thresherman" noted in *Sussex (Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 198). For notes on similar "mad songs" see *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, "Through Moorfields" (appendix), and *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, "Bedlam" (appendix).  
—L. E. B.

### 30.—CHARLES DICKSON.

*Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., May 30th, 1906.*  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE BLAKE (ÆT. 78),  
ST. DENYS, SOUTHAMPTON.

My name it is Charles Dick - son, a black-smith by my trade, In  
this lit - tle town I was born and I was bred, From this town to Bel - fast a -  
- work-ing I did go, 'Twas there I fell in love with young Sal - ly Mun - ro.

My name it is Charles Dickson, a blacksmith by my trade,  
In this little town I was born and I was bred.  
From this town to Belfast a-working I did go,  
'Twas there I fell in love with young Sally Munro.

It's I to this lassie kind letters I did send,  
It was by a comrade, I thought he was my friend ;  
Instead of being a friend to me, he proved to be a foe,  
For he never gave that letter to young Sally Munro.

About six months or better not a word could I hear  
From that bonny lassie I once loved so dear.  
'Twas on one Sunday evening down by Sandy Row,  
It was there I fell in love with young Sally Munro

Then she said to her old mother, " Pray be aware of he,  
For he have got a wife in his own counterie."  
" Then," said her old mother, " since I have found it so,  
You never shall enjoy my young Sally Munro."

### 31.—WHITE COPPER ALLEY.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester, and R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1900.

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. ALFRED PORTER (ÆT. 73), BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, OCT., 1906.

As I was a - walk - ing up White Cop - per Al - ley, As I was a -

- walk - ing I heard man - y say, "A lass neat and pret - ty of

fair Lon - don Ci - ty." Her cheeks were like ro - ses, her cloth - ing was gay.

Variants.

This tune is very similar to *English County Songs*, p. 65 (foot), *Sharp's Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 30, *Miscellanea* of the Edinburgh Rymour Club, Vol. ii, p. 29, and to three tunes in my collection.—G. B. G.

Cf. the tune with "The Unfortunate Lad" in *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 254. The tune is printed in Kerr's *Merry Melodies* as "The Unfortunate Rake," and seems usually attached to words on the same subject, both in England and Ireland.—L. E. B.

### 32.—THE BANKS OF GREEN WILLOW.

Noted (and corrected from a phonograph record),

by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. DAVID CLEMENTS (ÆT. 80),

BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

(Verse 5.)

He tied a nap - kin round her head, And he tied it round

soft - ly, And he threwed her right o - ver both she and her ba - by.

O she shall have a cof - fin And the nails shall shine yel - low And my





*Variants (a) almost C# once, (b) almost F# occasionally.*

- 1 It's of a sea captain livéd near the seaside, oh,  
And he courted a lady till she proved by child.
- 2 "Oh, it's fetch me some of your father's clothes, and some of your  
mother's money,  
That I might go on board of ship with my own dearest honey."
- 3 We hadn't been on board of ship but six weeks or better  
Before she wanted women and could not get any.
- 4 "Oh, it's hold your tongue, oh you silly girl, oh, it's hold your  
tongue my honey,  
For we cannot get women for love nor for money."
- 5 He tied a napkin round her head, and he tied it round softly,  
And he throwed her right over, both she and her baby.
- 6 I got out upon the deck for to see my love in the water.
- 7 Seeing how she doth swim, my boys, seeing how she doth swagger,  
She will never leave swimming till she come to some harbour.
- 8 Oh, she shall have a coffin if ever she is founded,
- 9 Oh, she shall have a coffin, and the nails shall shine yellow ;  
And my love she shall be buried in the banks of green willow.

Verses five and nine have been chosen for printing under the music because these were clearest in the phonographic record.

This tune is distinct from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 14, and from the versions in the *Journal*, Vol. ii, pp. 33-35.—G. B. G.

This tune seems to me to have Scandinavian rather than English characteristics.  
—C. J. S.

### 33.—A SAILOR COURTED A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY DAY (AET. 67),  
BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

A musical score in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the staff. The score consists of eight lines of music. The first line is: "A sail - or court - ed a far - mer's daugh - ter that". The second line is: "live I con - ven - ient in the Isle of Man; And mark good peo - ple, what". The third line is: "fol - lowed af - ter, a long time court - ing a - gainst his fa - ther's will; A". The fourth line is: "long time court - ing and still dis - cours - ing of things con - cern - ing the". The fifth line is: "o - cean wide, He said "My dar - ling, at our next meet - ing, if". The sixth line is: "you'll be con - stant, I'll make you my bride." The seventh line is: "Variants." The eighth line is: "(a) (b) (c) (d)".

A sail - or court - ed a far - mer's daugh - ter that  
(a) (b)  
live I con - ven - ient in the Isle of Man; And mark good peo - ple, what  
(c)  
fol - lowed af - ter, a long time court - ing a - gainst his fa - ther's will; A  
(d)  
long time court - ing and still dis - cours - ing of things con - cern - ing the  
o - cean wide, He said "My dar - ling, at our next meet - ing, if  
you'll be con - stant, I'll make you my bride.

*Variants.*

A musical score for variants of the song. It consists of two lines of music. The first line is: "(a) (b) (c)". The second line is: "(d)".

(a) (b) (c)  
(d)

A sailor courted a farmer's daughter that lived convenient in the Isle of Man;  
And mark, good people, what followed after, a long time courting against his father's will;  
A long time courting and still discoursing of things concerning the ocean wide,  
He said, "My darling, at our next meeting, if you'll be constant, I'll make you my bride."

"But as for sailors I don't admire them because they sails in so many parts.  
First they love you and then they slight you, and leave you behind with a broken heart."  
"Don't you say so, my dearest jewel, I never intended to serve you so;  
I have once more to cross the ocean, and you know, my darling, that I must go."

The news was carried unto his mother before he stepped one foot on board  
 That he was courting a farmer's daughter, whose aged parents could not afford  
 One penny portion, going to the ocean like one distracted his mother run ;  
 "If you don't forsake her, and your bride not make her, I will disown you to be my son."

· · · · ·  
 · · · · ·  
 · · · · ·

I won't forsake her but my bride I'll make her, let my scolding old mother say what she will.

The above tune resembles the one given in the *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 221.—G. B. G.

The tune is in Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1840, p. 102. I have many ballad-sheet copies of the words. Samuel Lover alluded to it in an essay on "Ballads and Ballad Singers."—F. K.

Sir C. Villiers Stanford has Bunting's air to new words, "A Sailor Lad wooed a Farmer's Daughter," in his *Songs of Old Ireland*, and A. P. Graves quotes a verse of the old song in his *Irish Songs and Ballads* :

A sailor courted a farmer's daughter  
 Who lived convenient to the Isle of Man,  
 Remark, good people, what followed after,  
 A long time courting and nothing done.

The tune may be compared with that of "Eggs in her Basket," *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 46—a melody of even more breathless character than this—of which it is possibly a much corrupted form.—A. G. G.

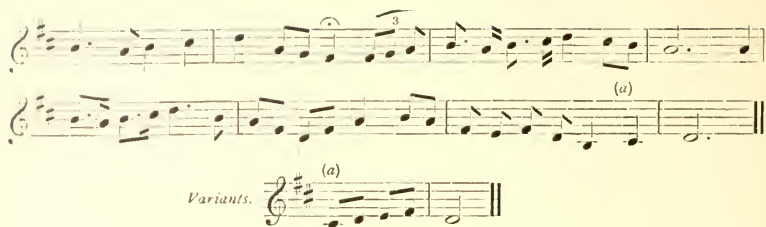
Cf. "The Imprisoned Lady" in *Songs of the West* (old ed.) The tune is possibly connected with that most often used for the ballad of "The Young Servant Man" or "Two Affectionate Lovers" (see *Journals*, and *English Traditional Songs and Carols*).—L. E. B.

### 34.—THE FOGGY DEW.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams. Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. DAVID CLEMENTS (ÆT. 80),  
 BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.





This tune is similar to Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland* (1840), p. 109, and to Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 165. It is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 134, and from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 17. The first two lines of the text resemble *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 176.—G. B. G.

The air is a curious blend of "The Last Rose of Summer" or "The Groves of Blarney" and "The Girl I left behind me" or "Brighton Camp."—L. E. B.

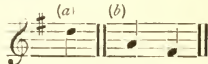
The Bunting version of this tune is included in Sir C. V. Stanford's "Songs of old Ireland" under the same title, but with new words by Mr. A. P. Graves.  
—R. V. W.

### 35.—ABROAD AS I WAS WALKING.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester, Aug., 1906.

SUNG BY MR. ALFRED PORTER (AET. 73),  
BASINGSTOKE.

Variants noted Jan. 1904 by R. Vaughan Williams.



Abroad as I was walking,  
Down by some green woodside,  
I heard some young girl singing  
" I wish I was a bride."

" I thank you, pretty fair maid  
For singing of your song ;  
It's I myself shall marry you ;"  
" Kind sir, I am too young."

" It's all the farmers' daughters  
To the market they do go ;  
But it's I, poor girl, must stay at home  
And rock the cradle so.

Rock the cradle, sing and sew,  
Sing hushee, lullaby.  
Was there ever any poor, young girl  
So crossed in love as I ? "

I have recorded this text a second time with a slightly similar tune. The song is also known in the New Forest.—G. B. G.

This tune seems to me to exhibit Scottish characteristics, and from a certain likeness to the tune of " Lord Thomas and Fair Annet " in Johnson's *Museum* (also Christie's *Traditional Airs*, as " Fair Annet ") and to the tune of " Jock o' Hazel-dean," which is also a " Willie and Annet " air, according to Stenhouse (see Graham's note in Wood's *Songs of Scotland*, Vol. ii, p. 69), I think it may have been a tune for the (probably) earlier ballad. A verse about other lasses going to the market—

" While I at home must stay  
And jig the cradle with my tae"—

is familiar to me in some Scottish song. It is possible that the two last verses of Mr. Porter's song may be a tag from some other ballad.—A. G. G.

The verse quoted by Miss Gilchrist is from the original song of " Duncan Gray."  
—F. K.

This is merely the second part of the tune most often associated with " There was a Shepherd Lad " or " Blow the Winds I oh ! " For traditional versions of the whole tune see *Journal*, Vol. ii, pp. 18, 19. For an early printed version see *Scottish Airs* harmonized by Haydn (Whyte, Edin., 1804).—L. E. B.

### 36.—FARE YE WELL, LOVELY NANCY.

*Noted (and corrected from a phonograph record) by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.*

DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE LOVETT (AET. 68), WINCHESTER.

(a)

Fare ye well, love - ly Nan - cy, for now I must leave you, I am bound to th' East In - dies my course for to steer, I know ve - ry well my long ab - sence will grieve you, But, true Love, I'll be back in the..... spring of the year.

(b)

(a)  
*Variants. All verses but first.*



(b)  
*The F was sometimes possibly F#.*

"Fare ye well, lovely Nancy, for now I must leave you,  
I am bound to the East Indies my course for to steer,  
I know very well my long absence will grieve you,  
But, true Love, I'll be back in the spring of the year."

"Oh, 'tis talk not of leaving me, my dearest Johnny,  
Oh, 'tis talk not of leaving me here all alone,  
For it is your good company that I do admire,  
I will sigh till I die if I ne'er see you more."

In sailor's apparel I'll dress and go with you ;  
In the midst of all dangers your friend I will be ;  
And that is, my dear, when the stormy wind's blowing,  
True Love, I'll be ready to reef your top-sails."

"Your neat little fingers strong cables can't handle ;  
Your neat little feet to the topmast can't go ;  
Your delicate body strong winds can't endure ;  
Stay at home, lovely Nancy, to the seas do not go."

Now, Johnny is sailing and Nancy bewailing,  
The tears down her eyes like torrents do flow,  
Her gay golden hair she's continually tearing,  
Saying, "I'll sigh till I die if I ne'er see you more."

"Now, all you young maidens, by me take warning,  
 Never trust a sailor or believe what they say.  
 First they will court you, then they will slight you;  
 They will leave you behind, Love, in grief and in pain."

This tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. i, pp. 24 and 130, Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 25, and Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 76. Line one of verse five of the text is Irish in style.—G. B. G.

The tune is probably Irish. There are many such in Irish collections. For examples recently published see Joyce's *Old Irish Folk-Music and Songs*, 1909, Nos. 712 and 820. Some versions of "Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies," resemble this air.—L. E. B.

### 37.—GEORGE COLLINS.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., Southampton, Sept. 27th, 1906.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY GAYLOR (ÆT. 76), MINSTEAD, NEW FOREST, HANTS.

George..... Col - lins walked out one May morn - ing, When  
 may was all in bloom,..... 'Twas then he be - held a  
 fair pret - ty maid, She was wash - ing her mar - ble stone.

George Collins walked out one May morning

When may was all in bloom.

'Twas then he beheld a fair, pretty maid,

She was washing her marble stone.

She whooped, she holloed, she highered her voice

And she held up her lily-white hand.

"Come hither to me, George Collins," said she,

"For thy life shall not last you long."

George Collins rode home to his father's own gate,

And loudly he did ring.

"Come, rise, my dear father, and let me in,

Come, rise, my dear mother, and make my bed.

All for to trouble my dear sister  
For a napkin to bind round my head.

For, if I chance to die this night,  
As I suppose I shall,  
Bury me under that marble stone  
That's against fair Helen's hall."

Fair Helen doth sit in her room so fine,  
Working her silken skein;  
Then she saw the finest corpse a-coming  
As ever the sun shined on.

She said unto her Irish maid :  
" Whose corpse is this so fine ? "  
" This is George Collins' corpse a-coming,  
That once was a true lover of thine."

" You go upstairs and fetch me the sheet  
That's wove with a silver twine  
And hang that over George Collins' head,  
To-morrow it shall hang over mine."

This news was carried to fair London town,  
And wrote all on fair London gate ;  
Six pretty maids died all of one night,  
And all for George Collins' sake.

The following additional text was noted from Mr. Philip Gaylor, also of Minstead.

George Collins walked out one May morning,  
When may was all in bloom,  
And there he beheld a fair pretty maid,  
She was washing her marble stone.

She whooped, she holloed, she highered her voice,  
And held up her lily-white hand,  
" Come hither to me, George Collins," said she,  
" And thy life shall not last thee long."

He put his foot to the broad water side,  
And over the lea sprung he,  
He embraced her around her middle so small,  
And kissed her red, rosy cheeks.

George Collins rode home to his father's own gate  
And loudly did he ring.

Arise, my dear father, and let me in,  
Arise, my dear mother, and make my bed,  
Arise, my dear sister, and get me a napkin,  
A napkin to bind round my head.



For, if I should chance to die this night,  
As I suppose I shall,  
You bury me under the marble stone,  
That joins the fair Eleanor's hall."

Fair Eleanor sat in her room so fine,  
A-working the silver twine,  
She saw the fairest corpse a-coming  
As ever the sun shone on.

She said unto her servant maid,  
"Whose corpse is this so fine?"  
"This is George Collins' corpse a-coming,  
And an old true lover of thine."

"Come, put him down, my six pretty lads,  
And open his coffin so fine;  
That I might kiss his lily-white lips,  
For ten thousand times he has kissed mine."

Those news was carried to London town  
And wrote on London gate,  
That six pretty maidens died all of that night,  
And all for George Collins' sake.

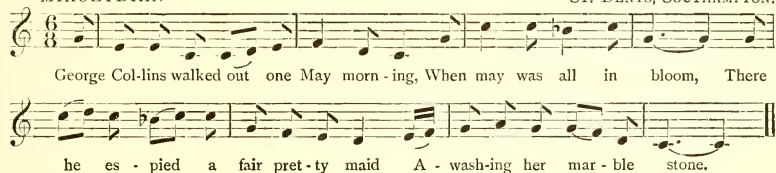
#### SECOND VERSION.

*Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., July 16th, 1906.*

SUNG BY MR. GEORGE BLAKE (AET. 78),

MIXOLYDIAN

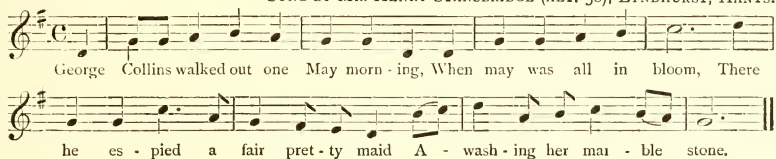
ST. DENYS, SOUTHAMPTON.



#### THIRD VERSION.

*Noted by J. F. Guyer, L.R.A.M., Southampton, Sept. 27th, 1906.*

SUNG BY MR. HENRY STANSBRIDGE (AET. 58), LYNTHURST, HANTS.



Compare the text with that of "Lady Alice," No. 85 in *Child's English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. The three tunes are distinct.—G. B. G.

*Cf.* the tune of the first version with "Giles Collins" in Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes*, and for another version of the words, *see* Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*. In the latter form of the ballad there is a pretty variation of the rose and briar incident :

There grew a lily from Giles Collins  
That touched Lady Anna's breast.

But the lily was cut in twain by a "cold north-easterly wind," and perished, never to re-appear.—A. G. G.

There is in the British Museum Library a sheet-song [in G, 308] called "Giles Collins." It is directed to be sung "in a crying style" and was sung by Mr. Needham. It is evidently a parody of "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor" and was published by Skillern about 1778 or 1780. It begins :

Giles Collins he came to his own father's gate  
Where he so oft had been—a,  
But who should come down but his own mother dear  
For to let Giles Collins in—a.  
Oh, for to let Giles Collins in.

—F. K.

Tunes Nos. 1 and 2 are very favourite ballad-airs, and are used more especially for "The Outlandish Knight," "Lord Lovel," "Giles Collins," and "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor." Tune No. 3 is a variant of that to "The Wealthy Farmer's Son" in *English Traditional Songs and Carols*.—L. E. B.

### 38.—THE THRESHERMAN AND THE SQUIRE.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906,  
and by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM STRATTON (AET. 70),  
EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

(Mr. Balfour Gardiner having marked his copy "a little uncertain.")

DORIAN or ÆOLIAN.

*Fas/.*





This version does not apply to the *first* verse.

Oh, the nobleman met with the thresher one day,  
He said, "Good, honest fellow, come tell to me, I pray,  
Thou hast so large a family, I know it to be true,  
Pray how dost thou maintain them so well as thou do?"

"Why, sometimes I does reap and sometimes I does mow,  
Sometimes to hedging and a-ditching I does go,  
And nothing comes amiss with me, I can harrow, sow and plough,  
And so I get my living by the sweat of my brow.

My wife she is willing to join in the yoke,  
We live like two turtle doves and never does provoke.  
Although the times are hard and we are very poor,  
Yet we always keep the ravens and the owls from the door."

"Well done, good, honest fellow, you speak well of your wife,  
I'll make thee to live happy all the days of your life,  
Here's fifty acres of good land, I'll give it unto thee  
For to maintain thy wife and thy sweet family."

"So God bless thee, rich man, that considers a poor man,  
I hope that in Heaven you'll get the upper hand  
And those that's left behind we're in hopes for to mend  
And we must follow after as well as we can."

Mr. Stratton's tune is distinct from *English County Songs*, p. 68, from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 79 and Vol. ii, p. 198, and from Mr. Stagg's tune and two other tunes in my collection. For a good text see Bell's *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, n.d., p. 98.—G. B. G.

The first phrase of this tune is similar to that collected from Sussex and given in Vol. ii, p. 198, of this *Journal*.—R. V. W.

The text is on ballad-sheets and a version also appears in Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, Vol. iv, 1792, No. 372.—F. K.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by H. E. D. Hammond, March, 1906,  
DORIAN.

SUNG BY MR. JAMES STAGG (AET. 68),  
WINCHESTER.

A no - ble - man lived in the vil - lage of late Hard  
by an old thresh - er, whose fam - i - ly was great, His  
fam - i - ly was great and the most of them was small. He'd  
no - thing but his la - bour to main - tain them all.

The text to this tune is as far as it goes practically the same as that of the first version.

This tune is distinct from *English County Songs*, p. 68, and from Mr. Stratton's tune and two other tunes in my collection. It is slightly similar to *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 79, and Vol. ii, p. 198, and it is similar to *Sussex Songs*, p. 28.—G. B. G.

39.—OH, MOTHER, GO AND MAKE MY BED.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams.  
DORIAN

SUNG BY MR. DAVID CLEMENTS (AET. 80),  
BASINGTOKE, HANTS, JAN., 1909.

Oh, mo - ther go and make my bed, Spread me the milk - white sheets, That  
I may go and lay down on the clothes For to see wheth - er I could sleep.  
Variants.

Oh, mother, go and make my bed,  
Spread me the milk-white sheets,  
That I may go and lay down on the clothes  
For to see whether I could sleep.

Oh, sister, go and tell your brother's son  
That his own true Love she's going for to die.

She will die and before you can come.

The first two miles the little boy walked,  
And the next two miles he run.  
He run till he came to the broad water's side,  
And he laid on his breast and swum.

He swum till he came to the high park gates,  
Where they all sat down at meat.  
"And if you could but hear the bad news brought you,  
Not a bit more could you eat.

Your high park gates are not fallen down  
Nor your high castle wall overthrown;  
But your own true Love is going for to die,  
She will die and before you can come."

He called for his stable groom:  
"Go, saddle me my milk-white steed,  
That I may go and kiss her cherry, cherry cheeks,  
That once they were so sweet."

The lady she died on a Saturday,  
And the lord he died on the following Sunday.

And before the prayers at noon.

The lady was buried in the large chancel,  
And the lord he was buried in the choir;  
And out of the lady sprang a red rosy bud,  
And out of the lord a sweet-briar.

This rose and this briar they grew up together,  
Until they could not get no higher;  
They grew and tied a true lover's knot,  
And the rose he wropped round the sweet-briar.

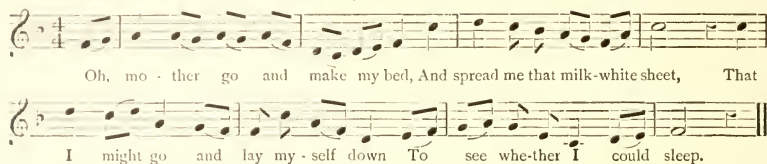
This tune is distinct from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 75, and from Mr. David Marlow's tune in this *Journal*. It has a family likeness with *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 43. The text is a farrago. It contains reminiscences of "Lady Maisry" and at the end occurs the ballad commonplace, which is seen in Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, No. 74*a*, fin., and elsewhere. Cf. verse three with verse eight of Child, No. 110.—G. B. G.

Cf. the tune with "Now, I pray you, go fetch me my little Footboy, *Journal*, Vol. iii, p. 74, where also various notes on the ballad will be found.—A. G. G.

SECOND VERSION.

Noted by Charles Gamblin, Winchester,  
Oct., 1906, and by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. DAVID MARLOW (ÆT. 84),  
BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.



Oh, mother, go and make my bed,  
And spread me that milk-white sheet,  
That I might go and lay myself down  
To see whether I could sleep.

Then she sent for her little posty,  
And as fast as he could run,  
That he might go and tell her lord from her  
That his Love will die ere he come.

Then the first three miles, oh, the little boy walked,  
And the next three miles he run ;  
He run till he came to some broad water side,  
Where he fell on his breast and swum.

He swum till he came to the high park gate,  
When my lord he was there standing by.  
"What news, oh, what news hast thou brought unto me ?"  
"Oh, your true Love is sick and will die."

"Go, bridle and saddle my milk-white steed,  
That I may go and kiss her red, ruby lips,  
And before that she turn to cold clay."

Then my lady was buried in the high chancel,  
And my lord he was buried in the choir ;  
And out of my lady there grew a damask rose,  
And out of my lord a sweet-briar.

Then they grew up so high and so tall,  
Till they could not grow up any higher ;  
Then they turned and they tied a true lover's knot,  
And the rose wropped round the sweet-briar.

This tune is distinct from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 43, and from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 75. From the end of the fourth complete bar it is very close to the beginning of another tune in my collection.—G. B. G.

This tune is reminiscent of the tune commonly sung to "The Sprig of Thyme."  
—A. G. G. & F. K.

# 40.—THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. WILLIAM BONE (ÆT. 66),

DORIAN or ÆOLIAN.

MEDSTED, BY ALTON, HANTS.



As I walked out one May morn-ing down by a riv - er side, There  
I be - held my love - ly fair, Oh then to be my bride; Oh  
then to be... my bride, my boys, and the cham-bers to be - hold, May the  
Heavens a - bove pro - tect my Love for a jol - ly sail - or bold.

As I walked out one May morning down by a river side,  
There I beheld my lovely fair, oh then to be my bride;  
Oh then to be my bride, my boys, and the chambers to behold,  
May the Heavens above protect my Love for a jolly sailor bold.

I will build my Love a gallant ship, a ship of noble fame,  
With a hundred and seventy sailor boys to box her about the main,  
To box her about the main, my boys, without any fear or doubt,  
With my true Love in the gallant ship I was sadly tossed about.

Said the father to the daughter "What makes you so lament?  
There is a lad in our town can give your heart content."  
"There is not a lad in our town, neither lord nor duke," said she,  
"Since the raging sea and stormy winds parted my Love and me.

No handkerchief shall bind my head, no comb go through my hair;  
No firelight nor candle bright shall view my beauty fair  
And neither will I married be until the day I die,  
Since the raging sea and stormy winds parted my Love and I."

The anchor and the cable went overboard straightway,  
The mainmast and the rigging laid buried in the sea,  
'Twas tempests and bad weather and the raging of the sea,  
I never, never had but one true Love, and he was drowned at sea.

This tune is distinct from Johnson's *Scots' Musical Museum*, No. 115, from *Songs of the West*, No. 103, from Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads*, p. 55, and from *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 97. It is slightly similar to Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 236, and in the middle to *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 44, and to

Mr. Phillimore's version in this *Journal*. It is similar to Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 69, and to a variant in my 1907 budget. Is not this another member of the "Lazarus" family? One text is printed in Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 24, and another in Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads*, p. 55.—G. B. G.

The ballad in its original form is, of course, very old. The well-known Scottish tune resembles Marshall's "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey," to which Burns' words "Of a' the 'airs" were adapted.—F. K.

# SECOND VERSION.

SUNG BY MR. STEPHEN PHILLIMORE (AET. 75),  
ANDOVER, HANTS.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, July, 1906.

As I walked out one May morn - ing down by a riv - er ...  
side, There I be - held my love - ly fair, oh then to be my  
bride; Ob then to be my bride, my boys, and the cham - bers to .. be -  
hold,..... May th' Heavens a - love pro - tect my Love for a jol - ly sail - or bold.

This tune is distinct from Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, No. 115, Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs of Scotland*, Vol. i, p. 236, Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, p. 69, *Songs of the West*, p. 210, *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 97, and from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 44. See my note in this *Journal* to "Stormy Winds do Blow."

Mr. Herbert Jamieson, of Melrose, points out that the tune resembles "Good night and joy be wi' ye a'" (Balmoral edition of the *Songs of Scotland*, p. 380). From the end of bar nine to the end of bar eleven it bears a curious resemblance to a part of Sullivan's "Onward, Christian soldiers."

The text, which I omit, is a farrago. Part of it resembles "The Lowlands of Holland," *Journal*, Vol. i, p. 97, and Logan's *Pedlar's Pack of Ballads*, p. 25, and part belongs to a song about a jolly sailor bold, which I cannot identify. With the text cf. also Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (1 vol., 1905), p. 654, col. 2.—G. B. G.



Cf. "The Maid's Lamentation for the loss of her True Love" in Christopher Stone's *Sea-Songs and Ballads*. (It is No. 59 of Ashton's *Real Sailor Songs*.) This version also has the "jolly sailor" verse, "corrected from a version in the possession of Professor Firth," as follows :

"She was to have been a Bride, my boys, and a charmer to behold,  
May the Heavens above protect and keep all jolly sailors bold."

The ballad is substantially the same as that given above, but the fifth verse of Dr. Gardiner's version occurs as the third instead.

The tune has some resemblance to that of another sailor song, "Just as the tide was flowing." See Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, also *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, (Vol. ii), etc.—A. G. G.

#### 41.—THE AMERICAN STRANGER.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MR. ALFRED PORTER (ÆT. 74),

MIXOLYDIAN.

BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

I'm a stran-ger in this coun-trie from A-me-ri-ca I  
came, There's no one here that knows me, nor that can tell my  
name, I'm a stran-ger in this coun-trie and will tar-ry here a-  
while, I will ram-ble from my dar-ling a ma-ny a good long mile.  
Variants.

The rest of the words need not be printed.

The words are on many ballad-sheets. Compare with Joyce's *Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1873, p. 73, "I am a poor stranger and far from my own."—F. K.

Cf. also versions of "The Green Bushes" air.—L. E. B.

## 42.—JOCKEY AND JENNY.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1900.

SUNG BY MR. ALFRED PORTER (ÆT. 74).

DORLAN.

BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

O, Jock - ey court - ed Jen - ny all in the height of  
Spring, O, Jock - ey would give an - y - thing that Jen - ny's heart could  
win, With her black and roll - ing eye, and a dim - ple in her  
chin, O, Jock - ey would give an - y - thing that Jen - ny's heart could win. ...

*Variants.*

O, Jockey courted Jenny all in the height of Spring,  
O, Jockey would give anything that Jenny's heart could win;  
With her black and rolling eye and a dimple in her chin,  
O, Jockey would give anything that Jenny's heart could win.

"I'll go all through my kinsmen, I'll ask them their advice,  
Whether I should marry you or live a single life."  
"Oh, kinsman, oh, kinsman, I advise you for the best,  
For whilst a man's a bachelor, a single life's the best."

For when a man gets married he must provide a house,  
Likewise a cage to keep a bird, and a trap to catch a mouse,  
Here's feather beds, here's bolsters and everything beside,  
But whilst a man's a bachelor, there is nothing to provide.

Here's spoons, pans and platters, and everything beside,  
But whilst a man's a bachelor, there is nothing to provide.

There are a considerable number of old Scottish "Jockey and Jenny" songs ("John and Joan" in England), all dealing with a rustic courtship, and generally exhibiting great independence of spirit on the part of one or both of the pair. The suitor announces bluntly "I canna come ilka day to woo"; or if Jenny refuses him,

it is "‘E'en's ye like,' quo' Jockey, 'ye may let it be!'" Ramsay prints in his *Miscellany* a "Jockey and Jenny" song with the title "For the love of Jean" (perhaps the name of another song to the same tune), and there is another "Jockey and Jenny" song in D'Urfe's *Pills*, besides "'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town." This other song ("Jockey's Lamentation") is however of a different type. "Jockey and Jenny" seem to have been the conventional names for any pair of rustic lovers.

Dr. Gardiner's tune seems to be a form of the ubiquitous "Painful Plough." I have taken down a Mixolydian variant of this tune to a sailor's song, "Rounding the Horn."—A. G. G.

### 43.—THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

*Noted (and corrected from a phonograph record) by C. F. Sharp & R. Vaughan Williams, Jan. & Feb., 1909.*  
ÆOLIAN.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY DAY (ÆT. 66), BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

My Con-nor, his cheeks were as red as the morn-ing, The  
 bright-est of pearls could not mim-ic his teeth; Whilst na-ture with  
 ring-lets his wild brow a-dorn-ed; And his hair Cu-pid's bow-strings, as  
 ro-ses his breath. Smil-ing, be-guil-ing, cheer-ing..... en-  
 -dear-ing, To-geth-er how oft o'er the moun-tains we've  
 strayed, With each oth-er de-light-ed, and fond-ly u-  
*much quicker.* *slower again.*  
 -nit-ed I could list-en all day to my dear I-rish boy.

No - more - luck more swift - er could fly o'er the monn-tains, No  
 vet - e - ran more bol - der in dan - gers or scars He's light - ly, he's  
 spright - ly, he's clear as the foun - tain, Sure his eyes twin - kles  
 love now he's gone to the wars; Smil - ing, be - guil - ing  
*quicker.* *slow again.*  
 cheer - ing en - dear - ing, To - geth - er how oft o'er the  
 moun - tains we have strayed; With each oth - er ..... de -  
*quicker.*  
 light - ed and fond - ly u - nit - ed I could list - en all  
*slow again.*  
 day to my dear I - rish boy, Now the wars are all  
 o - ver and he is not re - turn - ed I fear that some  
 en - vi - ous [his?] plot has been laid, Or some cru - el  
*quicker.* *slow again.*  
 slave has him so cap - ti - va - ted He's gone to the wars, left his

dear I - rish maid. Smil - ing, be - guil - ing cheer - ing, en -  
*quicker.* *slow again.*  
 - dear - ing, to - geth - er how oft o'er the moun - tains we have  
 strayed with each oth - er ..... de - light - ed and fond - ly u -  
*quicker.* *slow again.*  
 - nit - ed I could list - en all day to my dear I - rish boy.

NOTE.—The song was sung very freely throughout, like an improvisation. An earlier phonographic record gives still other variants.

This tune is distinct from the *Petrie Collection*, No. 586, and from Moffat's *Minstrelsy of Ireland*, p. 200. A different arrangement of the text is given by Lover, at p. 58 of his *Irish Lyrics*.—G. B. G.

For another version see Dr. Joyce's *Old Irish Folk-Music and Songs*, p. 207.  
 —C. J. S.

This is, of course, obviously an Irish tune. It should be noticed that this collection is not one of *Hampshire Tunes* but of tunes collected in Hampshire.—R. V. W.

For a version, tune and text, see A. P. Graves's *Irish Song Book*.—L. E. B.

#### 44.—TARRY TROUSERS.

FIRST VERSION.

Noted by H. Balfour Gardiner, Nov., 1906.  
 MIXOLYDIAN.

SUNG BY MR. BENJAMIN ARNOLD (ÆT. 78),  
 EASTON, BY WINCHESTER.

(a) (b) (c) (d)  
 Variants. (a) (b) (c) (d)  
 jol-ly, jol-ly

As I walked out one fine summer's morning,  
The weather being both fine and clear,  
There I heard a tender mother  
Talking to her daughter dear.

"Daughter," said she, "I would have you marry,  
Live no longer a single life."  
"No," said she, "I would sooner, sooner tarry  
For my jolly sailor boy.

I know you would have me wed with a farmer  
And not give me my heart's delight.  
Give me the lad with the tarry trousers,  
Shines to me like diamonds bright.

Sailors they're worthy men of honour  
And will face their enemy,  
Where the thundering cannons do rattle  
And the bullets they do fly."

"Polly, my dear, our anchor's awaiting,  
Now I'm come to take my leave,  
So I leave you, my dearest jewel,  
Charming Polly, don't you grieve."

"Jamie, my dear, let me go with you,  
No foreign danger will I fear,  
For when you are in the height of battle,  
I will tend on you my dear."

Hark! how the cannons they do rattle  
And small guns do make a noise,  
For, when we were in the height of battle,  
She cries, "Fight on, my jolly tars."

Come, all pretty maidens, pray take a warning,  
With a jolly sailor takes your delight  
And never be forced to wed with any other,  
For all their gold and silver bright.

Mr. Arnold's tune is distinct from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 41. It is very similar to Mrs. Hall's version printed in this *Journal*.—G. B. G.

(SECOND VERSION.)

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.

SUNG BY MRS. HALL (AET. 72),

DORIAN.

NORTH WALTHAM, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.



As I walked out one mid-sum-mer morning, The wea - ther be - ing fine and clear,  
There I heard a ten - der mo - ther, Talk - ing to her daugh - ter dear.

The rest of the text is omitted, being nearly the same as that of the first version.

This tune is distinct from Sharp's *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, No. 41, and from Sharp's *English Folk-Song*, p. 121, *a* and *b*. At the beginning it is slightly similar to "Yonder sits a fair young damsel" in this *Journal*. It is similar to *Journal*, Vol. ii, p. 153, and it is very similar to the variant printed in this *Journal*.—G. B. G.

This is frequently on ballad-sheets. Dickens makes Captain Cuttle in *Dombey and Son* sing a fragment of the song.—F. K.

*Cf.* this tune with "The Nightingale" ("My love was drowned in the *Nightingale*") in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*; also with "The Baffled Knight" in this number of the *Journal*.—A. G. G.

45.—ON MONDAY MORNING.

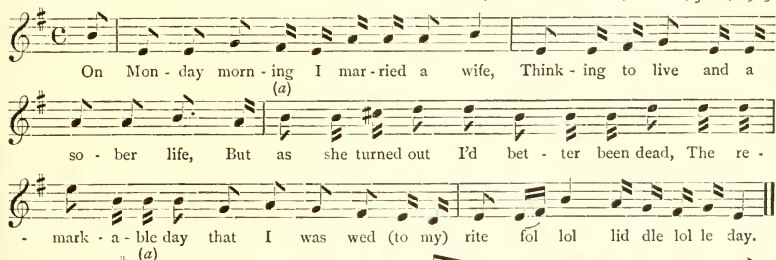
FIRST VERSION.

Noted by R. Vaughan Williams.

SUNG BY MR. W. ALEXANDER (AET. 73),

DORIAN.

CLIDDSDON, BY BASINGSTOKE, HANTS, JAN., 1909.



On Mon - day morn - ing I mar - ried a wife, Think - ing to live and a  
(a)  
so - ber life, But as she turned out I'd bet - ter been dead, The re -  
- mark - a - ble day that I was wed (to my) rite fol lol lid dle lol le day.  
(a)

Variant.



On Monday morning I married a wife,  
Thinking to live and a sober life,  
But as she turned out I'd better been dead,  
The remarkable day that I was wed,  
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Tuesday morning I goes to the wood,  
I cut a stick both fine and good,  
The finest stick that ever you did see,  
I cut him out of a holly, holly tree,  
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Wednesday morning then home goes I,  
Thinking a battle I must try,  
I beat him about her back and her wig,  
Until I'd a-broke my holly, holly twig,  
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Thursday morning my poor wife,  
Was sick and like to die,  
If she isn't better to-morrow to be,  
The devil may have her to-morrow for me,  
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Friday morning the sun did shine,  
And I walked out in the midst of my prime,  
Oh, the devil he come in, in the midst of the game  
And he took her away both blind and lame,  
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Saturday morning it's five days past,  
My poor wife is dead at last,  
The big bell shall ring and the little one shall toll  
And I'll go home as a jolly old soul,  
Rite fol lol liddle lol le day.

On Sunday noon I dined without,  
I had ne'er a wife to scold me about,  
Here's good luck to my sweet pipe,  
To my bottle and my friend,  
And here's good luck to a week's work's end.

Mr. Alexander's tune is distinct from Mr. Mills's. Is it not often sung to "The Cobbler"?—G. B. G.

Cf. Mr. Baring-Gould's version, *Songs of the West* (New Edition), No. 117—"A week's work well done," to another tune. Dr. Gardiner's tune is a variant of Chappell's traditional air, "O rare Turpin"; the "Cobbler and Butcher" form to which he refers above is another variant of the same.—A. G. G.

Words on a similar plan are quoted from Don Preciso's *Colleccion de Coplas*, Madrid, 1799, in the article SEGUIDILLA in Grove's *Dictionary*.—J. A. F. M.

I have a reference (now mislaid) that this was sung by Grimaldi the clown, circa 1820, and I am possessed of a printed copy of that period.—F. K.



(SECOND VERSION.)

*Noted by R. Vaughan Williams, Jan., 1909.*

SUNG BY MR. MOSES MILLS (AET. 83),  
PRESTON CANDOVER, BY ALRESFORD, HANTS.



No text is given with this tune.

Mr. Mills's tune is distinct from Mr. Alexander's. It ends like "The Bay of Biscay."—G. B. G.

This tune has a marked "sailor" flavour, more particularly in the second half.  
—A. G. G.



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*Miscellanea of the Rymour Club* (Part iv), Edinburgh.

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*Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society*. Vol. vii. *Hon. Sec.*: Mrs. Milligan Fox, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.

## WALES.

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This is the first publication of the Welsh Folk Song Society. The First General Meeting of the Society was held at Llangollen, September 2nd, 1908.

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NOTE.—The volume here dealt with was issued in four separate parts, numbered 10 to 13, and for the convenience of those who have kept their journals in this form the number of the *part* is in each case given in a parenthesis before the number referring to the *page*, which is continuous throughout the volume. A raised figure following the page number refers to the *version*, where more than one is given on the same page. Songs which are clearly variants of the same set of words are bracketed together; each heading, however, only includes those variants which actually contain the incident or name to which the heading refers. A few songs which occur under many titles, such as "The Seeds of Love," and "There is an Alehouse," have special headings under which all variants are noted. The classification adopted in the Subject Index to vols. I and II has been adhered to as closely as possible.

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{ Storm Along (12) 229  
{ Stormy (12) 232  
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**CHESHIRE** (10) 49 tune

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- Stolen by gypsies*  
The little Chimney-sweep (13) 273  
*Children, killed by mother, upbraided her*  
The Cruel Mother (11) 70

**CHIMNEY-SWEEP**

- The little Chimney-sweep (13) 273

**CHRIST**

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**CHRISTMAS—(see Festivals)**

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**CONNOR**

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**CORK**

- The Duke of Grafton (12) 179

**COSHMORE**

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(11) 107

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 The Baffled Knight; or, The Lady's  
 Policy (11) 114; (13) 257  
 The Worcestershire Wedding (11) 119  
 Shepherd's Daughter (12) 222  
 The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter  
 (13) 280  
 Oh, my old Father was a good old Man  
 (13) 253  
 The Cobbler (13) 253  
 Yonder sits a fair young Damsel (13) 267  
 The Banks of Green Willow (13) 292  
 A Sailor courted a Farmer's Daughter (13)  
 294  
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 George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299  
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## CRUEL FATHER

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## CRUEL MOTHER, THE (11) 70

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 111; (13) 290  
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## CUMBERLAND

- Songs from (10) 39 *et seq.*  
 'Canny Cumberlan' (10) 41

## CUMULATIVE SONGS

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## CUPID

- Farewell, my Joy and Heart; or, The  
 Winter's gone and past (11) 81  
 Pleasant Summer's gone and past (11) 82  
 Cupid the Ploughboy (11) 109  
 The dear Irish Boy (13) 311

## D

## DEATH—(see also Execution, Murder, Supernatural Appearances)

- Of maiden from disappointed love*  
 Fair Margaret and Sweet William (11) 64  
 Now I pray you go fetch me my little Foot-  
 boy; or, Come, Mother, Mother, make  
 my Bed (11) 74  
 Oh, Mother, go and make my Bed (13) 304  
 The Flandyke Shore (11) 130  
 I wish my Baby it was born; or, Died for  
 Love (12) 188

- Of maiden from grief at death of lover*  
 In London fair City (13) 258  
 George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299

- Of lover from grief at death of true-love*  
 Now I pray you go fetch me my little Foot-  
 boy; or, Come, Mother, Mother, make  
 my Bed (11) 74  
 Oh, Mother, go and make my Bed (13) 304

- Of false lover from remorse*  
 Fair Margaret and Sweet William (11) 64

- By magic*  
 George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299

- By treachery*  
 King Henry, my Son (Lord Randal) (10) 43  
 Six Dukes went a-fishing (12) 170

- Of Jane Scymour*  
 The Death of Queen Jane (11) 67

- Of Marlborough*  
 Lord Melbourne; or, The Duke of Marl-  
 borough (12) 200

- Of Nelson*  
 Nelson (13) 273

## DERRY

- The Stealing of Mary Neale (11) 129

## DERWENTWATER, LORD (13) 270

## DEVIL

- As suitor*  
 The Sea-Side; or, The Elfin Knight (10)  
 12 notes  
*Carries off scolding wife*  
 The Devil and the Farmer (11) 131  
 On Monday Morning (13) 315

## DEVONSHIRE

- Lord Melbourne; or, The Duke of Marl-  
 borough (12) 200

## DIALOGUES

- The Sea-Side; or, the Elfin Knight (10) 12  
Oh, Shepherd, oh! Shepherd (11) 122  
Betty and her Ducks (11) 125  
Good Morning, Sir (13) 283

## DISGUISED LOVER

- Claudy Banks (13) 287

## DISGUISED MAIDEN

*As highwayman*

- Sovie, Sovie; or, The Female Highwayman  
(11) 127

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- Bold William Taylor (12) 214

## DISGUISED SUITOR

- Tom the Barber; or, John (or Tom) Barbary; or, Willie o' Winsbury (11) 72

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- Old Militia Song (11) 121

## DORSET

- Songs from (11)  
Old Militia Song (11) 121

## DOVE—(see Symbols)

## DREAM

- Lowlands (12) 234  
The Green Bed (13) 281  
*Symbolical of true-love's death*  
Fair Margaret and Sweet William (11) 64  
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Young Edwin in the Lowlands Low (13) 266

## DRINKING SONGS—(see also Healths)

- Ye Mourners (Mariners) all; or, A Jug of This (11) 116  
When the Stormy Winds do Blow (13) 249  
John Barleycorn (13) 255

## DROMANA

- The Blackwater Side (10) 36 notes

## DROMORE

- The lovely sweet Banks of the Bride (10) 6

## DROWNING—(see also Shipwrecked, Sailor)

- Betrayed girl drowned with child by betrayer*  
The Banks of Green Willow (13) 292

## DUBLIN

- The Ship is ready to sail away (10) 22

## DUKE

- Of Grantham, or Grafton, or Bedford*  
(? Suffolk)  
{ Six Dukes went a-fishin' (12) 170  
{ Three Dukes went a-fishin' (12) 174  
{ The Duke of Grafton (12) 175, 179  
*Of Marlborough*  
Lord Melbourne; or, The Duke of Marlborough (12) 200

## E

## EAGLE

- The Eagle's Whisper, or Whistle (10) 34  
tune

## EAST, THE

- John Barleycorn (13) 256

## EAST INDIES, THE—(see also India)

- Fare ye well, lovely Nancy (13) 298

## EDINBURGH

- The Stealing of Mary Neale (11) 129

## EDWIN

- Young Edwin in the Lowlands Low (13) 266

## EGYPT

- The lovely sweet Banks of the Bride (10) 6

## ELEANOR

- George (or Giles) Collins (13) 300

## ELFIN

- The Sea-Side; or, The Elfin Knight (10) 12  
*Elfin maid*  
(?) George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299

## ELIZA LEE (10) 31 notes

## ELLENWATER

- Lord Derwentwater, or Ellenwater (13) 270

## EMIGRANT

- The Ship is ready to sail away (10) 22  
Farewell to the Village (10) 24

## EMMA

- Young Edwin in the Lowlands Low (13) 266

## ENGLAND

Oh! Gentlemen of England fair (11) 104  
The Flandyke Shore (11) 130  
When the Stormy Winds do Blow (13) 249

### *Old England*

As Sally sat a-weeping (11) 92  
Midst of Night; or, The Welcome Sailor  
(11) 95  
'Merican Frigate; or, Paul Jones (12) 206  
The Merry King (12) 223

## ENGLISH CHANNEL, THE

The Bay of Biscay (13) 251

## ERIN

The Ship is ready to sail away (10) 22  
Farewell to the Village (10) 24  
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## F

### FALSEHOOD—(see also Warning)

#### *In men*

The Lads of sweet Newbury (11) 112

#### *In sailors*

A Sailor courted a Farmer's Daughter (13)  
294

### FALSE MAIDEN

#### *Poisons lover*

King Henry, my Son (Lord Rendal) (10) 43

### FAREWELL

#### *To country*

The Ship is ready to sail away (10) 22  
Farewell to the Village (10) 24

#### *To false lover*

Farewell, my Joy and Heart; or, The  
Winter's gone and past (11) 81

#### *Sailor's farewell to maiden*

1 Farewell, dearest Nancy (11) 99  
1 Fare ye well, lovely Nancy (13) 298

### FARMER—(see also Agricultural songs)

The Devil and the Farmer (11) 131  
A Sailor courted a Farmer's Daughter (13)  
294

### FESTIVALS

#### *Christmas*

Pleasant Summer's gone and past (11) 82  
God bless the Master (13) 261

#### *Lammas*

The Lammas Time (13) 283

### FIGHT—(see also Battles)

#### *For lady's hand*

The Ploughboy and the Cockney (11) 117

#### *Sca-fight*

The "Rainbow" (12) 180  
'Merican Frigate; or, Paul Jones (12) 206

### FLANDERS

The Flandyke Shore (11) 130  
Lord Melbourne; or, The Duke of Marl-  
borough (12) 200

### FLOWERS—(see Burdens and Symbols)

### FOOT-BOY—(see Page)

### FOUNTAIN

#### *Place in Co. Waterford*

The lovely sweet Banks of the Bride (10) 6

### FRANCE

The Turtle Dove (11) 862  
As Sally sat a-weeping (11) 92

### FRENCH

Nelson (13) 273

### FUNERAL

Six Dukes went a-fishin' (12) 170  
Three Dukes went a-fishin' (12) 174  
The Duke of Grafton (12) 175, 179  
George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299

## G

### GALILEE

Joseph was an old Man (13) 260

### GAMEKEEPER

Rufford Park Poachers (12) 186

### GENERALS, HISTORICAL

Santa Anna (12) 237 notes

#### *Marlborough*

Lord Melbourne; or, The Duke of Marl-  
borough (12) 200

### GENTLE (i.e. HAWTHORN)

Magical (10) 14 notes

### GEORGE—(see also Kings, Historical)

The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter  
(13) 280  
George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299

### GEORGIE, or GEORDIE (12) 191 tune

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tune

### GILES (or GEORGE) COLLINS (13) 299

## GIPSY

- The Gipsy's Wedding Day (12) 220
- The little Chimney-sweep (13) 273

## GOLD—(see also Money)

### *Golden spade*

- { Storm Along (12) 231
- { Stormy (12) 232

### *Golden seal*

- Lord Derwentwater, or Ellenwater (13) 270

## GOOSE

- Betty and her Ducks (11) 125
- Good Morning, Sir (13) 283

## GRAFTON, DUKE OF (12) 175, 179

## GRANTHAM, DUKE AND QUEEN OF

- { Six Dukes went a fishin' (12) 170
- { Three Dukes went a-fishin' (12) 174

## GREEN—(see Symbols)

## H

## HAMPTON

- The brisk young Sailor bold (11) 105 notes

## HAWK

- The Bonny Boy (11) 85 notes

## HAWTHORN

- Magical* (10) 14 notes

## HEALTHS

### *To sailors' wives*

- Nancy of Yarmouth ; or, Nancy from London (11) 101

### *To labouring boys*

- The Bonny Labouring Boy (11) 110

## HELEN

- George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299

## HENRY

- King Henry, my Son (Lord Rendal) (10) 43

## HEREFORD

- Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford (11) 61

## HIGHWAYMAN—(see also Robin Hood)

- Pleasant Summer's gone and past ; or, The Winter's gone and past (11) 82 notes
- Sovie, Sovie ; or, The Female Highwayman (11) 127
- The Jolly Highwayman (13) 284

## HODGE

- The Worcestershire Wedding (11) 119

## HOLLAND

- The Lowlands of Holland (13) 307

## HOLLY

- Magical* (10) 15 notes
- Sing Ivy (13) 274
- (?) On Monday Morning (13) 315

## HUNTING

- Betty and her Ducks (11) 125
- The White Hare (12) 189

## HYMN-TUNES, WELSH—(see also Psalm Tunes)

- Caerlleon (10) 34
- Rhâd Râs (12) 228
- O Gariad (12) 228
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## I

## IMPRISONMENT—(see also Execution, Highwayman)

- Lord Bateman (12) 192

## INDIA—(see also East Indies)

- Storm Along (12) 230

## IRISH

- Songs from Co. Waterford (10) 6 *et seq.*
- The poor Irish Stranger (10) 10
- The dear Irish Boy (13) 311

### *Highwayman*

- Pleasant Summer's gone and past ; or, The Winter's gone and past (11) 82 notes

### *Lovers*

- The young Servant-man ; or, Two Affectionate Lovers (10) 55
- Young William Riley (11) 133

### *Maid*

- George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299

## IVY

- Magical* (10) 15 notes
- Sing Ivy (13) 274

## J

## JACK

- { Shepherd's Daughter (12) 222
- { The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter (13) 280

### *Sailor*

- The Dockyard Gate (10) 57

## JAMIE

- Beautiful Nancy (13) 265
- Tarry Trowers (13) 313

## JANE SEYMOUR

- Death of Queen Jane (11) 67

## K

### KELPIN S GARDEN

The Jolly Highwayman (13) 284

### KILDARE

Pleasant Summer's gone and past ; or, The  
Winter's gone and past (11) 82

### KILKENNY

The Ship is ready to sail away (10) 22

### KILLAHALA

The Blackwater Side (10) 36

### KING

King Henry, my Son (Lord Kendal) (10) 43  
Shepherd's Daughter (12) 222  
The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter  
(13) 280  
John Barleycorn (13) 256

### KINGS, HISTORICAL

*(1) Edward IV*  
The Merry King (12) 223 notes

*Henry VIII*

The Death of Queen Jane (11) 67

*Edward VI*

The Death of Queen Jane (11) 67

*Charles II*

Lord Melbourne; or, The Duke of Marl-  
borough (12) 200

*George I*

Lord Derwentwater, or Ellenwater (13) 270

*George III*

Old Militia Song (11) 121

### KNIGHT

The Sea-Side ; or, The Elfin Knight (10) 12  
The Baffled Knight (13) 257  
The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter  
(13) 280

## L

### LABOURING BOY—(see also Agricultural Songs)

The Bonny Labouring Boy (11) 110

### LAMENT

*For absent lover*

My Johnnie was a Shoemaker (10) 32  
Will you let me go with you ? (10) 52  
Pleasant Summer's gone and past ; or,  
The Winter's gone and past (11) 82  
Midst of Night ; or, The Welcome Sailor  
(11) 95

### LAMENT—continued.

The Bonny Labouring Boy (11) 110  
Newgates ; or, Through Moorfields (11)  
111 ; (13) 290

Claudy Banks (13) 287

{ Farewell, dearest Nancy (11) 99

{ Fare ye well, lovely Nancy (13) 298

The dear Irish Boy (13) 311

*For absent maiden*

Oh, Yarmouth is a pretty Town (10) 53

The North-country maid (12) 184

*For dead lover*

In London fair City (13) 258

The Lowlands of Holland (13) 307

*For false lover*

Shule Agra (10) 26

Farewell, my Joy and Heart ; or, The  
Winter's gone and past (11) 81

The Bonny Boy (11) 85

As Sally sat a-weeping (11) 91

I wish my Baby it was born ; or, Died for  
Love (12) 188

Through the Groves (13) 285

*For lost sailors—(see also For dead lover)*

The " Bold Benjamin " (11) 93

The Loss of the " Ramillies " (13) 286

*For stolen love*

The Merry King (12) 223

### LAMMAS—(see Festivals)

### LAST WORDS—(see also Testament)

*Of dying general*

Lord Melbourne ; or, The Duke of Marl-  
borough (12) 200

*Of condemned man*

The Jolly Highwayman (13) 284

### LETTER

*From sailor to true-love*

Nancy of Yarmouth ; or, Nancy from  
London (11) 101 ; (13) 272

*From king to rebel*

Lord Derwentwater, or Ellenwater (13)  
270

*Kept back by false messenger*

Charles Dickson (13) 291

### LICHFIELD

Bold William Taylor (12) 214

### LILY—(see Symbols)

### LITTLE JOHN

Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford  
(11) 61

### LLANILAR (13) 268 tune



## LONDON, SONGS REFERRING TO

- Nancy of Yarmouth; or, Nancy from  
London (11) 101  
Newgates; or, Through Moorfields (11)  
111; (13) 290  
The Ploughboy and the Cockney (11) 117  
Old Militia Song (11) 121  
{ Six Dukes went a-fishin' (12) 170, 172  
{ The Duke of Grafton (12) 175, 179  
The Gipsy's Wedding Day (12) 220  
The Cobbler (13) 253  
In London fair City (13) 258  
The Jolly Highwayman (13) 284  
Lord Derwentwater, or Ellenwater (13) 270  
White Copper Alley (13) 292  
George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299

## LORD—(see also Christ and Nobleman)

- Lord Bateman (12) 192  
Lord Melbourne; or, The Duke of Marl-  
borough (12) 200  
Lord Derwentwater, or Ellenwater (13) 270  
{ Now I pray you go fetch me my little Foot-  
boy (11) 74  
{ Oh, Mother, go and make my Bed (13) 304

## LOWLANDS

- The Lowlands of Holland (13) 307  
*Sea*  
Young Edwin in the Lowlands Low (13) 266

## LULLABY

- The Eagle's Whisperm, or Whistle (10) 34

## M

### MADNESS

- Through disappointed love*  
Newgates; or, Through Moorfields (11)  
111; (13) 290  
Young Edwin in the Lowlands Low (13) 266

### MAGIC

- Plants used against evil spirits*  
The Sea-Side; or, The Elf Knight (10)  
12 and notes  
*Death by*  
George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299

### MAN, ISLE OF

- A Sailor courted a Farmer's Daughter (13)  
294

### MARGARET

- Fair Margaret and Sweet William (11) 64

### MARLBOROUGH—(see Generals)

## MARRIAGE

- Advice to bachelor against*  
Jockey and Jenny (13) 310  
*Recommended by mother to daughter*  
Tarry Trowers (13) 313  
*Unsuccessful*  
On Monday Morning (13) 315

## MARY

- The Stealing of Mary Neale (11) 129  
*The Virgin*  
Joseph was an old Man (13) 260  
When righteous Joseph (13) 263

## MELBOURNE

- Lord Melbourne; or, The Duke of Marl-  
borough (12) 200

## MERCHANT—(see Rich Merchant)

## MERMAID, THE (10) 47, 50; (11) 139

## MEXICO

- Santa Anna (12) 236

## MILLER

- John Barleycorn (13) 256

## MOGEELA

- The lovely sweet Banks of the Bride (10) 6

## MOLLY

- The Mermaid (11) 139  
The Green Bed (13) 281

## MONEY—(see also Rich and Murder for Money)

- Used as bribe to save lover*  
The Stealing of Mary Neale (11) 129  
*Procures welcome for sailor*  
The Green Bed (13) 281  
*Taken by robber*  
Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford  
(11) 61  
The Jolly Highwayman (13) 284

## MOON—(see Symbols)

## MOORFIELDS

- Newgates; or, Through Moorfields (11)  
111; (13) 290

## MOTHER—(see also Cruel)

- Urges son not to marry poor girl*  
A Sailor courted a Farmer's Daughter (13)  
294  
*Opposed to daughter's choice of lover*  
Tarry Trowers (13) 313

## MOUNT STAR

- When the Stormy Winds do Blow (13) 250

## MURDER

- Of man by false love*  
King Henry, my Son (Lord Rendal) (10) 43  
*Of false lover by deserted love*  
Bold William Taylor (12) 214  
*Of children by mother*  
The Cruel Mother (11) 70<sup>2</sup>  
*Of man by elfin maid*  
George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299  
*For money*  
Young Edwin in the Lowlands Low (13) 266  
The Banks of Green Willow (13) 292

## MYRTLE—(see Symbols)

## MYSTIC SONGS

- The Pelican (13) 264  
The Tree in the Valley (13) 276

## N

## NAME

- Betrayed maiden asks name of betrayer*  
Shepherd's Daughter (12) 222  
The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter  
(13) 280

## NANCY

- Oh, Yarmouth is a pretty Town (10) 53  
Farewell, dearest Nancy (11) 99  
Fare ye well, lovely Nancy (13) 298  
Nancy of Yarmouth; or, Nancy from London (11) 101; (13) 272  
Beautiful Nancy (13) 265

## NELSON (13) 273

## NEWBURY

- The Lads of Sweet Newbury (11) 112

## NEWFOUNDLAND

- Lord Melbourne; or, The Duke of Marlborough (12) 200

## NEWGATE

- Newgates; or, Through Moorfields (11) 111  
The Jolly Highwayman (13) 284

## NEW YORK

- 'Merican Frigate; or, Paul Jones (12) 206

## NOBLEMAN—(see also Lord)

- The Thresherman and the Squire (13) 302

## NORTH, THE

- The North-Country Maid (12) 184  
John Barleycorn (13) 255

## NORTHUMBERLAND

- Tunes from (10) 45  
Lord Bateman (12) 195

## NOTTINGHAM

- Robin Hood and the three Squires (13) 268

## NUMBERS, FAVOURITE

### Three

#### Men

- John Barleycorn (13) 255, 256<sup>2</sup>

#### Kings

- John Barleycorn (13) 256

#### Squires

- Robin Hood and the three Squires (13) 268

#### Ships

- Well met, well met, my own true Love;  
or, The Distressed Ship Carpenter  
(11) 84

#### Miles

- The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter  
(13) 280  
Oh, Mother, go and make my Bed (13) 306

#### Lines, drops of blood, leaps

- Lord Derwentwater, or Ellenwater (13) 270

### Seven

#### Brothers

- Fair Margaret and Sweet William (11) 64

#### Years

- Lord Bateman (12) 195  
Young Edwin in the Lowlands Low (13) 266

### Nine, or three times three

#### Questions

- The Sea-Side: or, The Elfin Knight (10) 12

#### Days

- The Death of Queen Jane (11) 67

#### Years

- Beautiful Nancy (13) 265

### Four-and-twenty

#### Mariners

- Well met, well met, my own true Love;  
or, The Distressed Ship Carpenter (11) 84

## O

## OAK—(see Symbols)

## OLD RAM'S HEAD, THE

- The Loss of the "Ramillies" (13) 286

## OLIVER

- Betty and her Ducks (11) 125

## P

### PADDOCK—(*i.e.* Toad)

King Henry, my Son (Lord Rendal) (10) 43

### PAGE, or FOOT-BOY

The Broomfield Hill (11) 69

{ Now I pray you go fetch me my little Foot-boy ; or, Come, Mother, Mother, make my Bed (11) 74

{ Oh, Mother, go and make my Bed (13) 304

### PARSLEY

*Magical* (10) 15 notes

### PAUL JONES

'Merican Frigate ; or, Paul Jones (12) 206

### PELICAN—(*see* Symbols)

### PHRASES, VARIANTS OF

#### FAVOURITE

"Dig me a grave both long, wide and deep," etc.

I wish my Baby it was born ; or, Died for Love (12) 188

"Go fetch me some of your father's gold," etc.

The Banks of Green Willow (13) 292

"One was buried in the vault, the other in the choir," etc.

Fair Margaret and Sweet William (11) 64

{ Now I pray you go fetch me my little Foot-boy ; or, Come, Mother, Mother, make my Bed (11) 74

{ Oh, Mother, go and make my Bed (13) 304

Giles Collins (13) 302 notes

"Come, rise, my dear father, and let me in," etc.

George (or Giles) Collins (13) 299

"Till ash grows out through a holly tree" (*cf.* "Till apples grow on an orange tree")

Shule Agra (10) 26

"Now the first three miles (he) did walk," etc.

{ Now I pray you go fetch me my little Foot-boy ; or, Come, Mother, Mother, make my Bed (11) 74

{ Oh, Mother, go and make my Bed (13) 304

The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter (13) 280

### PINK—(*see* Symbols)

### PLANTS, MAGICAL

The Sea-Side ; or, The Elfin Knight (10) 12 notes

The Broomfield Hill (11) 69 notes

Sing Ivy (13) 274

(?) On Monday Morning (13) 315

### PLOUGHBOY—(*see* also Agricultural Songs)

Cupid the Ploughboy (11) 109

The Ploughboy and the Cockney (11) 117

We're all jolly Fellows that follow the Plough (13) 278

### PLYMOUTH

The Mermaid (10) 47

The Loss of the "Ramillies" (13) 286

### POACHER

Rufford Park Poachers (12) 186

Robin Hood and the three Squires (13) 268

### POISON

King Henry, my Son (Lord Rendal) (10) 43

### POLLY

The North-Country Maid (12) 184

Tarry Trowsers (13) 313

### PORTENT—(*see* also Dream and Supernatural Appearances)

*Nose-bleeding sign of death*

Lord Derwentwater, or Ellenwater (13) 270

### PORTLAND HILL

Shule Agra (10) 29

### PORTSMOUTH

{ Six Ducks went a-fishin' (12) 170, 172

{ The Duke of Grafton (12) 175, 179

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